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BROWN'S
POPULAR
GUIDE TO THE
ISLE
OF
MAN
WITH
70 ENGRAVINGS
AND
A MAP
OF THE ISLAND.

ISLE OF MAN : JAMES BROWN & SON, *The Isle of Man Times Office*, Douglas.

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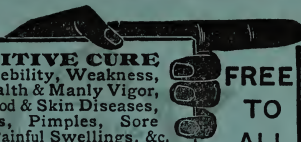
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WITH 96 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP.

THIRTEENTH EDITION

(Revised to date).

Being THE OFFICIAL GUIDE OF THE ISLE OF MAN STEAM
PACKET COMPANY, LIMITED.

Oh, it's a snug little Island ;
A right little, tight little Island.
—*Dibdin.*

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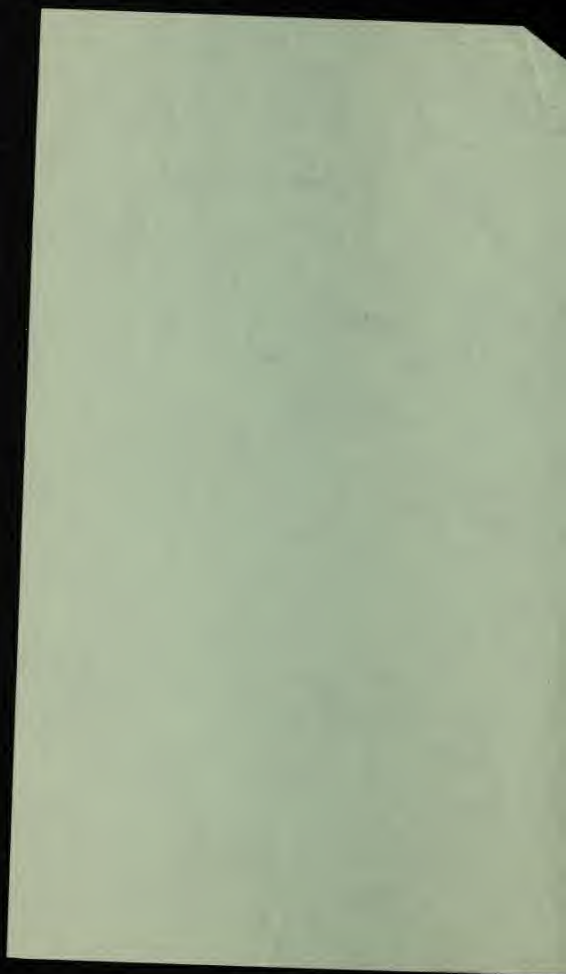
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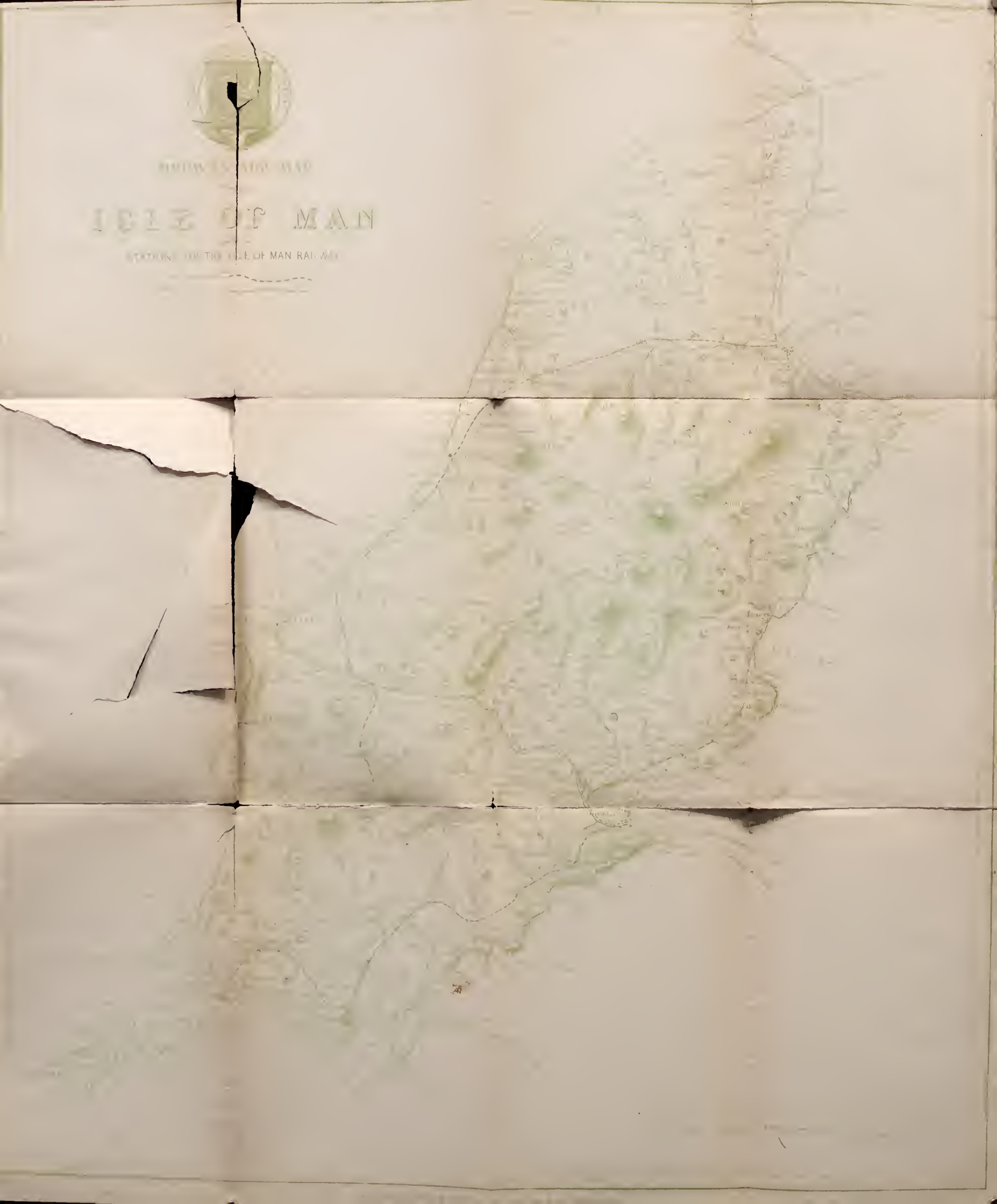
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PREFACE.

—:O:—

THE plan adopted in the preparation of this GUIDE has not been to entrust it all to one person, who, resident in one place, would most likely be comparatively ignorant of other parts of the Island; but gentlemen resident in various districts, and thoroughly acquainted with those districts, have been specially engaged to write the Guide to those portions of the Island in which they reside. By this means a degree of accuracy in detail, and a fulness and completeness of information, have been secured, which may be regarded as quite unattainable by any other means.

The whole has been produced under the editorship of a person long resident in and thoroughly acquainted with the Island; and no expense has been spared to make the work as complete and reliable as possible.

The Publishers acknowledge, with thanks, the assistance rendered by literary and other friends in the compilation of the work; and they likewise thank Messrs Wane, Lewis, Bruton, Keig, and Dean, photographers, Douglas, and Mr Paterson, Ramsey, for the willingness with which they supplied photographs from which various illustrations have been taken.

With respect to the ecclesiastical and civil history of the Island, the thanks of the Publishers are especially due to the Editor of the *Dublin Review*, in which there appeared some time ago a valuable historical article in reference to this Island, the use of which article was very kindly granted for this publication. This article has been revised and brought down to date.

The Isle of Man Times Office, Douglas.

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INDEX:

—:0:—

	PAGE.		PAGE
Introductory Chapter	1	Court-house, Douglas ..	40
Area and Distances from England	2	Criminals' Drop ..	67
Abbey Lands (Onchan) ..	53	Castle Mona ..	68-9
Ancient Remains ..	60, 179	Crogga Glen ..	79, 242
Ancient Justice ..	77	Cronk-ny-Mona ..	82
Ancient Earthwork ..	154	Coast Scenery ..	88-95
Ancient Burial Grounds..	{ 154, 282 297, 315	Crosby ..	125-26
Ancient Cannon ..	154	Caution to Tourists ..	106
Albert Tower ..	220	Cambrian Archæological Association ..	143, 152-54
Andreas Church ..	229	Crypt, Peel Castle ..	144
Alt Waterfall ..	235	Christian, Edmund ..	148
Ancient Town Cross ..	271	Christian Edward ..	148
Ancient Sculptured Coffin Lid ..	296 7	Corrin's Tower (Folly) ..	163
Ancient Fort ..	315	Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa ..	165-6, 318-9
Abbot Stone of Rushen..	323	Cronk-ne-Urleigh ..	177
Bank's Howe ..	20	Cloven Stones ..	186-9
Baths ..	34	Claughbane ..	224
Bowling Greens & Saloons	44	Curious Rocks ..	247-9
Breakwater, Douglas ..	20	Countess of Derby ..	250-1
Braddan Churches ..	57-63	Coal ..	253
Baldwin Valley ..	65	Castletown ..	260-72
Bhein-y-Phot ..	65	Castle Rushen ..	262-70
Bathing Ground, Douglas	68	Castletown to Port St. Mary	272-9
Boating at Douglas ..	84-86	Cromwell's Walk ..	274
Billiards ..	87	Castletown to Port Erin..	279-84
Buggane ..	127-8	Cronk-Mooar ..	280
Bishop Simon ..	{ 157-8	Chasms ..	{ 282, 290 298-9, 302
Bishops Buried in Peel Castle ..	142-3	Chapel Bay ..	284
Bishop Rutter ..	143	Chickens Rock Lighthouse {	286, 294-8
Bishop Wilson ..	{ 30, 140, 151 165, 182, 265-6, 275	Charing Cross ..	289
Black Fort ..	160	Calf Island ..	301-8
Burying Grounds of Kings	166	Cow Harbour ..	293
Bishop's Court ..	182	Cregneesh ..	306
Ballaugh ..	931	Creggan Hill ..	318
Buried Forest ..	183, 277	Cronk Fedjag ..	319
Ballure Glen ..	219-20	Cistercian Monks ..	323
Ballaglass Glen & Water-fall ..	211	Douglas Bay, Description of Approach ..	19-23
Ballure Chapel ..	225	Douglas Lighthouse ..	19
Ballacurry Fort ..	229	Douglas Head Hotel ..	19
Ballaugh Old Church ..	231-2	Douglas Harbour ..	20, 31-34
Bimaken Friary ..	241	Douglas, to See & Route	30-50
Bird's Haunts ..	243-4	Douglas Market Scene ..	30-1
Ballasalla ..	245-6	Duke-street ..	34
Bull-Nose Rock ..	248	Douglas, Old Town ..	44-6
Bushel's House & Grave	293-4	Douglas River ..	46
Black Head ..	304	Derby Castle ..	69-70
Bradda Head ..	309-12	Douglas, XI., Rambles {	50-84
Climate ..	4-11	Around ..	71
Conister, or St. Mary's Rock	20, 47	Druidical Temple ..	71
		Drives for Invalids ..	84
		Derbyhaven ..	251-55
		Douglas to Peel (by Road)	124-34
		Douglas to Peel (by Rail)	134-36
		Duchess of Gloucester {	145, 150-1 189

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Duke of Athol	30, 32, 156-7	Glen Gawne	189
Druids' Well	159	Garwick	189
Dalby	164	Glenroy	195
Douglas to Ramsey } (Long Road) }	176-85	Glen Callan	214
Douglas to Ramsey } (Short Road) }	185-98	Glen Mona	215-19
Dhoon Glen and Waterfall	212-15	Glen Auldyn	222-26
Dreem-e-Jeskaig	197	Government Buildings, House of Keys, &c ..	39
Druidale	237	Great Carrick Rock ..	277
Douglas to the South (by Road)	239-43	Giant's Quoiting Stones	283
Douglas to the South (by Rail)	242-43	Grammah Hill	315
Dreswick Point	255	Glacial Deposits... ..	320
Derby Day—Original Racecourse	256	Hackney Car and Car- riage Charges	26-7
Ellan Vannin	3	Harold Tower	32
Excursions fr'm Douglas	95-99	Hillary, Sir William ..	32
Earl Derby's Palace ..	150	Hotels	87
Excursions fr'm Ramsey	206	Hospital, Douglas ..	36-38
Elfin Glen	222	Herring-bone Masonry	153
Excursions in the South	272-79	Hamilton Falls	162
Extinct Volcan	272	Hango Hill	256
Eye Rock	293	House of Keys	271
Fairy Ground, The	31	Historical Chapter ..	330-55
Fort Anne Hotel	32	Isle of Man, How to Reach	11-17
Falcon Cliff	69	Injebreck	65
Fairy Saddle	58	Iron Pier, Douglas ..	21
Fenella	148-9	Itineraries	118-23
Fairy-Lore	165	Illiam Dhone	148, 256-7
Foxdale	164	Influence of the Gulf Stream	4-5
Fossil Elk	183	Interesting Scene ..	285
Fern Glen	223	Jurby	231
Fairies' Bridge	241	Journalist Imprisoned by the House of Keys ..	266-7
Ferns	244, 302	Kewaique	77
Fossils	247, 253, 260 275	Kirk Michael Village ..	206-10
Fleshwick	312-3, 316, 18	King Orry's Grave ..	196-7
Fairy Hill	315	Kirk Bride	227-8
Furness Abbey	323	Kirk Andreas	228-30
Fairy Well	324	King William's College	257-60
Glencrutchery	52	Kentraugh	278
Goldie's Monument ..	56	Kitterland Islet—A Fear- ful Explosion	292-3
Government House ..	52	Latitude	4
Garraghan	65	Loch Parade	35
Glen Darragh	73-74	Lifeboats	35
Gipsy Encampment ..	82	Lunatic Asylum ..	64
Glen Ballacottier ..	83	Little Switzerland ..	82
Greeba	128	Laxey	184-85, 189-96
Great Earl of Derby (Stanlagh Mooar) ..	143	Laxey Mines	191-3
Giant's Grave	155	Laxey Glen Gardens ..	194
Glen Meay	162	Lonan Old Church ..	196
Glen Rushen	165-6	Lakes	230
Glen Helen	167-176	Lhen Moar Fish ..	231
Glen Wyllin	178	Lezayre	234
Growdale	185, 196	Langness	253-6

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Legends of Castle Rushen (Waldron)	269-70	Peel Castle and Cathedral	140-42
Lady's Rock and Well ..	284	Peveril of the Peak .. {	118-9, 160
Lagg River	318	Plains of Heaven ..	158-61
Martin's Picture ..	32	Patrick Church ..	165
Monument, Lord Henry Murray's	59	Phynodderree ..	165
Middle Village ..	71	Pic-Nic Hill ..	170
Marown Old Church ..	75-6	Port-e-Vullen ..	207
Marown Parish ..	125-6	Point of Ayre & Lighthouse	227-8
Moddy Dhoo ..	154	Poolvash Marble ..	275
Mountain Drive to Snae- fell and Sulby Glen ..	198-200	Pre-historic ..	279
Maughold Church and Village	206-10	Port St. Mary ..	285-98
Maughold Village ..	208	Perwick ..	286, 301
Mount Murray ..	166	Port Erin ..	308
Mull Hills ..	298	Port Erin Breakwater ..	308-9
Manx Sheep ..	244	Quakers' Burial Ground ..	210, 237
Mushroom Rock ..	249	Queen Elizabeth's Clock	268
Mount Gawne ..	277-9	Rainfall ..	9
Manx Character ..	299	Red Pier, Douglas ..	20, 31
Manx Village ..	305	Ravenscliffe ..	32
Moorland Walk ..	307	Rambles around Douglas	50-83
Milner's Tower ..	312	Runic Monuments, Braddon	58-61
Mountain Ramble ..	316-20	Runic Monuments, Onchan	81
Monk's Bridge ..	321	Runic Monuments, St. Catherine's ..	82
Malew Church ..	325	Ronaldsway .. {	248, 254, 315
Manx Proverbs ..	327-29	Railways, How to Use (Special) ..	106-18
Manx Language ..	329	Railway, Opening & Gauge	134
Means of Access ..	11-17	Round Tower, Peel Castle	151-3
Mountains, Height of ..	3	Round Table ..	166
Names of the Island ..	3	Rhenass Fall ..	172-3
Nunnery Grounds, House, and Chapel	54-57	Runic Monuments, Michael	179-80
Nun of Winchester ..	54	Ramsey ..	200-6
Nun's Chair ..	67	Ramsey Landing Pier ..	202, 203
Nursery, Onchan ..	82	Runic Monument, Cairn Gharjohl ..	194
Niarbyl Point ..	165	Runic Monuments, Bride	227
Neh River ..	169	Runic Monuments, Jurby	231
North Barrule, Ascent of	219-22	Runic Monuments, Bal- laugh Old Church ..	232
Onchan Harbour ..	81	Rock Varieties .. {	243-4, 252-3 255, 273-4, 305, 320, 325
Onchan Church ..	81	Roman Catholic Burial Ground ..	254
Palace, Castle Mona ..	69	Roman Altar ..	271
Porters' Charges & Car Fares	25-27	Runic Monument, Four Roads ..	283
Places to Visit ..	28-9	Rare Grotto ..	288-9
Picts' Tower ..	33	Rushen Abbey ..	321-5
Port Skillion Bathing Creek	34, 67	Sunshine ..	10
Port-e-Chee ..	50, 53	Steam Service ..	11-17
Princess Matilda ..	54	St. Matthew's, Douglas ..	30
Port Soderick ..	76-79	Smuggling ..	30
Port-e-Vadda ..	80	Snaefell .. {	32, 193-4 237, 325
Places of Worship, Douglas	86	St. George's, Douglas ..	42
Public Buildings, Douglas	86-7		
Primitive Race and Language	1		
Peel ..	136-8		
Peel Churches ..	137-8		
Peel Schools ..	138		
Peel Fisheries ..	138-40		

	PAGE
School of Art, Douglas ..	43
Strange Headstone ..	62
Strang ..	64
Sir George's Bridge ..	65
St. Patrick's Chair ..	74-5, 159
Stone Circle, Ballamoda ..	303
Santonburn Glen ..	246-48
St. Trinian's ..	126-28
St. John's ..	128-34
St. Patrick's Isle ..	140
St. Paul's Steps ..	275
St. German's Cathedral ..	140-3
St. Patrick's Church ..	153
Sheu Whallin ..	164
South Barrule ..	165, 319-20
Swiss Cottage ..	167
Sulby ..	183
St. Maughold's Cross ..	207
St. Maughold's Well ..	209
St. Machutus ..	210
Streeus ..	228
Sulby Glen ..	232-9
Sky Hill ..	232-4
South of the Island ..	243-272
St. Mary's Abbey ..	246
St. Michael's Isle ..	251-5
St. Germanus ..	254
St. Mary's Church ..	271
Stack Rock ..	273
Salt Spring ..	275
Strandhall ..	276
Smelt ..	279
Stone-boring Mollusc ..	279
Sugar-loaf Rock ..	301-2
Spanish Head—A Grand Scene ..	298

	PAGE
Samphire Gathering ..	291
Sound, The ..	291
St. Catherine's Well ..	309-11
Slieu Carnane ..	317
Silverburn ..	320, 324
St. Mark's ..	324
Snaefell, How to Ascend ..	325
Temperature ..	4-11
Theatres ..	34, 42
Tower of Refuge ..	47
Tromode ..	51
Tom Brown's Seven Days' Tour ..	99-106
Tynwald Hill ..	129-31, 196
Tynwald Day ..	131-34
Treen, Ballaquine ..	195
Terraced Shore ..	228
Tholt-e-Will ..	236
Thousla Rock ..	291
Treen Chapel and Burial Ground ..	305
Union Mills ..	64, 125
Victoria Pier ..	33
Victoria-street, Douglas ..	35
Victoria Tower ..	70
Voyage Round the Island ..	88-95
Warwick's Prison, Peel Castle ..	145-8
Yachting ..	33

APPENDIX containing—

Specimens of Manx Proverbs
 Manx Language
 The Lord's Prayer in Manx and
 English
 Historical Chapter
 Physical History of the Island

Trout Fishing in the Isle of Man
 Sea Fishing
 Constitution—Government
 Law Courts
 Interesting Points of Law

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Douglas Head Lighthouse . . .	19
Conister Rock and Tower of . .	20
Refuge	21
Iron Promenade Pier	24
DOUGLAS (full page)	33
View of the Picts Tower	35
St. Thomas' Church	38
Noble's Hospital	39
<i>Times</i> Buildings	40
Court House	41
St. George's Church	45
St. Barnabas' Church	48
Castle Mona and Falcon Cliff . .	53
Lunatic Asylum	55
Nunnery Avenue	56
Nunnery Castle and Goldie's Monument (full page)	57
Braddan Old Church	60
Ancient Relic	61
Runic Stones at Braddan	63
Braddan New Church	66
The Vale of Injebreck (full page)	68
Douglas Bathing Ground	69
Derby Castle	72
The Industrial Home	73
Glen Darragh	74
St. Patrick's Chair	76
Port Soderick	77
A Sea Peep: Port Soderick	78
Smugglers' Cave, Port Soderick . .	80
Onchan Church	93
Chickens Rock Lighthouse	102
The Lower Fall at Rhenass	104
Glen Aldyn, near Ramsey (full page)	126
St. Trinian's	130
Tynwald Hill, St. John's	133
Kist-Vaen at St. John's	137
Peel New Church	139
PEEL TOWN AND HARBOUR (full page)	141
Peel Castle (full page)	149
Fenella's Tower	153
The Old Round Tower	162
Glen Meay	167
Swiss Cottage and Suspension Bridge	172
Rhenass Waterfall	178
Michael Church, with Bishop Wilson's Tomb	181
Bishop's Court	186
The Cloven Stones	187
Laxey, from the North (full page)	188
Laxey Village, from the South . .	190
Garwick Bay (full page)	192
Laxey Washing Floors	193
Great Laxey Wheel	

	PAGE
RAMSEY, from above Ballure (full page)	201
St. Maughold's Cross	207
Maughold Village, with North Barrule in background (full page)	208
Ballaglass Waterfall	211
Dhool Falls (full page)	213
A Pleasant Nook in Glen Mona . .	215
The Ivy Fall, Glen Mona	216
A Cool Corner in Glen Mona . . .	217
A Peep in Glen Mona	218
At Ballure	219
Albert Tower	221
A Nook in Glen Aldyn	223
Andreas Church	229
Ballaugh Old Church	231
Lezayre Church	233
Alt Waterfall	235
Sulby Glen, lower portion	236
Sulby Glen upper portion (full page)	238
Ballasalla	245
Rocks at Cass-na-Awin	247
Bull-Nose Rock at Cass-na-Awin . .	248
Mushroom Rock, at Cass-na- Awin	249
Derbyhaven	252
Natural Arch at Langness	254
King William's College	257
CASTLETOWN, from Hango Hill (full page)	261
Castle Rushen (full page)	263
Roman Altar	271
St. Mary's Church	271
Port St. Mary, from Chapel Bay full page)	287
The Sugar-Loaf Rock	289
Ancient Coffin Lid found on the Calf	296
Calf of Man and the Chickens Lighthouse, from Mull Hills (full page)	300
Stone Circle on Mull Hill (full page)	303
Cregneish (full page)	306
Bradda Head, from the Castles —Storm—(full page)	310
Bradda Head, from south of the Castles—Moonlight	311
Milner's Tower	312
Port Erin, from Bradda (full page)	314
A Sea Peep at Bradda	317
Crossag Bridge	321
Ruins of Rushen Abbey	324
Rushen Abbey Hotel	324
Snaefell, from Laxey Glen (full page)	326

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

'Tis Mona the lone ! where the silver mist gathers—
Pale shroud, whence our wizard-chief watches unseen—
O'er the breezy, the bright, the loved home of my fathers ;
Oh, Mannin, my graih, my chree ! Mannin Veg Veen !

—*Island Minstrelsy.*

THE ISLE OF MAN, in its appearance and associations, is singularly attractive and interesting. Situated in the centre of the Irish Sea, midway between the two Britains, its geographical position has brought it from the earliest ages into the closest contact with its more powerful neighbours, and given to its history an interest and importance, and to its people a vigour of character which they would not have possessed under other circumstances. Its inhabitants, less than 60,000 in number, represent a distinct branch of one of the primitive races of Europe, and their fast-disappearing speech is one of the five representatives of a great primordial language which once spread over the western world. In relics of the Past, and in strange legendary lore, it is wonderfully rich, even for a Celtic country ; while its ancient manners and customs, in great part, indeed, obsolete, or nearly so, are very peculiar and full of value to the student of comparative mythology and of pre-historic times. Subject successively to the Gael and the Cambrian, to Northmen and Englishmen, it has maintained, practically intact and unaltered, its ancient free Constitution through all the changes of time and circumstance ; and to-day it exhibits the unique spectacle of a small nationality existing for a thousand years, side by side with the greater nationalities around it, as free, in theory, as their fathers the Norse Sea Kings, and possessing and enjoying the laws and the liberties which they bequeathed to them.

To the more superficial but more numerous class of holiday tourists, the Isle of Man has other, and, to them, not less potent attractions in its varied and beautiful land and marine scenery. The mountains, though of no great elevation, are yet very lovely in their forms. A more striking prospect of the kind than the spacious glen of Laxey is rarely to be met with ; or a more lovely glen than that of Port Soderick, near Douglas ; or wooded hills more luxuriant than

those which overhang the glens of Ballure and Aldyn, near Ramsey; while the mountain of Snaefell, from the summit of which the eye can range over the coasts of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, deserves to be what it is—one of the most noted of the mountains of the historic land in which we dwell. The Tynwald Mount, gray with the memories of the Sea Kings, rising on its fair plain, girt on every side with mountains, would be singled out, even by a passing stranger, as a place which must needs have its story. In its Rushen Castle we have an example, marvellously perfect, of the mediæval stronghold of the northern type, which has by some been compared to that of Elsinore, the scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." As for Peel Castle, with its ruined fortress, its churches scarcely yielding in interest to Iona, and haunted by the wildest of legends, every one who has seen it will admit that, in "Peveril of the Peak," the vivid colouring of "the greatest of all painters who have used the instrument of words" (Sir Walter Scott) has not done more than justice to that hold of ragged stone, girdling the precipitous edge of the islet of Sodor Holme with its frowning walls, and looking out over the waters of the Ocean, where the ever-living youth of Nature stands in so bright a contrast with monumental decay.

EXTENT, &c.

The Island contains an area of about 145,325 statute acres. The Calf of Man contain 800 acres, The Island's greatest length (from the Point of Ayre to Spanish Head) is 33 miles. Its breadth varies considerably, but in its widest part, between Clay Head and Contrary Head, is 13 miles.

The shortest distances between the Isle of Man and the surrounding countries are as follows :—

Point of Ayre to Burrow Head, Scotland	...	16 Miles.
Peel to Strangford Lough, Ireland	27 "
Maughold Head to Whitehaven, England	31 "
Calf of Man to Ardglass, Ireland	31 "
Calf of Man to Holyhead, Wales	45 "

NAME.

Various attempts have been made to explain the origin of the name of the Island—Man, some of them sufficiently far-fetched; but one of the most probable is that of Mr. J. M. Jeffcott, High-Bailiff of Castletown. He derives it from the name of the original settlers, The Mannagh, a tribe of Celtic race closely allied to the Irish.

The native name is *Ellan Vannin*—*Isle of Man*; or, more commonly, *Ellan Vannin Veg Venn*—"Dear little Isle of Man." The following is a list of names given to it by the various writers who have referred to it:—

Cæsar and Tacitus ...	Mona
Ptolemy ...	Monaida, Monarina, and Monanesos.
Pliny ...	Monabia.
Orosius ...	Menavia.
Bede ...	Menavia Secunda.
Glidas ...	Manau, and Eubonia.
Norwegians ...	Maun.
Britons ...	Menow.
Manx... ..	Mannin, or Ellan Vannin.
English ...	Man, or Mann.

It will be seen that they are all modifications of the native name—Man, or Mann.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS.

	Feet.		Feet.
Douglas Head	315	Cronk Fedjag	1077
Spanish Head	350	Slieuwhallin	1086
Maughold Head	373	Slieu Dhoo	1139
Santon Head	392	Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa ...	1445
Banks Howe	394	Garraghan	1520
Calf of Man (highest point, Bushel's House)... ..	472	Slieu Chairn	1533
Mull Hills	537	Sartel	1560
Corrin's Tower (on the Horsehill, near Peel) ...	675	Slieu Ruy	1570
Mount Murray	714	South Barrule	1584
Dun Howe (Granite Boss, near Foxdale)	757	Greeba	1591
Bradda	758	Colden	1599
Slieu-e-Carnane	900	Slieu Farrane	1602
Carran's Hill	984	Pen-y-Phot	1772
		Slieu Choar... ..	1809
		North Barrule	1842
		Snaefell (the highest) ...	2034

CLIMATE.

There is an erroneous impression abroad that places lying three or four degrees further north than the south coast of England, must have a cold ungenial climate, quite unsuited for invalids, and especially those who are delicate in their lungs. Statements to this effect do not, however, always arise from ignorance ; in too many cases they are made with the view of keeping up the prejudice against high latitudes, and of encouraging the belief in the superior efficacy of the south coast for consumptive cases, a belief founded upon the opinions of medical men of the earlier part of this century, before the geographical distribution of this disease in England and Wales was made known.

Both the Isle of Man and the east coast of Yorkshire, including the beautiful health resort, Scarborough, with its fine climate, have hitherto suffered from the erroneous impression and interested misrepresentations to which we have alluded. The Manx and the North Riding coasts lie within the same parallels of north latitude ; in fact that of the summit of Snaetell, 54 deg., 15 min. 47 sec., runs through the Mere and Oliver's Mount, at Scarborough. Situated, as the Isle of Man is, in the midst of the Irish sea, which, through St. George's Channel, is continuous with that part of the Atlantic in which the Gulf Stream flows, it enjoys the full benefit of this wonderful oceanic current, having its origin in the Gulf of Mexico, the tropical heat of which it conveys to the western and north-western shores of Great Britain and Europe. The small size of the Island—227 square miles 45 acres—and the great number of elevated masses within this limited area, conduce to the preservation throughout the year of the temperature the surrounding sea affords. The limited area forbids protracted frosts and intense cold, and the elevated masses, the mountains, store up the summer heat, giving it out during the winter months, thus postponing the rigour of this season until the sun has regained some of its power. The northern mountains cover an area of 19,898 acres, and the southern 8,495, above the line of cultivation. The mean height of these two mountain groups is 1,545 feet in the northern, and in the southern 1,355 feet, facts in the physical geography

of the Island having an important and beneficial influence on its climate.

The more insular in character a climate is, the more generally suitable it is for the health seeker. These characters are as follows:—It must be remembered that large masses of water anywhere, and especially warm water, like the Gulf Stream, diminish the range of annual temperature. A place having a high mean annual temperature, as well as a small mean annual range of temperature, is said to have an “insular climate”—i.e., it is not subject to extremes of heat or cold so prejudicial to the weak and the invalid. As a rule, the smaller the island, the more does it partake of the climate of the surrounding sea, the range of the temperature of which is known to be exceedingly small.

The mean Annual Temperature of the Isle of Man is 49°0 deg. Fahr., being the mean of observations taken at the following four stations:—The Point of Ayre Lighthouse, the Douglas Lighthouse, Ballasalla, and the Calf of Man Lighthouse, and ranging over a period of 23 years, 1857 1880 inclusive, at a mean level above the sea of 143 feet; the mean Lat. N. being 54 deg. 10 min., and the mean Lon. W. 4 deg. 34 min.

If we compare this temperature (49°0 deg.) with that of the more southern counties of England, we shall be able to appreciate its true significance, for instance, with the following mean annual temperatures:—Cheshire, 48°9 deg.; Derbyshire, 48°4 deg.; Leicestershire, 48°8 deg.; Lincolnshire, 48°4 deg.; and Norfolk, 48°9.

The Mean Annual Range of temperature, or the difference between the mean temperature of January and July, is in the Isle of Man, 17°1 deg.; whilst at Holkham, Norfolk, it is 23°9 deg.; at Great Malvern, Worcestershire, 23°8 deg.; at Lampeter, 20°9 deg.; and at Brighton, 23°5. A small range of temperature, such as that of the Isle of Man, is the element in climate so conducive to the health of the weak and the convalescent. •

The Winter Temperature in the Isle of Man is remarkable for its mildness, its mean amounting to 42°10 deg., which is higher than that of five out of the six south coast counties, viz.:—Kent, 39°3 deg.; Sussex, 40°0 deg.; Hants, 40°7 deg.; Dorset, 40°9 deg.; and Devon, 42°0 deg.; Cornwall, 44°8 deg., being the only county the mean temperature of which

exceeds that of the Isle of Man ; the mean temperature of these six counties being $41\cdot3$ deg., or $1\cdot7$ deg. colder.

We will now compare the mean temperatures of the winter months (December, January, and February) with those experienced along the south coast. Eastbourne, Brighton, Worthing, Osborne, Ventnor, Bournemouth, Torquay, and Plymouth may be said to well represent the south coast of England. Now, if we take their mean *winter* temperature, we shall find that it is actually colder than that of the Isle of Man, for it is $41\cdot4$ deg., as compared with $42\cdot1$ deg. The January ($41\cdot4$ deg.) is warmer in the Island than at Eastbourne, $40\cdot1$ deg. ; Brighton $39\cdot4$ deg. ; Worthing, $39\cdot8$ deg. ; Osborne, $40\cdot0$ deg. ; Bournemouth, $40\cdot4$ deg. ; and Sidmouth, $41\cdot0$ deg. February, with its mean temperature of $41\cdot7$ deg., is warmer than Eastbourne, $41\cdot1$ deg. : Brighton, $40\cdot0$ deg. ; Worthing, $40\cdot6$ deg. ; Osborne, $41\cdot4$ deg. ; and Bournemouth, $41\cdot7$ deg. December has a mean temperature of $43\cdot0$ deg., and in this again we find exceeding the records in several places on the south coast, as at Eastbourne, $41\cdot3$ deg. ; Brighton, $40\cdot6$ deg. ; Worthing, $40\cdot7$ deg. ; Osborne, $41\cdot1$ deg. ; and Ventnor, $43\cdot2$ deg., has a temperature only two-tenths of a degree above it. These figures are sufficient in themselves to show that, during the winter months at least, the climate of the Isle of Man may be bracketed with that of the south coast, so far as "mildness" is concerned, although, as regards its tonic and bracing effect, its superiority is undoubtedly much greater.

In confirmation of the above, we append some remarks published in *The Isle of Man Times*.

THE TEMPERATURE AT DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN, COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE SOUTH COAST DURING JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1886.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Keig, of Prospect-hill, Town Commissioner, Douglas, I am enabled to give the results of his work at the meteorological station, which he kindly undertook to establish at my suggestion on the 1st January, 1886, at his astronomical observatory ; and I think your readers will agree that the first fruits of that gentleman's work incontestably prove how opportune and important the establishment of this station is both to Douglas and the Isle of Man generally.

The remarkably severe weather that prevailed throughout the British Isles during the first three months of the present year will be long remembered, and its record referred to by meteorologists in the far future with the greatest interest.

In this paper I have only time to give a bare outline of the main facts, reserving details for a future and early communication.

From a report by Mr James Glaisher, F.R.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, just received, I extract the following facts :—

"The mean temperature of the air for January was 36·1, being 0·4, and 2·4 below the averages of 115 years and 45 years, respectively; it was 0·5, 7·8, and 5·1 lower than in 1885, 1884, and 1883, respectively.

"The mean temperature of the air for February was 33·7, being 5·0 and 6·0 below the averages of 115 years and 45 years, respectively.

"Back to 1772 there have been but seven instances of so cold a February, viz :—

In 1784, when it was 31·9	In 1785, when it was 30·4
„ 1827 „ „ 31·6	„ 1838 „ „ 32·9
„ 1845 „ „ 32·7	„ 1853 „ „ 33·3
„ 1855 „ „ 29·4	

"The mean temperature of the air for March was 39·6, being 1·5 and 2·1 below the averages of 115 and 45 years, respectively; it was 0·7 and 4·9 lower than 1885 and 1884, respectively, and 3·5 higher than in 1883.

"Back to 1741 there have been but nine instances of so cold a March, viz :—

In 1845, when it was 35·2	In 1867, when it was 37·7
„ 1853 „ „ 38·5	„ 1869 „ „ 37·5
„ 1855 „ „ 37·9	„ 1870 „ „ 39·6
„ 1856 „ „ 38·7	„ 1883 „ „ 36·1
„ 1865 „ „ 36·6	

"The mean temperature of the quarter was 36·5, being 2·3 and 3·5 below the averages of 115 and 45 years, respectively."

The mean temperature between 54° and 55° Lat. N., within which the Isle of Man lies, was 35·9.

The mean temperature of Liverpool	37·3
„ „ „ „ Llandudno	38·7
„ „ „ „ Holkham	35·0
„ „ „ „ Lowestoft	36·3
„ „ „ „ London	36·7

The mean temperature of the Isle of Man }
 1857-1880 (Buchan) } Jan. Feb. Mar. Mean.
 41·5 41·8 42·1 41·8

The mean temperature of the following places for each of the above three months being the 1st quarter of 1886 :—

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Mean.
DOUGLAS, I.O.M.	38·9	38·8	39·2	39·0
Truro.	40·2	39·3	42·2	40·6
Plymouth	38·6	37·8	41·7	39·4
Torquay	39·1	37·6	40·4	39·0
Ventnor	39·5	36·9	39·6	38·7
Eastbourne	38·8	35·3	39·6	37·9
Osborne.	37·3	35·4	39·0	37·2
Southbourne.	38·0	35·5	38·8	37·4
Brighton	36·9	34·1	38·6	36·5
Mean—South Coast	38·5	36·4	39·9	38·3

These figures speak for themselves, and prove how well Douglas holds its own when the southern health resorts are arrayed against it, even during such an exceptional winter as has been just experienced.

The first quarter of the year embraces two winter months, January (the coldest month in the year) and February; and one spring month, March.

It will be seen by the above figures that Douglas stands fourth on the list of January temperatures, having Truro, Ventnor, and Torquay above it; whilst it was *warmer* than Plymouth, Eastbourne, Osborne, Southbourne, and Brighton. On the February list it takes the 2nd place, having all the other places, except Truro, below it.

If we now take the mean of the South of England temperatures, as represented by these eight health resorts, we shall find that Douglas was 00·4 warmer than the south coast in January, and 2·3 warmer in February, so that the latest experience, under most exceptional circumstances, fully corroborates what I stated of the *winter climate* of the Isle of Man in my lecture at the Masonic Hall, 13th June, 1883, on "The Essential Requisites of a Sea-side Health Resort," (Messrs Brown & Son, Douglas, Isle of Man), p. 69, viz. :—"These figures are sufficient in themselves to show that, during the *winter months* at least, the climate of the Isle of Man may be bracketed with that of the south coast, so far as *mildness* is concerned, although as regards its tonic and bracing effects, its superiority is undoubtedly much greater."

During the summer, the climate of the Island is proportionately much cooler than that of the south coast and the inland portion of England. For instance, the mean temperature of its hottest month, July, is only 58·3 deg., whilst that of the six counties selected on the south coast equals 61·3 deg., or a difference of 2·7 deg. in favour of the northern resort. The mild winter and cool summer are both due to the "insular" character of the climate and the Island's shores being washed by the waters of the Gulf Stream. The mean temperature of the months are as follows :—January, 41·5 deg.; February, 41·8 deg.; March, 42·1 deg.; April, 45·8 deg.; May, 50·2 deg.; June, 55·1 deg.; July, 58·3 deg.; August, 58·7 deg.; September, 55·7 deg.; October, 51·2 deg.; November, 45·2 deg.; and December, 43·0 deg. Mean, 49·0 deg.

I have given the data for the wind and rain, furnished by the two lighthouse stations at the Calf of Man and Point of Ayr, for the reason that they extend over the greatest number of years, and the stations are so situated that it is possible, by a careful study of them, to estimate the amount of moisture and heat that is brought by the winds from each point of the compass.

The Winds.—A careful summary of the 17 years' observations at the two extremes of the Island—viz., the Calf of Man and the Point of Ayr lighthouses—shows the great preponderance of the westerly winds, and especially of the south-westerly*. These winds, the warm sea, and the storage of heat in the elevated masses, combine to form the exceptional winter climate of the Island. The wind charts show at a glance the relative prevalence of the winds from each of the eight points of the compass for each season. The easterly winds are shaded darker than the westerly. In adding the numbers together the "calm" days would be represented by the number of days wanting to make up the 90 days in the winter quarter, the 92 days in spring and summer, and the 91 in the autumn.

The Rainfall.—The mean rainfall at the Calf of Man and Point of Ayre for the two periods 1831-47 and 1877-81—twenty-two years—amounted in inches as follows:—January, 2'06; February, 2'12; March, 1'75; April, 1'75; May, 1'43; June, 1'98; July, 2'43; August, 2'83; September, 2'13; October, 2'66; November, 2'78; December, 2'25. Total, 26'17 inches.

With regard to the rainfall of the more inland parts of the Island, I find in the weather summary of "The Manx Note Book" for April, 1885, p. 70, edited by Mr. A. W. Moore, M.A., M.H.K., Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, who has for many years been a careful observer of meteorological facts in the Island, the following monthly

*TABLE SHOWING THE MEAN NUMBER OF DAYS EACH WIND BLEW AT THE POINTS NAMED DURING THE 17 YEARS 1831-47.

	N.	N.E.	E.	S.E.	S.	S.W.	W.	N.W.	Calms
Winter..	7'0	5'9	6'5	15'7	8'8	17'9	13'5	12'7	2'0
Spring...	10'1	9'9	10'9	12'5	7'7	14'0	11'3	12'9	2'6
Summer	10'0	5'5	6'6	8'4	9'7	19'0	14'6	16'0	1'7
Autumn	7'3	6'0	6'8	13'3	9'9	18'3	14'6	13'5	1'4
Totals	34'9	27'3	30'8	49'9	36'1	69'2	54'0	66'1	7'7
Westerly Winds...	214'4	Days	
Easterly Winds	142'9	"	
Calms	7'7	"	

Excess of Westerly over Easterly Winds, 71'5 Days.

means of rainfall, as observed at Douglas, Cronkbourne, the Clypse, Castletown, St. Marks, Andreas, Peel, Port Erin and Snaefell : —

Jan. ... 5'010 inches.	May ... 2'094 inches.	Sept. ... 3'804 inches.
Feb. ... 3'835 "	June ... 2'587 "	Oct. ... 4'827 "
Mar. ... 2'714 "	July ... 3'064 "	Nov. ... 4'728 "
Apl. ... 2'169 "	Aug. ... 3'947 "	Dec. ... 4'334 "
Year ... 43'113 inches.		

Sunshine.—The Island is also indebted to Mr. A. W. Moore for his interesting sunshine observations, as they show that the Isle of Man stands high in the possession of that weather element so essential to both health and pleasure-seekers when compared with other parts of the British Isles, in illustration of which I append the following facts, taken from "The Climate of the Isle of Man," by A. W. Moore, F.R.M.S. (Brown & Son, Douglas).—One Shilling.

DURATION OF SUNSHINE IN HOURS IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Mean.			Mean.		
1880-87			1880-87		
Hours.			Hours.		
January ...	40'2	31'1	August ...	176'0	166'1
February ...	65'1	104'3	September ...	137'6	144'6
March ...	118'5	133'6	October ...	105'1	82'8
April ...	186'2	163'8	November ...	67'0	35'7
May ...	226'0	229'7	December ...	48'4	35'9
June ...	217'0	202'1			
July ...	201'5	123'9	Year ...	1588'6	1453'6

From the above figures, I find that the Isle of Man ranks *third* on the list of the 13 districts into which the British Isles are divided for meteorological purposes. For instance, in 1884, its 1466 hours of sunshine recorded for that year were only exceeded by the Channel Islands, where 1849 hours, and the East of England in which 1504 hours were recorded, and far excelling the South-West of England, where only 1354 hours were enjoyed. In 1885 the Island still kept its position, the 1559 hours of sunshine which it received during that year being only exceeded by the Channel Islands, 1883 hours, and the South-West of England 1562 hours, thus leaving behind all other parts of Great Britain and Ireland. These are facts well worthy the attention of visitors.

Conclusion.—The above are the principal features of the climate of this Island. They afford sufficient evidence in themselves of its suitability as a health resort, and incon-

testably prove its exceptional character, when compared with other climates in the British Isles and the continent of Europe lying within the same parallels of latitude.

Favourable, however, as the general climate is of this beautiful Isle of mountains and glens, a more careful study of its physical geography has revealed numerous sites where physical features and the atmospheric conditions combine to produce local climates calculated to meet the requirements of a large number of variously affected health and repose seekers.

In fine, the climatal resources of the Isle of Man, like many other gifts with which Nature has endowed it, require to be better known before they can be as fully and widely realized as they so well deserve to be.

ALFRED HAVILAND.

MEANS OF ACCESS.

HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

Thanks to steamers and railways, the Isle of Man is now within easy distance of almost any part of the United Kingdom ; and it is quite an easy thing, now-a-days, to have an early breakfast in London and an early tea in the Isle of Man, or *vice versa*. There at the present time at least eight established lines of steamers to the Isle of Man—viz., from Liverpool, from Fleetwood, from Barrow, from Whitehaven, from Glasgow, from Silloth, from Dublin, and from Belfast.

The Liverpool Route.—For many years the Isle of Man, with its romantic and picturesque scenery, invigorating climate, antique folk-lore, and interesting reminiscences of the Danish and Norwegian conquests, has been a veritable Isle of Wight in its popularity as a watering place. The “Beautiful Mona,” though its season is a summer one, can boast of winters even milder than Italy and the South of France ; and many are the eminent medical men who have testified to its salubrious climate, and to the invigoration and flow of spirits which are experienced by visitors after a few days’ sojourn on its shores. In short, the Island, nursed in the bosom of the warm Gulf Stream, flowing from Mexico into the Irish Channel, possesses a climate even more uniformly mild than that of

the Isle of Wight. In the short space at our disposal we could not pretend to enumerate the many advantages which the Isle of Man holds forth, but, speaking generally, the Isle of Man—almost equi-distant from England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland—possesses scenery of the most wildly romantic and picturesque beauty, historical and antiquarian relics of the deepest interest, and old customs and habits which for ages have ceased to prevail elsewhere, all of which facts readily explain the fast-growing popularity of Mona as a pleasure and health resort. As long ago as 1830, up to which period the only vessels which touched at the Island were small coasting schooners, mostly trading to Liverpool, a few enterprising men, convinced of the advantages which the Island possessed as a health and pleasure resort, launched the undertaking which, during its long and prosperous career, has been instrumental in changing the almost unknown Mona into the most popular summer resort of the busy populace of the northern and midland towns. The start in 1830 was a very unpretentious one, and there are doubtless some who remember in their boyhood having seen the little wooden steamer *Mona's Isle* puffing slowly up the Mersey after her first passage from the Island. From the very commencement the undertaking promised to be a success, and in its second year the traffic had so increased that it was found necessary to bring out another vessel—the *Mona*—and afterwards a third steamer—the *Queen of the Isles*—was added to the fleet. Until 1842, a period of twelve years, the traffic between Liverpool and the Island was maintained by these three little wooden paddle steamers, each of which were about 200 tons burthen. At this time, however, the requirements of the trade were such as to warrant the Old Manx Company—and by this name it was known—to add a still larger vessel to the fleet, and the *King Orry*, built at Douglas, in a yard belonging to the late James Atkins, of Liverpool, twice the size of her predecessor, and in her day considered to be a marvel of marine architecture, was put upon the station. Three years later the *Ben-my-Chree*, followed in 1846 by the *Tynwald*, and in 1853 by the *Mona's Queen*, were inaugurated in the service.

Up till this date the Isle of Man steamers were noted more for their excellent sea-going qualities than for their speed.

But at this time the Company began to recognise, from the increasing popularity of the Island, that it would be necessary to procure steamers possessing greater speed and better internal accommodation for the passengers, and so in 1858 a further development took place by the addition of the Douglas and Snaefell, two remarkably swift and excellent equipped boats. These steamers attracted a great deal of attention from the outside world owing to their great speed, and several offers were made to purchase them from the Company. Ultimately, the Douglas was sold to a firm engaged in blockade running during the great Civil War in the United States ; and, under the name of the "Margaret and Jessie," this vessel distinguished herself greatly by her success in running cargoes between one of the West Indian Islands and the blockaded Confederate ports. The Snaefell was also sold, at great profit to her owners, for the new continental route, via Flushing, and in her place another steamer of larger tonnage was built for the Company. None of the vessels mentioned above are now included in the fleet, as with the continually growing requirements of the trade, larger and swifter steamships were built, and the older boats disposed of.

A great development in the prosperity of the Company and with it in the prosperity of the Isle of Man, occurred in 1872, when the Queen Victoria Pier was opened at Douglas, and for the first time the necessity for passengers to be landed by means of small boats at some states of the tide was done away with. During the next few years many changes took place, new boats were added from time to time, and at the present day the fleet consists of ten vessels, of which the Queen Victoria and Prince of Wales, two of the finest and swiftest paddle steamers afloat, and each of 1,656 tons burthen, are the most recent additions. The other vessels comprised in the fleet are the Mona's Queen, Mona's Isle, Ben-my-Chree, King Orry, Snaefell, Fenella, Peveril, and Ellan Vannin. All of these steamers, with the exception of the three last mentioned, are propelled by means of paddles, and by them a constant service for passengers, mails, and cargo is kept up between Liverpool and the Island throughout the year. In the summer months the service is greatly augmented, and the ten fine steamers forming the fleet are kept busily employed every day conveying thousands of excursionists, tourists, and health seekers to and from the popular little Island.

Than the vessels of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, with the three symbolic legs of the Manx arms emblazoned on their paddle boxes, and their rakish red funnels surmounted with bands of black, no more familiar sight is to be seen at the Prince's Landing-stage. Commanded by skilful captains and officers, who are acquainted with every inch of the road in which they daily travel, bad indeed must be the weather that stops the Manx mail boat from starting on her journey. Indeed, the captains of these vessels are as much an object of interest to the vast multitude of excursionists as are the captains of the great Atlantic liners; and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them, not only for the skill with which they navigate the vessels, but for their invariable courtesy and the fostering care with which they look after the comfort of their passengers. When we consider that the Company's vessels up to the beginning of 1890 had carried over eight million passengers without the loss of a single life, this fact speaks volumes for the skill and carefulness of the various commanders, to which we have already alluded. It must be remembered, however, that children under a certain age are only counted as half-passengers, so that the actual number of souls who, since the commencement in 1830, have been carried to and from the Island, is far in excess of the figures quoted above.

Like the Island itself, this Company, while its steamers possess all the most modern conveniences for the comfort of passengers, and are acknowledged to be amongst the finest Channel boats in the world, bears traces even now of many quaint, old-fashioned notions. One of the rules which appears on the deed of association, dated 1838, is "that the company's vessels shall not ply on the Sabbath," and another provides that the services of the directors shall be gratuitous. Although a few years ago the latter rule was rescinded, and a moderate remuneration allowed to the directors of the company, the former rule is still consistently adhered to, and the words "Sundays excepted," so unusual in the present age in connection with enterprises of a similar character, find a place on all the bills and advertisements issued by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company.

It is no exaggeration to say that the career of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company is unique in the annals of coasting steamship-companies. No company is more alive to the enormous demands of the public from every industrial

centre included in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire, the great producing communities of the north. Thousands and thousands each year from these counties, temporally released from their toil, by a journey to the Isle of Man, in one or other of these magnificent steamers, experience a renewal of that health and vigour which enables them to go on from day to day maintaining the commercial supremacy of this country. Year by year, however, the popularity of the Island is being extended, and, as we have before pointed out, the people of Scotland and Ireland are amongst those who realise the delights of Mona; and the requirements of these people are not overlooked by the enterprising directors and officials of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company.

The Company's steamers are easily recognised by the Manx Arms (the Three Legs) on the paddle boxes, and by the fact that all their names (except the "Queen Victoria" and "Prince of Wales") have special reference to the Island. During the summer season the fares are reasonable, and return tickets are issued. Some of the Railway Companies are adopting the plan of forwarding passengers' luggage direct to the Island, without troubling the passengers. Distance from Liverpool to Douglas: 70 nautical miles.

The Fleetwood Route.—By this route the Island is easily reached from the northern districts of Lancashire and the whole of Yorkshire. The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steamer runs daily during the entire summer. This port possesses the great convenience of trains running close up to the steamer; so that the expense of cabs, &c., inevitable at Liverpool, is saved. Distance from Fleetwood to Douglas: 55 nautical miles. The sea journey by this route is three hours.

Liverpool or Fleetwood to Ramsey.—The rising new watering-place of Ramsey can be reached by direct Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steamer from Liverpool once or twice a week, and from Fleetwood and Liverpool, *via* Douglas, several days weekly. Distance from Liverpool to Ramsey, about 75 nautical miles; and from Fleetwood to Ramsey, about 60 nautical miles.

The Belfast Route.—By this route parties in the northern parts of Ireland have easy and direct access to the Island by a daily service, *via* Peel, during July and August, by one of

the steamers of the Isle of Man Steampacket Company, and to the excursionist already on the Island it affords a good opportunity of visiting Belfast and neighbourhood, Carrickfergus, Antrim, Lough Neagh, Coleraine, Portrush, Giant's Causeway, and the famous city of Londonderry; besides which they have the option of returning to Douglas *viâ* Dublin, by one of the same Company's steamers, thus affording them the opportunity of visiting the several places of interest between Belfast and Dublin. Distance: 55 nautical miles.

Douglas and Dublin.—The Isle of Man Steampacket Company run a special service twice weekly during July and August between Douglas and Dublin, the voyage being made by one of the splendid express paddle-wheel steamers belonging to the Company. This is undoubtedly one of the quickest services in the kingdom, the passage being done frequently in a little over four hours. Cheap excursion tickets are also issued, thus affording tourists an opportunity of seeing all the sights in the Irish capital, in addition to "doing" the Isle of Man. There is also the direct route from Dublin to Scotland, *viâ* Sillioth, by the Ardrossan Company's steamers. It affords the Irish tourist visiting Scotland, and also the Scotch tourist visiting Ireland, an excellent opportunity of seeing all the various places in the Island, as passengers are allowed to break the journey at Douglas, either in going or returning. To the tourist already on the Island it affords an excellent opportunity of visiting the Western Highlands of Ireland, Connemara, &c., for which circular tour tickets are issued at low rates. Programmes for tours in Ireland may also be obtained (free of charge) from the agent. Distance from Dublin to Douglas: 80 nautical miles.

The Glasgow Route.—By this route, which is also worked by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, the Island can be reached from all parts of Scotland, or tourists from England can combine a run through the Island with a trip to the Scotch Highlands, &c. Distance from Glasgow to Douglas: 150 nautical miles.

The Whitehaven Route.—There is a fortnightly service, by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's steamers, between Ramsey and Whitehaven, and by this route the Island can be reached from Cumberland, Westmoreland,

Durham, &c. The voyage occupies only $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Distance from Whitehaven to Ramsey: 33 nautical miles.

The Barrow Route.—This route to the Island is gradually increasing in popularity. To our thinking, however, one advantage of the Barrow route is that the tourist has, by it, an opportunity of visiting Furness Abbey and the Lake district of the North of England. Distance from Barrow to Douglas: 50 nautical miles.

The Silloth Route.—This route is available for visitors from all parts of Scotland and the North of England. Monthly return tickets are issued at all the principal stations on the North British Railway, and passengers are allowed to break the journey at various stations, either in coming or returning. During the summer months a first-class passenger steamer leaves Silloth for Douglas twice weekly—on Tuesdays and Saturdays—and the passage is generally made in little more than five hours. This route also affords an excellent opportunity to tourists already on the Island for visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Scotch lakes and scenery. Excursion tickets for the round are available by the Waverley route to Edinburgh, and passengers are allowed the option of going *via* Callander and returning by Loch Lomond, or reversing the route; but *via* Callander is preferable. Many other excursions are open to the tourist, and programmes (free of charge) are to be obtained from the agent in Douglas. Distance from Silloth to Douglas: 58 nautical miles.

Full particulars of all these and any other routes will be found in the advertising columns of *The Isle of Man Times*, published every Wednesday and Saturday; and in the official announcements in this guide.

SOUVENIRS OF MANXLAND.

VISITORS wishing to take away with them a Souvenir of their Visit to the Isle of Man should inspect the Stock of Presents at

“THE TIMES”

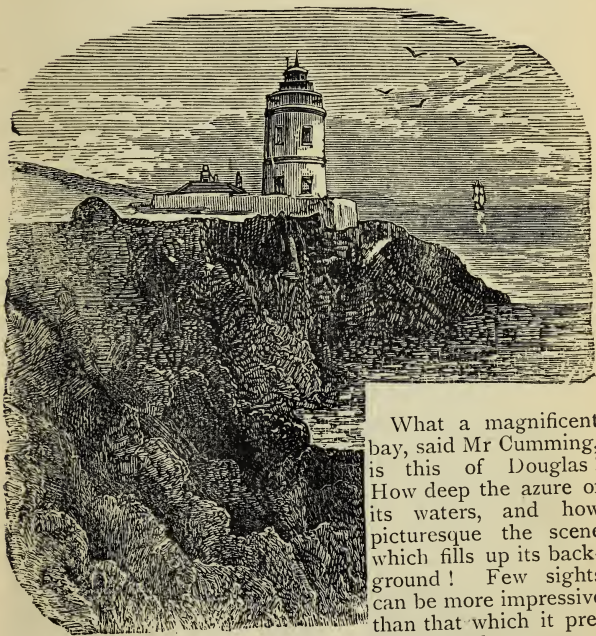
STATIONERY & FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENTS.

ATHOL-STREET & VICTORIA-STREET, DOUGLAS.

THE ISLE OF MAN STEAM PACKET COMPANY'S FLEET

Name.	Length.	Beam.	Depth.	Gross Tonnage About.	Net Tonnage.	Nominal H.P.	Indicated H.P.	How Propelled.	Where Built.	By whom Built.
1 Queen Victoria...	330 ft.	39 ft.	15 ft.	1656.95	469.53	1,100	6,000	Paddle	Govan	Fairfield Ship- building and Engineering Co., Ltd. do.
2 Prince of Wales...	330 ft.	39 ft.	15 ft.	1656.95	469.53	1,100	6,000	do.	do.	do.
3 Mona's Isle	330 ft.	38 ft.	15 ft.	1,564	557	800	4,500	do.	Greenock	Caird & Co.
4 Mona's Queen ...	320 ft.	38 ft.	15 ft.	1,465	525	684	5,000	do.	Barrow	Barrow Ship- building Co.
5 Ben-my-Chree ...	310 ft.	31 ft.	13 ft.	1,040	439	420	2,300	do.	do.	do.
6 King Orry.....	260 ft.	29¼ ft.	14½ ft.	1,104	385	865	4,000	do.	Port Glasgow Greenock	Duncan & Co.
7 Snafell	251 ft.	29¼ ft.	14 ft.	785	437	300	1,700	do.	do.	Caird & Co.
8 Peveril	207½ ft.	26 ft.	13 ft.	595	243	128	1,100	Twin Screw.	Barrow	Barrow Ship- building Co.
9 Fenella	200 ft.	26 ft.	13 ft.	556	220	154	1,000	do.	do.	do.
10 Ellan Vannin ...	198½ ft.	22 ft.	10½ ft.	364	124	100	500	do.	—	—

APPROACHING THE ISLAND.

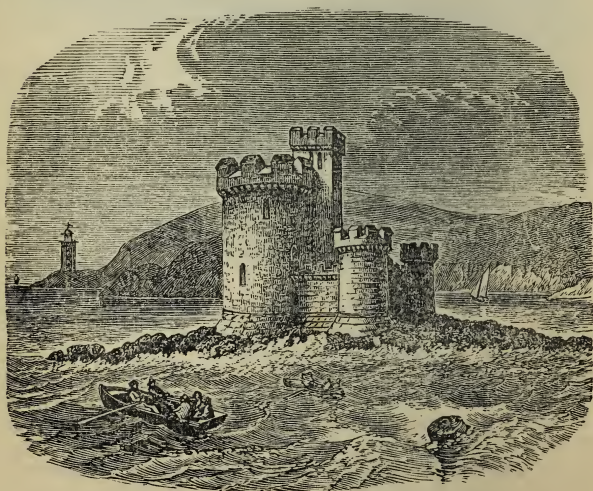


DOUGLAS HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

What a magnificent bay, said Mr Cumming, is this of Douglas! How deep the azure of its waters, and how picturesque the scene which fills up its background! Few sights can be more impressive than that which it presents to the stranger arriving on a clear

summer eve. A deep inlet in a high rock-bound coast, it is guarded at its southern extremity by a lofty promontory with a tall lighthouse perched conspicuously on a rocky platform about half-way up its precipitous front, and crowned with a large castellated building, the Douglas Head Hotel, which, from its position, commands one of the most magnificent marine views in the kingdom. Along the northern foot of the headland, which runs inland, gradually increasing in height until it culminates in the dark peak of the Nunnery

Howe, runs the estuary of the river Douglas and the inner harbour of the port, crowded with vessels of all sizes and many lands ; and from its seaward front, a little to the west of the Lighthouse, springs a noble breakwater, known as the Battery Pier, whose long, bent arm protects the eastern face of the outer harbour ; while its northern face is formed by the splendid Victoria Pier, towards which the steamer is rapidly approaching. The outer harbour is a broad expanse of water divided into two unequal portions by a smaller pier—the Old Red Pier, as it is called, built nearly a century ago at a cost of £26,000. To the north of the Landing Pier, standing upon a reef of rock in the centre of the southern half of the bay, known as the Conister Rock, is the picturesque Tower of Refuge, a small castellated building erected by Sir William Hillary, the founder of the National Lifeboat Institution, when resident at Fort Anne, Douglas, as a place of safety for the crews of vessels wrecked upon this dangerous rock. The headland at the northern extremity of the bay is Banks Howe, a bluff promontory 400 feet high ;



CONISTER ROCK AND TOWER OF REFUGE.

beyond stretches a long line of dark cliffs, rent and fissured by the storms of countless ages, terminating in the tremendous precipices of Clay Head. In the foreground, along the margin of the semi-circular bay, and climbing the lofty grounds behind, is the town of Douglas—the old town, with its narrow streets, occupying the land at the mouth of the river; and the new town, built expressly for visitors, lining the shore along the magnificent Loch Promenade, the Shore Road, and the Queen's Promenade, and clustering in innumerable squares and terraces on the heights above. In the centre of the view, just to the south of the Iron



IRON PROMENADE PIER.

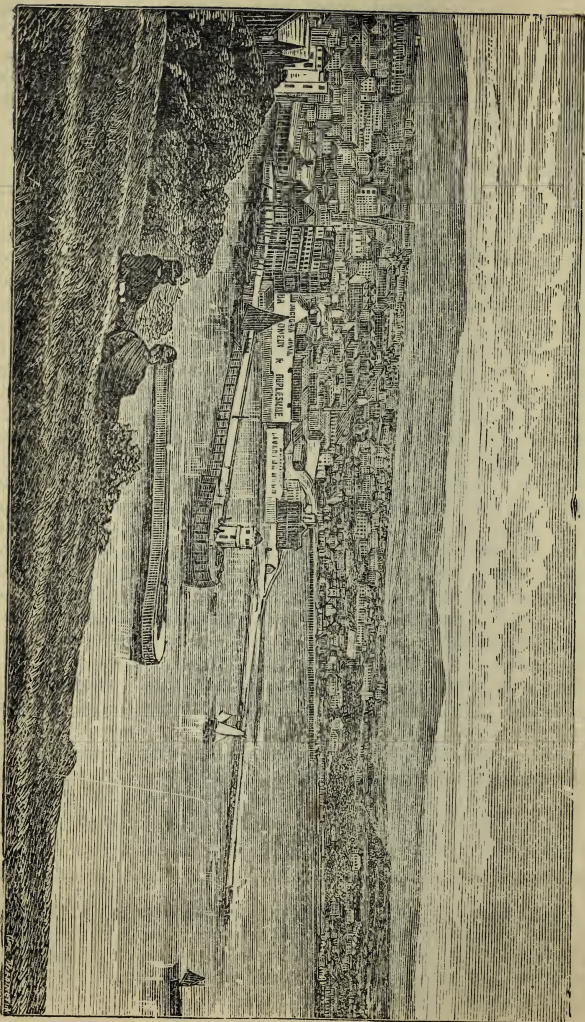
Promenade Pier, is Villa Marina, the seat of Mr. H. B. Noble, the generous donor, in association with Mrs Noble, of Noble's Isle of Man Hospital; and, further to the north, the hill sides sweeping up from the shore are overhung with woods of the darkest, thickest verdure, forming a beautiful background for a grey, square, and massive building—Castle Mona, once the home of the Duke of Athol, but now the Castle Mona Hotel, so favourably known to visitors. Close to the Hotel is The Palace, a place of amusement, in which

is one of the largest pavilions in the world, the dancing space being 16,000 feet in area, made of polished oak. The cost of this structure, with the land and the electric installation, has been over £80,000. A little further to the north of Castle Mona the picturesque pile of buildings on the Falcon Cliff will remind the continental traveller of the Rhine castles ; and, further north still, nestling under the shadow of Banks's Howe, is Derby Castle, with its ornamental grounds, its fine pavilion, and its iron landing pier. On the hill above Derby Castle is the pretty village of Onchan, with the tapering spire of the parish church rising above a spur of the hill.

Such is a faint and very imperfect word picture of the beautiful Bay and Town of Douglas, with its more immediate surroundings. The more distant prospect is equally lovely. Above the town and the dark cliffs and headlands which guard its shores, the land rises in long gradual slopes, swell upon swell, and ridge above ridge, until it culminates in a lofty mountain chain, which stretches along the background as far as the eye can reach, in a series of rocky peaks, whose wild rugged heads glimmer darkly through the golden summer haze. Far away to the right, at the extreme end of range, the huge mass of Maughold Head rises abruptly out of the sea ; and, towering above it, the pointed head of North Barrule (1842 feet). Next in the giant brotherhood is Slieu Choar (1809 feet), and following it is Snaefell (2034 feet), the monarch of the Manx mountains, whose vast bulk, rising straight out of the deep cleft of the Laxey Glen, is seen almost from its summit to its base. South of Snaefell follow in succession the peak of Pen-y-Phot (1772 feet), and the blunt, rounded head of Garraghan (1520 feet), their point of junction strongly marked by the deep furrow down which run the headwaters of one of the main feeders of the river Glas. Beyond Garraghan stands Colden Mountain, separated from it by the lovely mountain glen of Baldwin, through which flows the Glas, the principal branch of the Douglas river. Passing still southward the eye next rests upon the double-headed mass of Greeba (1591 feet) connected with its more northern neighbour by a long wall-like ridge, and sinking to the south in a series of cliff-like precipices into the great central valley which crosses the Island from sea to sea between Douglas and Peel. This valley is very distinctly visible from our present point of view, the town of

Douglas itself filling up its eastern opening, and climbing up the swelling slopes on either side, while beyond the lower hills between the sea and the mountains fall into the valley in soft harmonious sweeps. On the south side of the valley, opposite Greeba, stands the twin cliff-like hill of Creg Whallin, and beyond it, opposite Tynwald Mount at St. John's, is Slieuwhallin, nearly rising 1100 feet in one sweep out of the boggy Curragh Glas at its foot. Still further southward we catch a glimpse of the conical peak of South Barrule (1584), the Warfell of history, upon whose rugged sides and in the cyclopean entrenchments which they had formed upon its summit, and which remain almost perfect to the present day, the islanders were accustomed to take refuge from their invaders when unable to resist them in the open field. The intervening height of Mount Murray hides the lower part of Barrule, as it does also of the next great point, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa—"the hill of the rising day" (1445 feet), but both are prominent and impressive objects in the view of the southern half of the Island. The range is now continued at a rapidly decreasing height through Slieu-e-Carnane (900 feet) and the Bradda Hills (758 feet), separated from each other by the wild gorge of Fleshwick, and the Mull Hills, divided from Bradda by the lovely Bay of Port Erin, and it ends abruptly in the gigantic cliffs which form the southern extremity of the Calf Islet. A nobler background to a noble view could hardly be imagined; and the *tout ensemble*, as thus seen, is so perfect, so harmonious in form and colour, that the satisfied eye lingers upon it in rapt admiration, heedless of the lapse of time, until a cold shadow suddenly falls upon us, the shadow of the huge cliffs of Douglas Head, and the fairly-like scene vanishes away like a dream. Shaking ourselves together we look around to find ourselves passing the picturesque Lighthouse (illustration on page 19), and the romantic bathing place of Port Skillion; and, as the roar of a gun resounds among the rocks and crags around, we moor alongside the Victoria Pier.

"THE ISLE OF MAN TIMES," the Leading Journal of the Isle of Man, published Every Wednesday and Saturday, contains a VISITORS' LIST in the Season; full particulars of Steamers' Sailings; full details of all Places of Amusement, and every Information for Visitors and Tourists.



DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

PORTERS AND CONVEYANCES.

Almost before the vessel has ceased its motion, a crowd of porters recklessly spring on board, and eagerly ask to be permitted to take your luggage on shore, and either carry it to your lodgings or place it safely in one of the well-appointed cars which, a glance will show, stand in long rows along the sides of the landing-pier. Both porters and carmen are licensed by the Town Authorities, and are bound to wear their badges on their arms, and they are on the whole a decent, civil-spoken, and well-conducted body of men. Their charges are strictly limited by law, and any infringement of the town regulations will be severely punished on complaint of the aggrieved party. The following Tables show the legal charges for portage or carrying of luggage, and for hackney cars and carriages :—

For every box, portmanteau, trunk, or other large package to or from on board of any steamer or boat to or from the car stand used on the arrival or departure of the steamers	...	3d
For every hatbox, guncase, or other small package, to or from the above-named places	1d
For every such large package to or from any place within the town boundaries	6d
For every such small package two or from any place within such boundaries	2d
For every such large package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries	9d
For every such small package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries.	4d

There is ample protection against any extortion that may be attempted to be practised upon him by the porter or hackney cardriver.

The following table shows not only the legal charge for a "run" (as it is locally called) from the pier to any part of the town, but also the charge for different sized vehicles for a journey to any part of the Island. These are the highest fares, for, although it is the legal scale, yet it is not intended to interfere with bargains for the hire of vehicles at lesser rates than are here mentioned :—

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR HACKNEY

As Amended by Douglas Town Commissioners,

133.—The following shall be the utmost Fares Chargeable for the

NAMES OF PLACES.	Car to carry 4 & driver.	Driver.
To Ramsey, via Kirk Michael or Sulby & Kep- }	£ s. d.	s. d.
„ pel Gate, returning by Laxey, or vice versa. }	0 17 0	3 0
„ Ramsey, via Laxey and back	0 14 6	3 0
„ Laxey	0 8 6	2 6
„ Kirk Michael	0 13 6	3 0
„ Kirk Michael and Rhenass	0 13 6	3 0
„ Peel	0 8 6	2 6
„ Peel and Glenmaye	0 11 6	3 0
„ Peel and Rhenass	0 11 6	3 0
„ Glenmaye	0 9 6	2 6
„ St. John's	0 8 6	2 6
„ Injebreck		
„ Rhenass		
„ Peel & Castletown, and back to }	0 14 6	3 0
„ Douglas		
„ Peel, Port Erin, Port St. Mary, }	0 17 0	3 0
„ & Castletown, & back to D'glas }		
„ The same, via Dalby	0 19 6	3 0
„ Foxdale and back	0 9 6	2 6
„ Snaefell		
„ Keppel Gate, Snaefell, and Laxey	0 14 0	3 0
„ Castletown	0 8 6	2 6
„ Castletown, Port St. Mary, and }	0 12 0	3 0
„ Port Erin		
„ Ballasalla	0 7 6	2 6
„ Port Soderick	0 5 0	2 0
„ Baldwin Village		
„ N.B.—If detained more than 2½ hours, to be charged by time.		
„ Onchan Village	0 3 0	
„ N.B.—If detained more than 2 hours, to be charged by time.		
„ Injebreck and Pen-y-Pot, by }	0 12 0	3 0
„ Baldwin Village, & returning }		
„ by Keppel Gate, or vice versa }		

By Distance—To carry four, not exceeding half a mile, one or two persons 1s, three 1s 6d, four 2s. Exceeding half a mile and not exceeding one mile, one or two persons, 1s 6d, more than two persons, 2s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons 1s.

By Time—First hour or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 2s. For every additional half hour, or fraction of half an hour, 1s.

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse to or from the stands used by hackney cars or carriages, on the arrival of or departure of the steamers, to or from any part of the town within the limits named in the following boundaries, viz., along the North Quay, up Bridge Hill, along Athol Street, Prospect Hill, Finch-road, and Church Road, to the Shore, along the Shore to the Pier, including any of the above named streets, the sum of one shilling and sixpence, and to or from any part of the town outside the above-named boundaries, except the Crescent Road northward be-

CARS AND CARRIAGES,

and Confirmed at Tynwald Court, July 5, 1875.

Hire of Hackney Cars, Carriages, and other Licensed Vehicles.

Carriage and Pair carry 6 & driver.	Driver.	Carriage to carry 8 and driver.	Driver.	Sociable to carry 10 and driver.	Driver.
£ s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.
1 4 6	3 6	1 9 6	3 6	1 14 6	3 6
1 0 6	3 6	1 4 6	3 6	1 9 6	3 6
0 13 6	3 0	0 15 6	3 0	0 19 0	3 0
0 18 6	3 6	1 0 6	3 6	1 3 6	3 6
0 18 6	3 6	1 0 6	3 6	1 3 6	3 6
0 14 6	3 0	0 16 0	3 0	0 19 0	3 0
0 18 0	3 6	1 0 6	3 6	1 2 6	3 6
0 18 0	3 6	1 0 6	3 6	1 2 6	3 6
0 15 0	3 0	0 16 6	3 0	0 19 6	3 0
0 13 6	3 0	0 15 0	3 0	0 16 6	3 0
0 14 6	3 0	0 16 0	3 0	0 19 0	3 0
1 0 6	3 6	1 4 6	3 6	1 9 6	3 6
1 4 6	3 6	1 9 6	3 6	1 14 6	3 6
1 7 6	3 6	1 12 6	3 6	1 17 6	3 6
0 13 6	3 0	0 15 0	3 0	0 18 0	3 0
1 1 0	3 0	1 3 0	3 0	1 5 0	3 0
0 14 6	3 0	0 16 0	3 0	0 19 6	3 0
0 19 6	3 6	1 2 6	3 6	1 4 6	3 6
0 13 6	3 0	0 14 0	3 0	0 16 6	3 0
0 7 0	2 0	0 10 0	2 0	0 12 0	2 0
0 5 0		0 6 0		0 7 0	
0 18 6	3 6	1 0 6	3 6	1 3 6	3 6
By Distance—One mile or fraction of a mile, 3s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 1s 6d.		By Distance—One mile or fraction of a mile, 3s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 1s 6d.		By Distance—One mile or fraction of a mile, 4s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 2s.	
By Time—First hour or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 3s. Every additional half hour or fraction of half an hour, 1s 6d.		By Time—First hour or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 3s. Every additional half hour or fraction of half an hour, 1s 6d.		By Time—First hour or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 4s. Every additional half hour, or fraction of half an hour, 2s.	

yond Castle Mona, and except Victoria Road northward beyond the Bridge next Marathon, the sum of two shillings, and to or from any part of the Crescent Road between Castle Mona and the extreme limits of the town, or to or from any part of Victoria Road beyond the Bridge next Marathon and the extreme limits of the town, the sum of two shillings and sixpence. No extra charge for luggage. Double the fares for two horses

PLACES TO VISIT.

IN THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

DOUGLAS TO CASTLETOWN.—Port Soderick and Crogga Glen ; Port Grenaugh, with tumulus, Cronk-ny-Marroo, and Cliff Forts ; Cas-ny-Awin, with natural arches and sea caves ; Lower Glen of Santon Burn ; Derbyhaven, with St. Michael's Isle and ruined Chapel and Derby Fort ; Battlefield of Ronaldsway, defeat of the Manx under Ivar in 1272, and conquest of the Island by the Scotch ; Langness, with Lighthouse and Foghorn, and Sea Caves and Arches ; King William's College ; Hango Hill—Illiam Dhone shot.

CASTLETOWN.—Castle Rushen, old House of Keys, St. Mary's Church ; Scarlet Stack, Cromwell's Walk ; Poolvash, with fossiliferous limestones, and "Black Marble" quarries ; Strandhall and Mount Gawne, with "submerged forests."

PORT ST. MARY.—"Giants' Quoiting Stones" ; Perwick ; the Mull Hills, with Cregneish, The Chasms, Spanish Head, and The Sound.

PORT ERIN, with Ruins of Breakwater ; Bradda Head, with Milner's Tower, and Old Mines, and fine rock scenery : Fleshwick and Ennyn Moar ; Rushen Church, with "The Fairy Hill" ; Arbory, with Bimaken Friary.

BALLASALLA, with Limestone quarries and Kilns, Rushen Abbey, and The Crossag Bridge.

IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL.—Port-e-Chee, country residence of Duke of Athol ; Kirby, residence of Sir W. L. Drinkwater, First Deemster ; Old Kirk Braddan, runic crosses in churchyard ; New Kirk Braddan, Cemetery on hill to right ; Lunatic Asylum ; Union Mills ; road on left to Glen Darragh, and Stone Circle on Mount Murray ; Marown New Church ; Eyreton Castle ; Crosby, road to right to West Baldwin and Injebreck ; road to left to Old Kirk Marown, St Patrick's Chair, the "Plains of Heaven," and St. Mark's ; ruins of St. Trinian's Church ;

Greeba, with Greeba Castle ; Ballacraine, with Glenmoar and road to Glen Helen ; St. John's, with Tynwald Hill ; road to left to Foxdale Mines and Glenmaye Waterfall.

PEEL, with ruins of Castle and St. Germain's Cathedral.

IN THE NORTHERN DISTRICT :

DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY—Castle Mona Hotel, "The Palace" Pleasure Grounds, Falcon Cliff Pleasure Grounds, Derby Castle Grounds ; Onchan ; "Cloven Stones," dismantled tumulus ; Garwick ; Laxey Glen, with Village and Mines and "Big Wheel" ; Laxey Glen Gardens ; Old Laxey ; Port ; "Lord Henry's Well" ; "King Orry's Grave" ; Dhoon Glen and Waterfalls ; Cornah Glen, with Rhenab and Ballaglass Waterfalls ; Maughold Church and Mines ; Port Lewaigue ; Ballure Glen and Ramsey Water Works ; Albert Tower ; Ramsey.

RAMSEY TO PEEL—Glen Auldyn with North Barrule ; Sky Hill battlefield, Manx defeated by Goddard Crovan ; Lezayre Church ; Sulby Glen, with ascent of Snaefell ; Ballaugh Village and Glen, Bishop's Court and Glen, Michael Village and Church, with fine rustic crosses ; Glen Wyllan ; Glen Mooar, with Spooyt Vane Waterfall ; Peel.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	Douglas									
Ballasalla ...	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	Ballasalla.								
Castletown ...	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	Castletown.							
Kirk Michael	14 $\frac{3}{4}$	13 $\frac{3}{4}$	16	Kirk Michael.						
Laxey	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	Laxey.					
Peel	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	9 $\frac{5}{8}$	11 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 $\frac{3}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	Peel.				
Point of Ayre	24	31	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 $\frac{1}{4}$	17	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	Point of Ayre.			
Port St. Mary	14	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{3}{4}$	16	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	Port St. Mary.		
Ramsey	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{4}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	16	8	30	Ramsey.	
St. John's ...	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{3}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	7	15 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. John's

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS, the modern capital of the Island, the seat of its Government, and the centre of its life and energy, though it possesses no public buildings, civil or ecclesiastical, of any great pretensions to architectural distinction, has yet many interesting features, and deserves more than a merely passing notice. Commencing our rambles round and about the town, at its central point, the Market Place, we find ourselves in the midst of a scene much more characteristic of one of the quaint, old-fashioned Norman seaports, with which Douglas in times past had such a close connection, than of an ordinary English watering-place. One side of the small open area of the Market Place is formed by St. Matthew's Chapel, a small, plain edifice, founded by Bishop Wilson in 1708, and the oldest church in Douglas. On the opposite side is the harbour. A third side is taken up by a large and formerly much patronised hotel—the British—the basement of which is occupied by a number of large respectable shops ; and the fourth side is filled with another of the hotels of Old Douglas—the Douglas—which has seen some strange changes in its day. Erected by a noted smuggler, it passed, on the decline of the Manx contraband trade, into the possession of the Duke of Athol, the Lord of Man, and was used by him as his town palace. Later, it was used as the local Custom House, and, later still, it became what it is now, an hotel. The cellars belonging to these old houses are among the most interesting relics of the old smuggling times, extending for a great distance underground in all directions.

Douglas Market is well supplied all the year round with butter, eggs, fowls, and vegetables, brought into the town from all the surrounding districts, and with abundance of fresh fish by the fishermen of the port ; but in the summer season it becomes a scene of bustle and excitement—the neatly-dressed wives and daughters of the Manx farmers, who have many of them travelled from the remotest corners of the Island with their wares in their husbands' or fathers' spring carts, occupying one part of the confined space ; the butchers' stalls, some belonging to town tradesmen and others to countrymen, take up its centre ; a long line of fishmongers' stands, plentifully supplied with all kinds

of native fish, succeeded by a second row of country carts, laden with agricultural produce—potatoes, cabbages, peas, carrots, turnips, down to plants, ferns, and flowers, fringe the edge of the quay ; and working their way in and out among all this motley assemblage are crowds of Douglas housewives making their purchases for the multiplied wants of their families and boarders, and summer visitors, enjoying the fun of the scene, and making their own purchases.

Having spent what time he thinks proper in the neighbourhood of the market, the visitor may next pursue one of five principal routes which will enable him to see the town in all its phases, and as the harbours and piers generally command the first notice from strangers, we shall make their examination the

FIRST ROUTE.

Making our way through the noisy crowd along the line of the Quay, we turn up the first opening to our left—an opening bearing the poetic name of "The Fairy Ground." This neighbourhood, however, like that other portion of old Douglas lying to the west of the Market Place, has no other claim but its name to be regarded as "the spot where the elf race inhabit, where brightly their tiny lamps burn as of yore." It leads into a bewildering labyrinth of narrow streets and alleys, another relic of the smuggling times. Proceeding along the Quay, with Douglas Inner Harbour on our right, one of the finest tidal harbours in the British Isles and capable of holding a considerable number of vessels of various sizes, at "The Double Corner," facing the Royal Hotel, looking up the harbour, we have in the season a scene of life and activity which cannot fail to interest and amuse even the most indifferent. Still passing onward, we reach the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's offices and warehouse. Here, notices are daily posted of the sailing of steamers for the English, Scotch, and Irish ports, and for excursions to various parts. Beyond this is the Red Pier, and at its base stands the Imperial Hotel, erected in 1861, by S. Harris, Esq., High-Bailiff of Douglas, now used as offices of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company.

Along the wall which runs on the north side of this pier a seat has been constructed, and forms a convenient resting place for the weary tourist. The extreme end of the pier, however, the head on which the old lighthouse stands, is a

more favourite resort, as from this point a good view is obtained of all the vessels entering or passing out of the harbour, and also of the dwellings on the opposite side. Across the water we may notice the Fort Anne Hotel facing us, and pleasantly situated on a cliff overlooking the town and bay and a wide expanse of country to the northward. This structure was originally built by an Irish gentleman, and is commonly supposed to stand on soil brought from England, Ireland, and Scotland, but we cannot vouch for the truth of that statement. Afterwards the building became the residence of Sir William Hillary, by whose wife the Tower in the bay was raised. To the left of the hotel we see the castellated mansion known as Fort Anne Tower, and adjoining it is Fort William, a terrace of neat and lofty dwellings. On the right of Fort Anne, again, stands Ravenscliffe, a Gothic residence, almost hidden by trees, and, more seaward, the embattled Elizabethan mansion of Harold Tower, to which peculiar interest is attached from the fact that in it laboured Martin, the celebrated painter of the "Plains of Heaven," and other great works, described by Bulwer "as the greatest, the most lofty, the most permanent, the most original genius of his age." The Red Pier was erected in place of an older structure, at the expense of Government, and was completed in the year 1800. The first stone of this structure was laid on the 24th of July, 1793, by John, Duke of Athol. The length of the pier is 520 feet, and its width 40 feet. Its cost was £26,000. As an instance of the value of money in Man at that date, we may mention that the workmen on the pier were paid at the rate of 1d. per day; but they had the option of taking a "barrel" of wheat in lieu of the penny. Flour was then sold at 1s. per stone of fourteen pounds.

To the left, other and loftier hills raise their heads in majestic grandeur, as it were

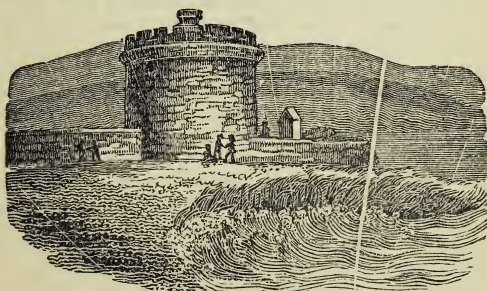
"Holding out their hands

To draw you from the vile plains up to them."

And these in rotation are Greeba, Colden (in front of it the lesser hill of Creg Whuallian); then the second round eminence, Carraghan; then the pointed and conspicuous Pen-y-Phot; then Slieu Meayl and Mollagh Ouyr, scarcely distinguishable from each other; and peeping, as it were, behind them we may just discern the Manx monarch of mountains, Snaefell, the view from which extends over 3,000

square miles. Eastward of Snaefell another pale blue eminence, the summit of North Barrule, is seen in the far distance ; and then the eye comes nearer home, and alights on Banks Howe, forming the northern bound of Douglas Bay, and dipping down in jagged rocks and steep precipices into the sea.

Turning back to the Royal Hotel corner, and passing down Parade-street, we turn to the right at the Barrow Steam Packet Office, we find ourselves at the foot of the Victoria Pier, a magnificent structure, composed of huge concrete blocks built upon a ridge of rocks, stretching eastward towards the Conister Rock, on which formerly stood a very ancient fort, known as The Picts Tower. This fine pier,



VIEW OF THE PICTS TOWER.

which is about 1,500 feet long, was constructed at a cost of about £100,000, and was opened with great formality on the 1st July, 1872. The view from the extremity of this pier is very striking. Before us, in the bay itself, is the small rocky islet of Conister, or St. Mary's Isle, surmounted by the picturesque Tower of Refuge (see page 20). To the right is the fair expanse of the Outer Harbour, crowded with shipping of all kinds, from the huge steamers which have each brought their hundreds of visitors from Liverpool, and Fleetwood, and Barrow, to the graceful pleasure yachts just returned from their day's cruise, and beyond it are the rocky heights of Douglas Head, on the one hand, stretching out into the bright summer sea, and on the other, running inland until the ridge is lost among the mountains of the interior, among which the pointed peak of

South Barrule rears itself aloft at a distance of ten or twelve miles. At the base of Douglas Head is the Battery Pier, with the favourite bathing place of Port Skillion just behind it ; and following the line of the hill westward the eye passes a succession of villa residences enbosomed in dark woods, and further up the harbour long terraces of handsome houses. Seaward across the bright waters we may frequently, in clear weather, see distinctly the blue cloud-like outlines of the Cumbrian Mountains—a fitting sequel to the glorious prospect of land and sea at which we have been gazing.

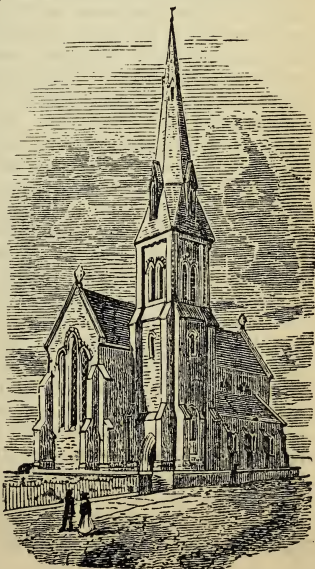
SECOND ROUTE.

In this route we also make the Market Place as our starting point. Passing beneath the clock of the chapel we enter Duke-street. The first openings we arrive at are Duke-lane, a narrow street on our right hand, and on our left Lord-street, both leading to the lower quarters of Douglas. The next street along Duke-street is King-street. Much as the narrow streets and crowded thoroughfares of Douglas have been reviled, the observer here will see that the facades of the buildings on the eastern side of Duke-street are superior to some of the best streets in many large English towns, and quite equal to some of the principal ones in Liverpool and Manchester. Continuing our route along Duke-street we reach Victoria-street, with its splendid shops and hotels, which, in their architectural proportions and their display of costly and fashionable wares, are equal to those of any town in England. In lower Victoria-street are the Salisbury Hotel and the immense block of buildings containing the Grand Theatre, one of the best managed theatres in the kingdom, the Grand Hotel, and the Victoria Baths ; and, on the opposite side of the street is the Villiers, the largest hotel in the Island, with its enormous accommodation, billiard rooms, restaurants, &c. A little further on in Duke-street is Wellington-street, on the left. Beyond Wellington-street a few yards, and on the same side of Duke-street, we see the Bazaar, a building originally erected for a public market ; but as the rents were considered too high and the building too small, the frequenters of the Old Market decided to remain in their customary locality, and stand the buffetings of the wind and the beatings of the tempest rather than pay for a roof to cover them. A little further on we arrive at Drumgold-street, and a


convenient opening on the right leads to the Loch Parade. This is Regent-st., and here is situated the General Postoffice.

Here Duke-street ends and Strand-street begins. This is one of the most improving thoroughfares in Douglas. Mr Webb's "Public Lounge and Louvre" is a remarkably fine structure. On or close to the Loch Parade are the Peveril, the Villiers, the Granville, the Falcon, the Regent, the Athol, the Grand, and the Salisbury Hotels, buildings which would be an ornament to any town. The Loch Parade, which cost about £30,000, is formed on land reclaimed from the shore. Victoria-street runs through the heart of the town, and its construction involved the clearing away of a number of old tumble-down tenements. Pursuing our route along Strand-street we come to Well-road on the left, in which is a neat semi-Corinthian Methodist Chapel, and shortly afterwards Strand-street terminates in Castle-st. ; but, continuing in our course, we reach the Old Promenade and the Lifeboat House, close to which is the Central Hotel.

On the Promenade we may rest awhile upon one of the numerous seats provided. At the end of the Promenade will be seen the Iron Pier (see page 21). When sufficiently rested, we may either return to our apartments or continue our stroll in a different direction. Turning up the "street" northward of St. Thomas' Church, we see before us Windsor-terrace, prominently and picturesquely placed upon a well-wooded eminence, and then as we turn the corner of the Church we enter Finch-road, having St. Thomas'-walk on our left hand the steep precipitous hill and Windsor-road on our right, at the corner of which Mona-terrace stands equally elevated and prominent as its neighbour just named. The first building on our left after passing the church is



ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

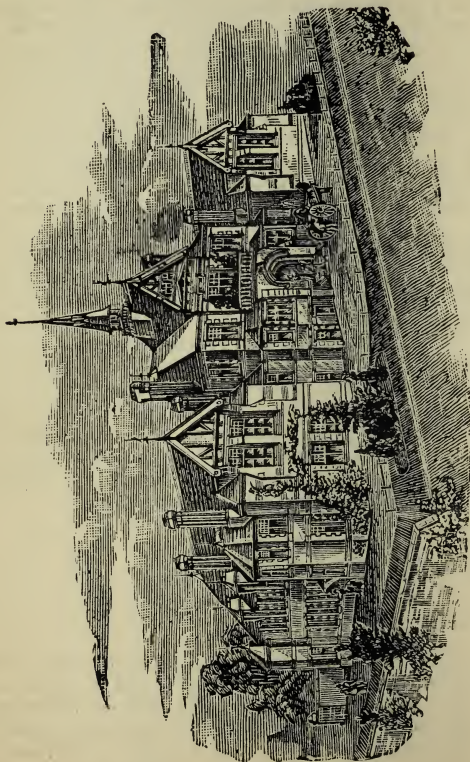
the school building connected with St. Thomas', and which, as the reader will observe from the date of the building, has been but recently erected. Opposite to this, on the rising ground, is the site of the Noble's Hospital. This Hospital is erected on the site known as "Clifton," and has its main frontage towards Windsor-road, which, in conjunction with the elevation facing south-east, makes it a conspicuous object to all who approach the town by sea, on account of the commanding and elevated position of its site. The buildings are well set back from the front road, so as to allow ample space for a carriage drive, with sloping bank, the latter adding height to the building and grace to the general design. The plan is  shaped, and consists of male and female pavilions, situated in the right and left wings respectively, which are connected by the administrative block. Accommodation is provided for 14 male and 14 female patients in the general wards, which consist of two large wards for 10 patients each and two of smaller dimensions for four patients each, which are all situated on the principal floor, and may be directly approached either by the main entrance in Windsor-road or by a special patients' entrance at the rear of the building. Private wards for two male and two female patients are on the first floor. Male and female lock wards are situated at the rear of the left pavilion on the ground floor, with separate entrance and conveniences, and afford accommodation for two males and two females. The out-door department consists of a dispensary, with consulting and waiting-rooms attached. These are situated towards the centre portion of the left pavilion on the ground floor, and are approached by a special entrance near the main gateway. A separate staircase has also been provided from the administrative block for the doctors' use. On this floor are also provided kitchens, wash-house and laundry, heating-chamber, drying-room, store-rooms, and cellars. The administrative block includes doctors', matron's, and nurses' apartments, and committee-room; also an operating theatre, with recovery-room adjoining, having good north light. Shortland's "Manchester" grates, assisted by Boyle's ventilators, are used throughout the general wards for heating and ventilating, the corridors being heated by means of hot water coils. The main entrance is approached by means of a flight of stone steps, surmounted by a handsome iron gateway leading into the vestibule,

which is embellished with ornamental marble panels. A spacious and well-lighted hall has been provided, with richly moulded and panelled dado, which runs the whole length of the main corridors and up the principal staircase, which latter is of oak. The buildings are faced with red pressed bricks and terra cotta dressings from the works of Mr. J. C. Edwards, of Ruabon, half-timbered work being used in the construction of the gables. The contract for the erection of the buildings was entrusted to the executors of the late Mr William Gradwell, of Barrow-in-Furness, the amount being £4,038. The work was carried out from plans and designs made by and under the superintendence of the architects, Messrs. Bleakley and Cubbon, of Birkenhead. The total cost of the ground, building, and fittings was about £10,000. The site was presented by Mrs. Noble, while all the remainder of the cost was defrayed by her husband, Mr. H. B. Noble, J.P., C.P. The foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Noble in 1886, but unfortunately the benevolent lady did not live to witness the completion of the structure, which was opened by his Excellency Lieut.-Governor Walpole on September 8th, 1888. On the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone a mallet and silver trowel were presented to Mrs. Noble. The trowel was made of sterling silver, of massive proportions and elegant design, with oxydized decorations, the handle being of very fine ivory, richly carved with a representation of "The Good Shepherd." On the front it has the following inscription:—

This Trowel,
Presented by the Building Committee,
Was used by
Mrs Henry Bloom Noble,
In Laying the Foundation-stone of
Noble's Isle of Man Hospital,
26th July, 1886.

And on the reverse side there is a large view of the building, beautifully engraved from a drawing supplied by the architects. The ivory mallet is a splendid piece of workmanship, being designed in the Gothic style to match the trowel. It has an inlaid silver shield, on which there is a reduced view of the building. Both the trowel and mallet were contained in a handsome morocco case, specially made for the purpose, the lining being of pale blue silk. They were supplied by Messrs. George Sherwood and Co., ironmongers, Douglas (whose patterns in competition with other firms were selected

by the committee of the Hospital), and were procured from the celebrated firm of silversmiths, Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Liverpool. Our illustration gives a view of the building from Windsor-road.



NOBLE'S ISLE OF MAN HOSPITAL.

As we pass along the Finch-road, we cannot fail to notice the many elegant houses in this vicinity ; on our left are a few respectable lodging-houses unfavourably situated, but

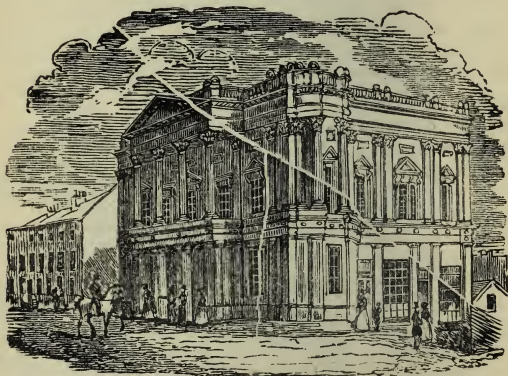
on the right hand, amends are made in the prominent terraces—notably Mona-terrace—commanding a view over the lower town, and beyond that of the whole extent of the bay, Banks Howe on the north side and Douglas Head on the south, and sometimes the far-distant hills of England. A little beyond the top of Well-road, which we pass on our left hand, is Christian-road on the right, and opposite the former a small fountain may be seen, which was once of some repute for its supposed medicinal qualities. Within memory all this part of Douglas was unbuilt upon, and green fields and gardens occupied the site of the present road. The large square residence on the right is St. Barnabas' Church parsonage, and to the left is a fine row of boarding-houses, known as Mount Havelock and Stanley Mount.

Passing on the top of Finch-road we have the handsome Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew's on our left hand, and the Government Offices and Buck's-road on our right. The Government Office is a neat erection, with a number of columns in front. At the opposite corner of Buck's-road stands St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel, with the clergyhouse adjoining, which, together, form the most extensive, and, we think we may say, most picturesque ecclesiastical edifice in Douglas. Leaving Buck's-road for another journey, we



"TIMES" BUILDINGS.

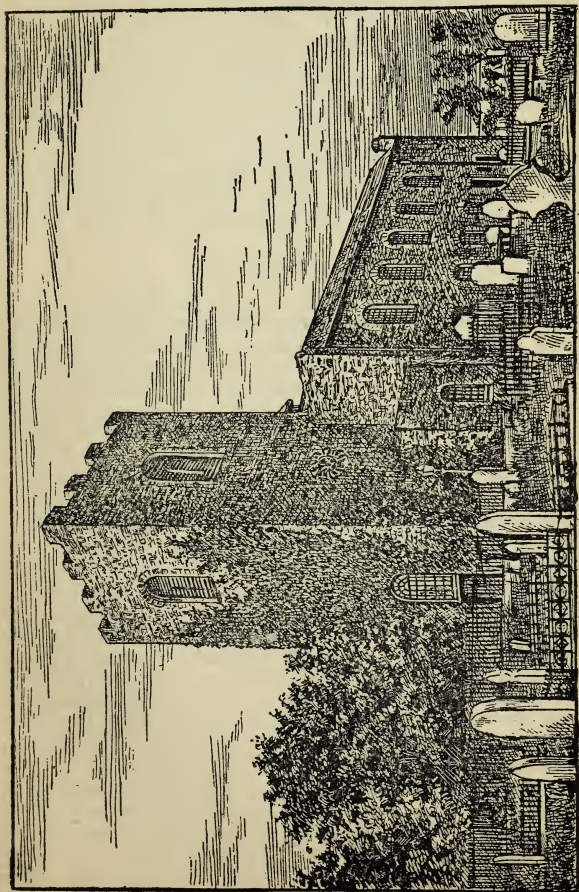
turn to the left, down Prospect-hill, and, passing the Victoria Hotel, we take the first turn to our right, which is Athol-street. Further on, on the left hand side of the street, is the office of *The Isle of Man Times*. Opposite to this is the Free Library, A little beyond *The Times* Office, and at the corner of Church-street, stands a large building of pretentious appearance, which is now called "The Court House." It is not an unhandsome building, having in front large square Corinthian columns sur-



COURT HOUSE.

mounted by a portico; whilst the roof is protected by a low balustrade of short ornamental columns. This building was ambitiously erected by the Isle of Man District of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (M.U.) many years ago, at a time when the Manx district gained some notoriety on account of the Annual Moveable Committee of the Order holding their meeting in the Island; and, not only that, but the Manx brethren took a prominent part in the affairs of the Order, contributed to the *Oddfellows Chronicle*, and so forth. By some unfortunate means the Oddfellows' Hall (as it was then called) passed from their hands. It was subsequently a theatre; but when new law courts were required for Douglas, this building was selected as the most suitable for the purpose, and hence it obtained

its latest name of the Court House. In the lower portion of the Court House is the office of the High-Bailiff (or chief magistrate) of the town.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

Turning into Upper Church-street, on our right hand, we shortly arrive at St. George's, the second oldest church in Douglas. (See preceding page).

On the north side of St. George's churchyard we find Hope-street on our left hand, and if we follow this to the end we arrive in Peel-road. Again turning to the left we pass the end of Athol-street and Bigwell-street ; then descending the rather steep hill we may notice the neat little Railway Station, a picturesque wooden structure in the Swiss style, on our right hand, and in front Bridge-road, which leads over the head of the harbour to the South Quay, and to Castletown. Instead of pursuing the direct road, however, we follow the North Quay, and soon find ourselves once more in the Market Place.

THIRD ROUTE.

Again we make the Market Place the starting point of our journey, and from thence follow Duke-street to the fourth turning on the left, Wellington-street, up which we proceed. Two prominent signs at once attract our attention, the one pointing out the Theatre Royal and the other the Wellington Hall. The former is not now used as a theatre, its larger and better appointed rivals having destroyed its chance of success. The latter is used as a concert hall and place of amusement. A little further on we arrive at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and soon afterwards enter Nelson-street ; then turning to the left we pass the end of Thomas-street, in which is a neat Wesleyan Chapel on our left hand, and Prospect-hill, with Dumbell's Bank at the corner, on our right. Proceeding still further we reach the Adelphi Hotel, at the extremity of the street, and there turning to the right enter Athol-street between the Court House and the office of the Isle of Man Banking Company, Limited. Instead of going along Upper Church-street, as in the last route, we shall turn down Athol-street, and passing the Waterwork Company's Office, besides numerous other offices on which the word "advocate" is remarkably common, we turn to the right up St. George's-street, at the corner of which stands St. James's Hall. At the top of St. George's-street we find ourselves in Circular-road, with Stanley Hall on our left hand as we turn to the right and pursue our journey past a neat chapel belonging to the Unitarian body a little further on ; after passing which we enter Buck's road and direct our steps

towards a Congregational Chapel which we see before us, and which is commonly known as Finch Hill Church. As we journey along Buck's-road we cannot fail to notice three very neat and respectable streets of lodging-houses on our right hand, named, respectively, Albert-street, Mona-street, and Christian-road. Beyond this the road is formed by a succession of blocks of large and handsome houses, built expressly for the reception of visitors during the season. Westward we pass Demesne-road and Kensington-road, in which latter is the School of Art, and an elaborately fitted up Gymnasium, recently presented to the town by Mr. Philip Christian, whose residence, Finch Hill House, stands close by; and further on is Rosemount, at the entrance to which is Livesey's Rosemount Hotel—a favourite resort. The space between Kensington-road and Rosemount is occupied by a fine chapel, erected by the Wesleyan Methodists of Douglas at a cost of £7,000. Opposite the new chapel, at the corner of Windsor-road, is the Rosemount Postoffice. Proceeding onward, along Woodbourne-road, past Woodbourne-square and West-view, we find ourselves in the most beautiful and attractive suburb of the town, the houses being large and commodious, the roads broad and thickly shaded by large well-grown trees, and commanding a widely extended view of hill and dale, wood and meadow land to the north, and a sight of the bay and the cliffs of Banks Howe a little more to the eastward; whilst above and beyond the fields and hedgerows in the immediate vicinity the mountain chain rises aloft on the distant horizon and adds charm to the view. For the visitor who is fond of retirement and quietude, and yet wants a close proximity to town, we cannot recommend a better neighbourhood than this. The Public Lawn Tennis Grounds are situated on the Alexander-drive, the new road leading from the upper part of the town to the Quarter Bridge, and afford an opportunity for the enjoyment of this popular pastime. There are four full-sized asphalte courts in excellent order, which allow of the game being played immediately after rain, when it would be impossible to use grass courts. There are two handsome pavilions, with ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-rooms. Part of the ground is rented by the Douglas Lawn Tennis Club, but there are two courts reserved for the use of visitors on payment of 1s. per court per hour. Balls and nets are provided free. The charge for the hire of racquets is 3d. for

each occasion. During the season the club has several tournaments, and occasional matches with teams of visitors are arranged. The remainder of the grounds is laid out as a nursery garden, the greenhouses (seven in number) being filled with flowering and ornamental plants. The culture of tomatoes is a special feature, and visitors have an opportunity of seeing the various stages in the skilled culture of this beautiful and nutritious fruit.

On the left hand as we descend Derby-road we come to the Bowling Green Hotel (headquarters of the Douglas Bowling Club), belonging to Mr. Handley. Here a number of outdoor amusements are provided, the chief attractions being a fine bowling green, a large billiard room, and an American bowling saloon with three alleys. Opposite the Bowling Green Hotel is the entrance to Derby-square, and lower down the steep descent we reach the short road known as Broadway, at the foot of which is the Central, a magnificent red brick building with white facings, one of the finest structures and most commodious hotels in the Island. At the bottom of Broadway are the Iron Pier and the Promenade, before visited, and from whence the rambler may return once more to his temporary home.

FOURTH ROUTE.

In this, our fourth ramble through the streets and lanes of "Doolish," we shall introduce the visitor to a locality far different to that last visited. Perhaps we ought to have reversed their order, and probably he may not form a very good opinion of the sights he may see, but "The Popular Guide" would be incomplete if it presented only the bright side of the picture, and left the shadows untouched. This fourth route, we may inform the reader at starting, is through the *slums* of Douglas, and, therefore, the choice remains with himself whether he accompanies us or not; but, in denominating the poorer quarters of Douglas "slums," we by no means intend to insinuate that they are such hiding-places of depravity and crime, such dens of infamy and debauchery, as the slums of large English towns. No! On the contrary, we distinctly affirm that people more strictly honest, more upright in conversation and character, and further removed from vice and iniquity, from intemperance and immorality, than the poorer classes of Manxmen, it would be impossible to find in these dominions. Having said this much, the

stranger need not be afraid of taking a tour with us, in his strongest boots, mind, through the old town of Douglas, not forgetting that “kidney boulders” are more plentiful than kidney potatoes, and ragged children more numerous than bakers’ loaves.

Starting from the Market Place we pass down the North Quay into Fairy-ground; then along New Bond-street to Stowell’s-lane, and come out in Fort-street opposite one of the bonded warehouses. Turning to our left, we pass a large house, once the Isle of Man General Hospital. Nearly opposite is St. Barnabas-square, a small enclosure in which one or two good houses are situated. Further on in Fort-street, on the left hand side, are situate the Town Commissioners’ offices, and adjoining them is St. Barnabas’ Church. Beyond the church we arrive at Cambrian-place, and boldly treading on the unfeeling boulders, we press forward into Mucklesgate, at the corner of which stands a neat alms-house. In a niche in front of this building there is the figure of an angel—at least, we suppose it is so intended—and this figure supports a scroll bearing the following inscription :—

“Widows’ House, founded by Mrs. Squibbs, 1833; rebuilt by public subscription. 1868. ‘Let thy widows trust in me’—Jer. xlix., 2. Trustees : Hon. and Rgt. Rev. Horatio Powys, Bishop of Sodor and Mann; Rev. J. H. Gray, Incumbent of St. Barnabas; Rev. Wm. Hawley, Chaplain of St. George’s.”

At the end of Mucklesgate we enter Duke-lane, and then, turning to the right, cross Duke-street and pass into Lord-street. Passing along Lord-street we reach Fancy-street, a narrow thoroughfare leading to Victoria-street. At the end of Fancy-street we reach King-street, and, crossing Victoria-street, pass the Wesleyan Chapel in Thomas-street. From the extremity of Thomas-street we pass to the right down Nelson-street, and enter an Irish locality known as “Back Strand-street,” a name which denotes its position and extent



ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH.

and when we have traversed along this seemingly long and really uncomfortable "Via Dolorosa," we may descend Well-road a little, then turn to the left through Wellington-square, coming out at the farther end in Frederick-street, whence we may once more reach the Promenade, and again breathe heaven's pure air.

FIFTH ROUTE.

Again starting from the Market Place, we either cross one of the halfpenny ferries to the South Quay, or otherwise, which is perhaps preferable, pass along the North Quay to the head of the harbour, when, turning to the left, we reach the bridge over the river Douglas, or more correctly "Dhooglas," from which we have an excellent view of the harbour in one direction, and the "tall-ancestral trees" which adorn the Nunnery Grounds and the banks of the river on the other. The River Douglas, we may here note, is formed, about a mile higher up the valley, by the union of two distinct streams, named the Dhoo, or Black River, and the Glas, or Clear River, the former rising on the hills south-east of Douglas, and the latter in the romantic glens and lone morasses of the mountain chain. Crossing the bridge, the road to our right leads to the Nunnery, Port Soderic, Castletown, and the south and south-west of the Island generally; but, following the contrary one, we go along the South Quay, and, after passing a few lodging-houses, reach the works of Gelling's Foundry Company, Limited, and shortly afterwards the works of the Douglas Gas Company, at the corner of Fort Anne-road, and in the bed of an extensive stone quarry. By the quay lie moored, probably, a number of colliers from English and Scotch ports; coal, we may observe, being an expensive commodity in the Manx market, but an article so necessary that it forms an important import trade, for though *it is said* that the Isle abounds in coal, no one has yet succeeded in discovering it. As we walk along the South Quay we obtain the best view of the houses opposite, the Market Place and St. Matthew's Chapel, the offices of the Steam Packet Company, the Red Pier, and the numerous vessels in the harbour. Passing on we arrive at Fort Anne jetty, a structure erected many years ago for the protection of the inner harbour. Beyond this point the new Breakwater works extend for some distance. From the Breakwater we ascend Douglas Head, a favourite

resort, commanding a magnificent view. In the summer time the "Head" is the resort of thousands of visitors, and at the Head Hotel and on the green sward may be found Switchback Railways, "Nigger Minstrels," and other means of amusement; and on Sundays there are frequent out-door religious services.

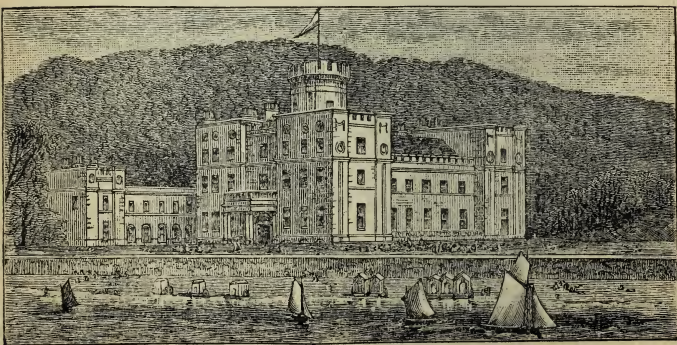
SIXTH ROUTE.

To reach the Tower of Refuge (see illustration on page 20), we must hire a boat, and, by either rowing ourselves or engaging a boatman for the purpose, we may in a few moments be landed on the small rocky islet in Douglas Bay which bears the several names of "St. Mary's Isle" and "Conister," a natural island which, says a local chronicler, has been "apparently dropped in that particular spot to add a last charm to one of the loveliest of scenes," and in that opinion all must conicide. Those who have seen the Tower when nought of the rock has been visible above the surrounding waters, can easily imagine the danger which this sunken reef presented to the mariner in former years, and can perhaps, in some slight degree, appreciate the kindness of the lady who first erected here a warning beacon for the seaman's guide, and a place of refuge for the wave-tossed, shipwrecked crew whom fate might cast upon St. Mary's little isle.

Landed upon the island, then, we enter the arched doorway, and ascend a flight of steps, which lead to a small terrace and to the lower apartments of the Tower. Ascending to the summit of the Tower, the view of the town and the surrounding country will amply repay us for our trouble.

Previous to 1832, the Conister Rock was wholly unprotected, and was a constant source of danger to vessels crossing Douglas Bay, but more especially at high tide, when it was completely submerged beneath the waves. In that year, however, Lady Hillary, wife of Sir William Hillary, perhaps from having the rock almost constantly in view from her own windows at Fort Anne, hit upon the idea of erecting some signal by which the dangerous locality should be noted, and finally, by her means, the Tower of Refuge was erected, a haven of rest for the shipwrecked mariner who might fortunately escape from the stormy billows and crawl hither.

As we stand on the Tower and look around, the distant view is much the same as that described in speaking of the Pier (Route No. I.), but we have here a better view of the margin of the bay and the amphitheatre-like town rising from it. On our left hand we have Douglas Head rising from the sea to a height of 320 feet, with the lighthouse at its base, and the Head Hotel near the summit. Further on, to the right of Fort Anne, the Nunnery Howe rises to a considerable altitude, and from the point where this dips down to the westward we have a series of spires and towers rising above the roofs of Douglas. To the right of the town we see between the distant hills and the margin of the bay the precipitous cliffs extending to Burnt Mill Hill, the summits of the hills being well adapted for residences, commanding a view for miles upon miles of both land and sea. Southward we have the Piers, the Peveril Hotel, the Grand Hotel, the Villiers Hotel, and the Loch Parade, while in front are the Athol, the Regent, and other hotels. Above these the eye beholds the spire of St. Barnabas' Church on the left, and the dark square towers of St. Mary's higher in the scene, with the small white spire of the Unitarian Chapel in close proximity, as is also the variegated one of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Chapel. To the left of St. Mary's, the summit of the square, low tower of St. George's may be seen, and then to the right of this group of ecclesiastical



CASTLE MONA.

beacons we see the red spire of Finch hill Chapel and the square pinnacled tower of the House of Industry—an institution which merits a share of pecuniary consideration from the tourist. Below this last, and at the end of a long series of bold and classically-designed terraces, which rise on either hand of Finch-road, the eye discerns the tower of St Thomas's Church, and from this point naturally follows the margin of the bay, past Villa Marina, some years ago the Government House, on the first removal of the Governor's residence from Castletown, and alights on the Central Hotel, close to the Iron Pier. From the Iron Pier, northward, the eye rambles over Clarence-terrace, the Esplanade, Derby-terrace, and the Castle Lawn, all on the margin of the bay, with Marathon and many noble-looking houses in that locality above them. Next we have the princely mansion and grounds of the Castle Mona Hotel, and "The Palace," and, immediately beyond and above these, the elevated eyrie-like tower of Falcon Cliff Hotel and Pavilion, perched, as it seems, upon the very edge of a lofty ivy-clad precipice, at the base of which Mona Cliff lies in quiet seclusion, forming a striking contrast to its conspicuous neighbour above. A little beyond Mona Cliff may be seen an opening towards the foot of the cliff, and it will be observed that two tracks ascend from it to the summit of the cliff, but in opposite directions, and these we draw attention to that the visitor may remember the locality when necessary in one of the rural rambles. Still further on, the Queen's and Crescent Hotels may be seen, and around them a group of houses at the foot of Burnt Mill Hill, on the way to the village of Onchan, the spire of the parish church (St. Peter's) of which is visible on the hill above and a little to the right. But carrying the eye along the edge of the bay, beyond Burnt Mill Hill, it discerns Derby Castle, an Elizabethan mansion of modern erection, now used as a pleasure resort, with its dancing pavilion and its iron landing pier, erected for the accommodation of visitors.

Besides these six distinct routes there are several others ; but we need not particularly draw attention to them, as they lie principally in the old quarter of the town.

Having seen all that we may in the thoroughfares of Douglas, we may, so long as the weather is fine and agreeable, wander forth into the highways and byeways, and

continuing our rambles into the country, make ourselves acquainted with some of the charming scenes within easy distance of Douglas.

These, and the deepening glen, the valley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between ;
The mossy rock, the wood-encompassed leas,
The fern-clad island, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present bloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume—
These are thy charms ; the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blessed Island ! close around my heart !



RAMBLES AROUND DOUGLAS.

Instead of taking the town routes in rotation, as we have given them, the visitor to Douglas will do well to devote the morning to a stroll through the streets, and then, after a sufficient rest, he may in the afternoon or evening take a ramble into the country, the able-bodied and strong extending their rambles to the longer distances, whilst the old or weakly may confine themselves to the shorter rambles which we shall describe.

RAMBLE NO. I

Is not a very long one, but somewhat hilly in a portion of the route, and may be much enjoyed by strong elderly people, but is not to be recommended to the weak or ailing. Proceeding along Buck's-road and along Woodbourne-road, we turn up Brunswick-road, when immediately one of the finest views of hill and dale, woodland and farm, is laid out before us. At the bottom of this road we turn a little to the right, and then by the end of the cottage there to the left again, descending a gentle incline into the lovely wood-embosomed valley of the Glas, where, in calm and peaceful solitude, lies the farm of Port-e-Chee (the Haven of Peace). The wide, expansive, and level valley about Port-e-Chee will at once strike the eye, and may cause momentary wonder at beholding so capacious a "flat" shut up, as it were, amongst the hills, but the wonder will perhaps in some measure cease, perhaps be increased, when it is known that the billows of the Menavian Sea once rolled over this fertile

plain, and that in those far-off days, perhaps, 'the "fleet of Mona" anchored in safety within this "Haven of Peace." Passing the bridge which leads to the picturesque farm and its adjacent mill, and skirting the little wood beyond, we reach the bank of the river. On the opposite bank stands Cronkbourne (River Hill), the pleasantly situated mansion of Mr Moore, the proprietor of the mills which we shall shortly see. Still following the right bank of the stream, we soon arrive at a most picturesque bridge, a structure so completely clothed with ivy and climbing plants that it has the appearance of a triumphal arch thrown lightly over the stream.

Crossing the Glas at this point, we enter the village of Tromode, which consists of cottages for the *employées* at the neighbouring sailcloth manufactory, to each of which a small plot of garden ground is attached, and, for the use of the tenants, a neat school-chapel has been erected, and is pleasingly situated at the end of the cottage gardens. Turning up the lane to the right after crossing the river, a footpath will conduct us to the remains of a once important aboriginal fortification, now called Castleward. The lover of ferns might spend a day here very happily, as indeed he may in many another of Mona's lovely glens; for Man is the land of ferns (some growing six or eight feet high), and as the rose is the badge of England, and the shamrock of the sister isle, so fern most appropriately may be taken as the badge of Mona.

Instead of turning up the lane, however, the Rambler may follow the road up the hill, which leads to the Strang, which we shall mention again ere very long, or he may recross the bridge, and then, turning to the left, follow an old lane which will lead him to a high and almost level road, by which he may return to Douglas, though it is a trifle longer than returning by the way which he has traversed hereto.

RAMBLE No. II.

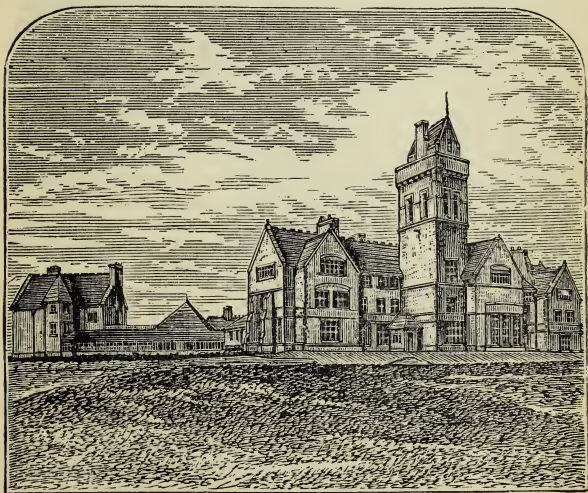
As in the last ramble, we again pass along Buck's-road and through Woodbourne-road, but, instead of turning to the left, we continue our course in a direct line, and, passing Woodside, have a very good view of Douglas Bay and its headlands. When we have reached the extremity of this road—which is level and suited for all—we turn a little to the

left, and, coming to a junction of four roads, we take the one to the right, which leads us through corn fields and pasture lands to the little picturesque glen at the next junction, which bears the name of Glen Crutchery, a lovely little spot in all seasons. Here the weakly Rambler may turn again, and, taking the left hand road, passing over a portion of the grounds of Castle Mona, and skirting the gardens of Marathon, he will enter the top of Victoria-road, which conducts him down to Broadway and the Iron Pier, or into Derby-square and its neighbourhood. Instead of turning again at Glen Crutchery, the stronger pedestrian may pass through the Glen, and, following the road, will shortly arrive at the lodge of Bemahague, which is now the residence of the Governor of the Island; and, a little further on, a stile admits him to an old lane, down which he may pass to the shore at Burnt Mill-hill, and thus return to town. Proceeding forward, however, he will shortly arrive at a convenient seat by the wayside. To the left is Onchan Village and Banks Howe, in front Douglas Bay and Head, to the right the trees of Glen Crutchery and its locality, and in the field behind stands Bemahague. Passing beyond this, Onchan Village is soon reached; but, leaving it for another visit, the Rambler may turn to the right, and thus return by the lower end of the lane we have referred to, and then, descending Burnt Mill-hill, reach the northern extremity of the Shore-road, which is a direct route into Douglas proper. Here is the tramway terminus (called "Derby Castle Station"), and, entering a tram car, he can get to Douglas in a few minutes.

RAMBLE No. III.

Follow the last route to the four cross roads at Parkfield (recognised by its Italian architecture and a tower in front), when, instead of turning to the right, follow the road in a direct line. We shall shortly reach the end of the old lane which we ascended from Tromode, and which is continued forward on our right hand to Cronk-ny-Mona, a village we shall visit with the strong pedestrian ere long; but going still towards the mountains, we shall have a very picturesque view on our left hand, at which lies the valley of the Glas. Beyond Cronkbourn and Tromode the Lunatic Asylum stands prominently to view on a considerable elevation near to Castleward, the farmhouse of which is conspicuous amongst a few trees on the edge of the valley. A little

further on we pass the farm and brick-works of Ballanerd, and proceeding still further an almost level road suddenly dips down into the little Glen Sulby, and we find ourselves at the Onchan Abbeylands. This is a compact little hamlet, "far removed from care and strife," and may find the artist some little work in sketching the bridge over the river and the picturesque "husteds" at Ballagawne, a few yards beyond the stream. This Glen Sulby, however, must not be mistaken for the Sulby Glen near Ramsey, in the north of the Island. Tired of the scenery at the Abbeylands, we can only recommend the tourist to return direct to Douglas ; or, instead of doing so, he may turn down the hill at Parkfield,



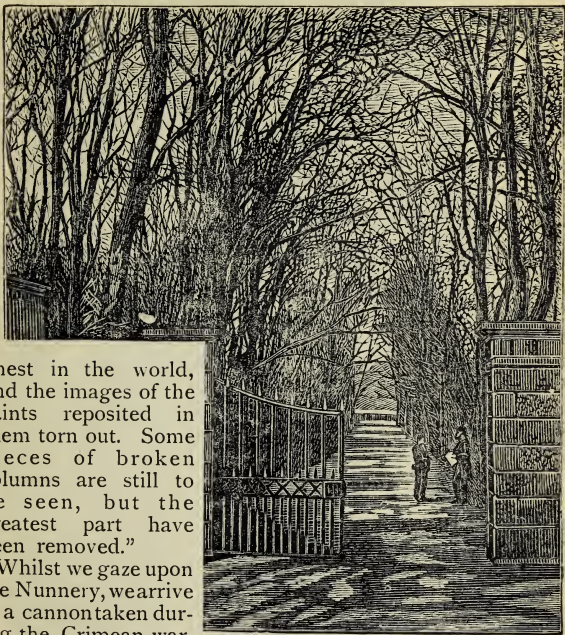
LUNATIC ASYLUM.

and, crossing the road to Tromode, pass forward in a direct line until he reaches the Quarter Bridge Inn. On this road he will have a capital bird's eye view of Port-e-Chee and the Glas Valley, and, as he nears the Quarter Bridge, the end of Braddan new church and the residence of the Drinkwater family, Kirby, will be seen in the midst of luxuriant wood-

land. From the Quarter Bridge, turn to the left, and, passing an old-lettered milestone inscribed "I. Mile from Douglas Chapel," the way leads direct to Douglas.

RAMBLE No. IV.

Perhaps the most favourite walk about Douglas is through the famed Nunnery Grounds, and to Kirk Braddan, the parish church of Douglas, where we will now take the visitor. Crossing the bridge at the end of the harbour we turn to the right. A little beyond the neat row of houses we arrive at the gates of the Nunnery Grounds, through which the public have a "right of way," and at once enter an avenue of lofty trees whose umbrageous branches wave gracefully over our heads, and form a canopy most welcome in the hot, sultry days of summer. On reaching the end of this avenue we have a fine view of the Nunnery House, a modern building erected on the site of an ancient nunnery, founded by St. Bridget about the year 567. The present building is a noble mansion, completely ivy-clad. In the beautiful gardens surrounding the house are two remarkable ancient grave-stones, beneath which, according to certain antiquaries, were deposited the remains of "the Fair Nun of Winchester," and Matilda, the daughter of Ethelbert, King of Mercia during the Saxon Heptarchy. The Nunnery Chapel has been restored by Major J. S. Goldie-Taubman, and divine service is frequently held therein. Speaking of the old nunnery, Sacheverell, who was Governor of the Island in 1692, says:—"Few monasteries ever exceeded it either in largeness or fine building. There are still some of the cloisters remaining, the ceilings of which discover they were the workmanship of the most masterly hands; nothing, in the whole creation (that was a great thing to say, Mr Sacheverell!) but is imitated in curious carvings on it. The pillars supporting the arches are so thick as if the edifice was erected with a design to baffle the efforts of time, nor could it in more years than have elapsed since the coming of Christ have been so greatly defaced had it received no injury but from time; but in some of the dreadful revolutions this Island has sustained, it doubtless has suffered much from the outrage of the soldiers, as may be gathered by the niches yet standing in the chapel, which has been one of the

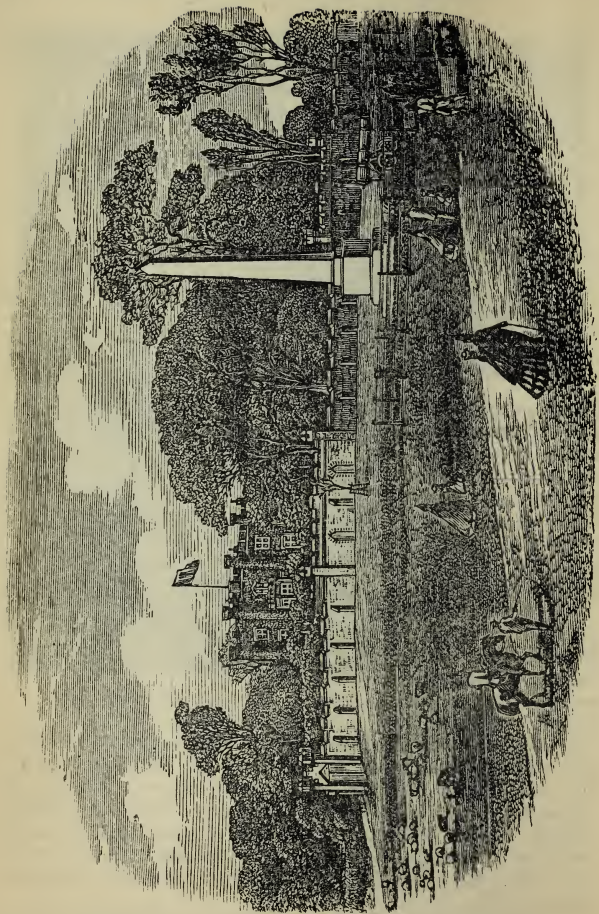


NUNNERY AVENUE.

finest in the world, and the images of the saints reposed in them torn out. Some pieces of broken columns are still to be seen, but the greatest part have been removed."

Whilst we gaze upon the Nunnery, we arrive at a cannon taken during the Crimean war, and appropriately placed at the foot of a tall obelisk, which bears this inscription:—"Erected by public subscription in memory of Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh Goldie, of The Nunnery, Lieutenant-Colonel of her Majesty's 57th Regiment. He commanded a brigade of the British Army in the Crimea, and fell in the battle of Inkerman, Nov. 5th, 1854, in the 47th year of his age. *Post funera virtus.*" (*After death his merit is acknowledged.*)

Passing on from the obelisk we may, if the trees are not in very full leaf, just see a small portion of the old Nunnery standing above the wall near the farmhouse; then going



NUNNERY CASTLE AND GOLDIE'S MONUMENT.

further we reach the small lake which ornaments the grounds, and is bordered by large and luxuriantly-flowering rhododendrons. Now we enter a second and longer avenue by the side of a wide mill-stream, and cannot but be favourably impressed with the beauty of the scene.

A little further on, the avenue has been broken by the railway to Castletown, and after passing the line the trees



BRADDAN OLD CHURCH.

become more scattered, until eventually we reach the open country, and cross a small tributary of the Douglas river, beyond which a couple of seats on an elevation afford the weary an opportunity of rest, for here he may sit and enjoy the beauties of the landscape.

Down the adjoining lane the weakly may return by the Peel-road to Douglas, but our stronger friends will pass through the stile near the Laundry, and enter a footpath which leads to the mill-stream, and here he will observe the junction of the Dhoo and the Glas as one river. We now arrive at Spring Valley, where a collection of cottages, with neatly-

trimmed flower pots, must command admiration; and beyond these we cross the road leading to the Quarter Bridge. Close to this are the important works of Wolff's Brewery and Mineral Water Company. We enter the back road to Kirk Braddan, commonly called the "Saddle-road," from a peculiar saddle-like stone which projects from the left hand wall some distance further on. Waldron, a marvel-loving old historian of the Island, thus refers to it:—"Not far from Ballafletcher is the 'fairy saddle,' a stone so called, I suppose, from the similitude it has to a saddle. It seems to be loose on the edge of a small rock, and the wise natives of Man tell you it is every night made use of by the fairies, but on what kind of horses I could never find any one who could inform me." A short distance beyond the "saddle stone" we reach the gates of Kirby House on our right hand, and then descend a lane to the western stile of Braddan Churchyard. Before going into the churchyard, however, let the visitor enter a little wood on the left hand, and here he will observe a large number of rocks scattered about in all directions. By the side of the little stream, however, he will see that some larger ones retain an erect position. Dr. Oliver, in one of his works in reference to the Island, says that these remains consist of "large stones, mounds, and irregular excavations, more or less marked, and a quantity of *débris*, the accumulation of ages. It once encompassed the entire churchyard of Braddan and the site of the old Ballafletcher House, extending as far as the Chibber Niglas. Immediately within the eastern boundary of this field, and firmly embedded in the ground, lies a large block of stone, 4 feet broad by $7\frac{1}{2}$ long, hollowed at the top like a font. The inner circle of the temple is bisected by the Kewaigne-road, which, with the plantation and the churchyard, has completely obliterated the eastern half. The western vallum and ditch, however, are still distinctly to be seen, together with the stones which formed the margin of the inner enclosure. An avenue edged with stones leads from the south-west into the ditch, a peculiarity only to be found in Abury, of all the Celtic monuments in Britain. Whether a second existed it is difficult to say, for the whole is so defaced and altered by the growth of trees and buildings erected within its precincts, that in a few more years its distinctive features will be entirely lost."

And now let us enter the sacred precincts of the Church of

St. Brandan. Taking the monuments on the right hand side of the path first, we shall notice in the corner, near the stile, two of the Runic crosses which were erected by the early Scandinavian Christians in the ninth or tenth century, perhaps earlier, most of them being the work of Gaut Bjornson, a Norwegian artist; but it is possible that there was also a Manx artist, or at least designer, for some of the crosses are ornamented with a design peculiarly Manx, and not to be found on any others throughout the known world. A little below the gate, and close by the path, is a headstone to the memory of Henry Hutchinson, thus inscribed :—

At an early age he entered upon a seafaring life, in the course of which, being of a thoughtful mind, he obtained great skill and knowledge of his profession, and endured, in all climates, severe hardships with exemplary courage and fortitude. The latter part of his life was passed with a beloved sister upon this Island. He died at Douglas, the 23rd of May, 1839, aged 70.

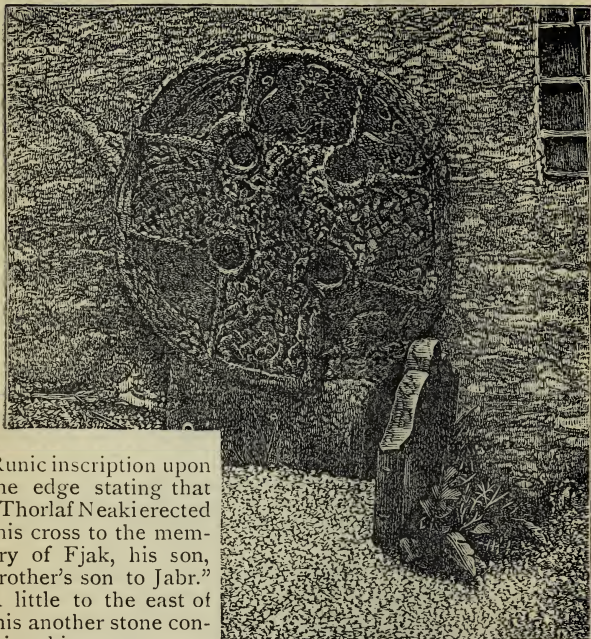
Between this grave and the church stands a tall obelisk, ornamented with the *trie cassyn* (or “legs of Mann”) on a medallion upon the western face, and an armorial coat upon the eastern. The latter face also contains the following inscription upon a marble slab :—

The Right Honourable Lord Henry Murray (fifth son of the noble John, Duke of Athole), Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of his Majesty's Regiment of Royal Manx Fencibles, Died the third day of December, 1805, in the 38th year of his age.

On the western face the inscription is thus continued :—

This sincere testimonial of affection and deep regret for their commander and their friend is erected by the officers of the regiment. *His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inanx munere.* Virg : *Æneid* VI.

In the south-west corner is erected a headstone to the memory of the Rev. Robert Brown, formerly vicar of the parish, and author of “Kirk Braddan by Moonlight,” and other poetic pieces, but, owing to the strange custom here of painting the monuments black, and choking up the letters with the same colour, the inscription on this, as on many other stones, is almost illegible. Going now to the south side of the steeple, we see there a very ancient monument reared against the wall, and by its side the foot-stone of another cross. Portions of three other crosses, one of them in a very perfect condition, stand elevated upon a heap of stones in the centre of the yard, the principal of them being highly decorated with scroll-work and fighting dragons—the

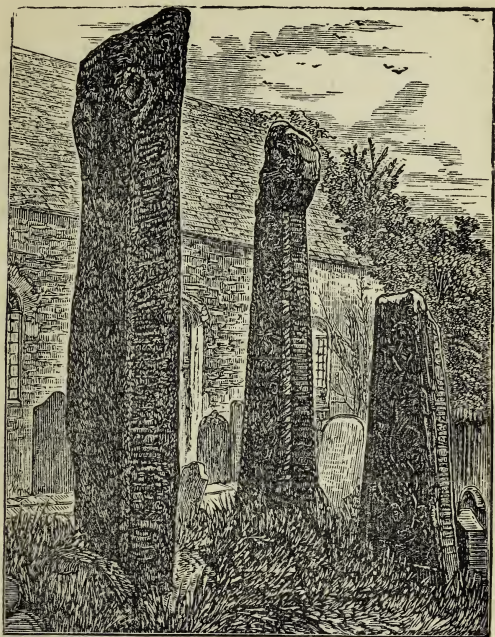


Runic inscription upon the edge stating that "Thorlaf Neakierected this cross to the memory of Fjak, his son, brother's son to Jabr." A little to the east of this another stone contains this verse :—

ANCIENT RELIC AT BRADDAN.

Farewell to all who did not on me attend,
The faithful servant and the weeping friend ;
The time is short till we shall meet again
With Christ, and share the glories of his reign.

Near to the eastern gate lie the remains of Mr Henry Robert Oswald, surgeon, of Douglas, who died in 1862, at the age of 72. A simple marble slab, erected by his family, is the only memorial of him ; but, as the author of " Vestigia," and one who devoted a long period of his life to the study and elucidation of Manx antiquities, the memory of such a man merits some public and befitting memorial.



RUSIC STONES AT BRADDAN.

Crossing over the path we cannot fail to see a stone pillar, surmounted by an urn, and further decorated with a bas-relief, representing one of the Manx steamboats. This monument was "erected by a few attached friends in remembrance of Captain Edward Quayle, for 26 years commander in the service of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company." "As a sallor," says the inscription, "he was prompt, fearless, and brave. As a man, he felt and acted like a man." Above this, and northward of the church, is a stone erected by the Nunnery family, in memory of an old and faithful servant; and against the easternmost door is another one which attracts much attention, and is thus described:—

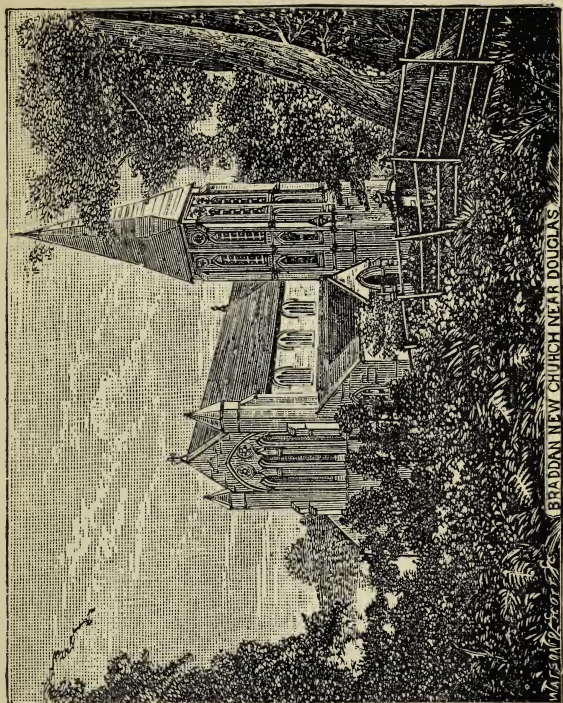
Here underlyeth ye body of ye Reverend Mr. Patrick Thompson, minister of God's word forty years, at present Vicar of Kirk Braddan. Aged 67 anno 1678. Deceased ye 24th of April, 1689.

The inscription shows that the vicar had his gravestone erected eleven years before his death.

Entering the church, if the doors be open, we find a few marble monuments attached to the walls. The most westerly on the south side is one "in memory of Peter John Heywood, Esq., formerly of the Nunnery, a Deemster of this Island." Next to this, proceeding eastward, we find one in memory of two children of Thomas and Mary Cubbon, who "were drowned in each other's arms, in the surf on the coast of Madagascar, on the 26th March, 1868, after enduring very great privations, and suffering eleven days in a small open boat, through the foundering of the ship 'Serica,' after an awful hurricane in the Indian Sea." Between this and the pulpit, a slab records the death of the Rev. John Kelly, LL.D., J.P., &c., rector of Copford, near Colchester, and compiler of a polygot dictionary in the Manx, Gaelic, and Erse languages. Whilst conveying the manuscript of this laborious work to England, he was wrecked between Ramsey and Whitehaven; but, with great fortitude, he supported himself in the sea, and held the manuscript at arms' length above the waters for the space of five hours. On the east side of the pulpit, a mural tablet, surmounted by a figure weeping over an urn, commemorates Margaret Tennyson Murray; and opposite this another one, elaborately ornamented with representations of weapons and insignia of war, is there placed, in memory of the Hon. Richard Murray, eldest son of Lord Henry Murray, a gallant soldier who served with Wellington, but afterwards retired to the Island, where he peacefully served his country in the House of Keys until his death in 1845, at the age of 55 years. His arms, with the family motto, "Furth fortune and fill the fetters," are engraved at the base of the monument. In one of the window recesses on the north side is a shield-shaped tablet surmounted by "gilt frame," and bearing this inscription, in remembrance of John and Catherine Gelling:—

"They were an example of conjugal felicity for 60 years, and brought up a large offspring agreeable to the Apostles' rule, Ephesians, vi., 4."

Leaving the church and yard, we pass out by the same way as we entered, and turn down the lane to the new



church. The date of the erection of the old church has been fixed as far back as 1291, but we cannot imagine that it was the building now in existence, which has more of the character of the seventeenth or eighteenth century about it. The old church has nothing very remarkable about it, except that the bells are hung in the open arches on the tower, and exposed to all the fury of the elements. The new church is a neat Gothic structure, capable of seating 1,000 people, 300 seats being set apart for the use of visitors. Our illustration represents the new church as it appeared before the steeple was blown by a storm. From the

churches the tourists may cross the valley to the Cemetery, close at hand, but we advise him to leave it for the next ramble, and now return by the high road on the right hand, which leads to the Quarter Bridge, and so on to Douglas. Between the Quarter Bridge and Douglas will be seen the Belle Vue Gardens, a popular pleasure resort.

RAMBLE No. V.

Taking the Peel-road from Douglas, when near Kirk Braddan ascend the hill on the right to Braddan Cemetery, a quiet walk round which offers many attractions to a reflective mind. Continuing our walk to the Strang, we shall find that three courses are open to us:—

A.—We turn to our left, and descending the hill pass a pinfold “presented to this parish,” and soon after emerge again on the Peel-road at the little manufacturing village of Union Mills, where is a neat chapel with clock and spire, erected in memory of the late Mr Dalrymple, and also a neat railway station, with a pretty garden attached. Crossing the bridges on our left hand, we may return by Kirk Braddan to Douglas, or ascend the lane on the right to the Foxdale road.

B.—Instead of descending the hill at Strang, follow the road to the right, and, passing the Asylum gates, continue to the junction of two roads, when, following the one on the right, descend the hill, and, having crossed St. George’s Bridge and a smaller one near it, which crosses a tributary of the Glas, ascend the opposite hill, and gain the Abbey Lands road, by which return to Douglas.

C.—The third course is much the longest of any of the rambles we have recommended, and we should not advise it to be undertaken unless the pedestrian is strong and has plenty of time at disposal. If he be determined to accompany us, however, we will follow the road at the Strang in a direct line until we reach a bifurcation at Mount Rule. The road on the left may be followed on another occasion beyond Cormonagh and down to Crosby, and thence back by the high road past Ballagarey and Union Mills; but now we take the one to the right, and, passing beneath the waving trees, ascend a slight incline, when suddenly a scene of surpassing beauty bursts open to view, and we stand enraptured to gaze on the lovely valleys of Bholdin, or Baldwin, and the noble background of lofty mountains.

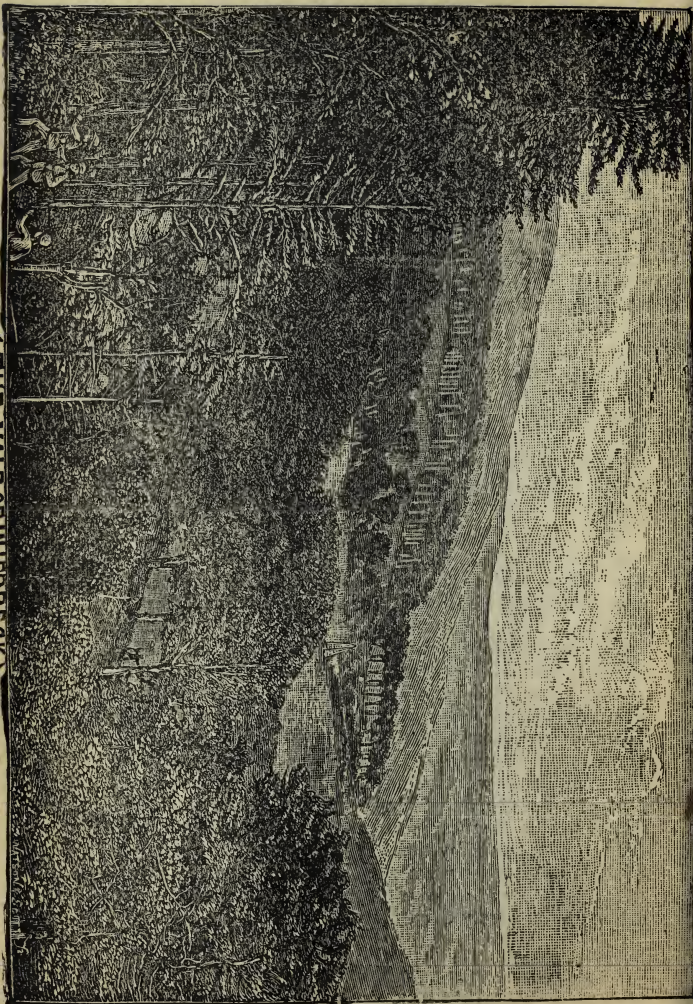
Charmed with new wonders, raptured as we rise,
Hills far remote the wand'ring eye descries ;
Woods, plains, and rocks, and many a rippling burn,
Fair Mannin's pride th' encircling scene adorn.

Proceeding along the lane we soon descend into Baldwin village, and here, for the first time, we begin to learn what the Manx mountains are as they tower above us in majestic grandeur. On the left is Colden mountain (1,600 feet) ; and on the right Garraghan (1,520 feet). It is at the head of this valley that the river Glas takes its rise. From the head of the glen a mountain road leads to Kirk Michael and the northern valleys of the Island. From this road the mountains of Garraghan and Bhein-y-Phot (1,772) can be ascended. If the tourist is not inclined to undergo the labour of ascending these heights he may ascend to the pass between Greeba and Garraghan. This walk of barely a mile is amply repaid by a magnificent view, which, when the weather is clear, includes the northern and western sea, the shores of Scotland looming in the dim distance. Our illustration (p. 66) gives a view from this pass, and of a portion of Injebreck, one of the largest and most popular resorts in the Island.

Returning to Baldwin, we cross the Injebreck brook, and, after passing a Dissenters' chapel, ascend a mountain road to Keil Alban, one of the old treen chapels, but which has been replaced by the Protestant chapel of St. Luke. Descending a little from Kiel Alban, we now cross the ridge to the eastward, and enter the lovely glen of East Bholdin ; then, turning to the right, follow a picturesque and secluded road to Ballamoda, and so on to a bridge spanning the River Glas in one of the most delightful nooks which are to be found even in this island of beauties. Crossing the bridge we turn to the left beneath an overhanging avenue of shady trees, and follow the road until we come to the hill which descends to St. George's Bridge, and from this point we may follow the road mentioned in Section B of this Ramble ; or, by continuing in a direct line, pass by the Asylum gates, and again reach the Strang, and either walk from thence to Douglas or descend to the Railway Station at Union Mills. This last ramble will form a most lovely drive for the invalid.



«THE VALE OF JUNEBORECK»



RAMBLE No. VI.

Crossing Douglas Bridge, and following the South-quay as far as the Gas Works, or taking the nearest ferry to that point, we ascend Fort Anne-road, and, passing Fort William, Fort Anne Tower, and the hotel, and arriving at the higher corner of the grounds attached to Ravenscliffe, we can direct our steps to Port Skillion Creek, a small sheltered cove which has long been a favourite bathing place for gentlemen. It has been considerably improved by Mr. R. Archer, draper, of Douglas, who, at an expense of over £1,000, has laid down concrete platforms to enable divers to plunge into deep water at various states of the tide, and has also erected private boxes for the bathers, in which towels, bathing dresses, &c., may be procured. Several steam ferry boats ply between the Battery Pier and the Victoria Pier. Selecting a fine evening for this walk, we turn down the little lane beyond Ravenscliffe and descend to a point over the Battery Breakwater, where two walks diverge. The higher one leads to the lighthouse, and another to the hotel on Douglas Head. The lower walk conducts us by a wooden rail to the top of a flight of steps, and, descending these steps, which are mostly cut from the rock, we find ourselves on the pebbly beach of Port Skillion, with huge rocks towering on high on either hand. Passing on through the creek we ascend a few steps on the farther side, and ascend a footpath which comes from the hill above and leads to the lighthouse—a substantial structure built in 1833, and showing a light visible at fourteen miles' distance. A little further on is a precipitous cliff, which dips down abruptly into the sea, and over which, *it is said*, criminals of a certain class were thrown into the sea, first being tied up in sacks to prevent all possibility of escape. The following tradition is also related concerning a cliff in the neighbourhood :—

About half way up this cliff is a hollow resembling an elbow chair, and near the top another cavity nearly similar. On the slightest accusation some poor nun was brought to the foot of this rock when the sea had ebbed, and was obliged to climb to the first chair, where she had to remain until the tide had flowed and ebbed twice. Those who had given a greater cause for suspicion were obliged to ascend to the second chair, and to sit there for the same length of time. Anyone who endured this trial, and descended unhurt, was cleared of all aspersion that had been thrown upon her. Such a lengthened exposure to the elements, so far above the level of the sea, probably occasioned the death of many of these unfortunate creatures.

From the lighthouse and adjacent rocks a steep foot-path may be climbed to the hotel on the Head, from whence a good road leads down to Douglas. This hotel commands a magnificent view of Douglas and the adjacent country, as well as of the bay.

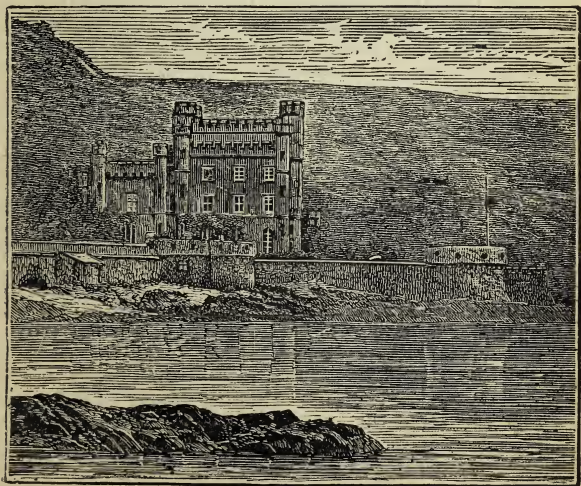
RAMBLE No. VII.

To the weak or aged no finer or more suitable walk can be found in the whole British Islands than that along the shore to Burnt Mill Hill and Derby Castle. Starting along from Victoria Pier, and passing along the Loch Parade and the old Promenade, we reach the Iron Pier, erected some years ago by a local company at a cost of over £6,500, and which is much patronised. Beyond this we have, on our left hand, a fine series of terraces extending to the gates of Castle Mona, all of which command a good sea view. Immediately opposite these terraces is the Douglas bathing ground. Arrived at Castle Mona, we cannot fail to be struck with the substantial



DOUGLAS BATHING GROUND.

character of the building, a magnificent mansion erected by the last Lord of Man, at a cost of £40,000, the cost being much increased by the carriage of the stone, which came from the Isle of Arran. On the east face will be observed four entablatures of arms, the northernmost being most remarkable as representing the Manx arms, with supporter—dexter a merman crowned, in the right hand a portion of wreck; sinister, a mermaid bearing a branch, probably seaweed. Both the figures are double tailed from the waist, and together form very admirable supporters, which we should be glad to see more frequently used in connection with the *triè cassyn*, as we believe this is the only instance in which they are found in this Island. Immediately beyond Castle Mona are "The Palace" pavilion and pleasure gardens; while Falcon Cliff, with its pavilion and pleasure grounds, tower above us on the adjoining heights, and attract general notice from their picturesque appearance. We pass on until we reach the Queen's Crescent, fronting which is a magnificent Promenade, erected in commemoration of the jubilee (in



DERBY CASTLE.

1887) of Queen Victoria, terminating in the Burnt Mill Hill. Instead of ascending the hill we follow the road to the right, and reach Strathallan Crescent and Derby Castle. This beautiful place was originally the property of his Grace the late John, Duke of Athol, formerly Governor-in-Chief of the Island. He erected the pretty little one-storeyed cottage at the entrance to the grounds, to which, subsequently, the late Major Pollock added the larger building called Strathallan Lodge. The Duke merely used this cottage as a fishing lodge; but he was especially fond of the grounds, and enclosed them with the strong sea-wall and round fort, which completely protect it from the inroads of the sea. Here it was his wont to spend a large proportion of the time which he could snatch from the cares of his little kingdom. Derby Castle, surrounded by all these beautiful grounds, was a few years ago purchased as a monetary speculation, and "The Derby Castle Hotel and Pleasure Grounds Company, Limited," was formed to open the place as a resort for summer visitors.

Now that this opportunity has been afforded them, no one should visit this Island without paying Derby Castle at least one visit. We ourselves have heard military and other men who have had the benefit and cultivation of foreign travel frequently declare that the views of the Bay of Douglas from the headlands in the Castle grounds, are simply unsurpassable. Certainly the charms of the place are very real, and, moreover, they are very varied. Art has well assisted Nature, and every step you take opens a new and lovely view. Fashionable promenade concerts are given during the season by the Derby Castle band, and in the evening the band plays dancing music in a splendid pavilion, illuminated with electric and other lamps, the effect of which is very striking. During the week-days various amusements are afforded to the visitors. Derby Castle grounds ought to be seen by every visitor. The tramway cars run to the gates.

On the top of the hill, on what forms the northern promontory of Douglas Bay, is Victoria Tower. This headland commands a view which it would be difficult to equal in the kingdom. Situated in and surrounded by a large garden, tastefully laid out, and provided with every appliance for out-door amusement—croquet, quoits, swings, roundabouts, and (as Artemus Ward would say) "other refreshments"—will be found the Tower, erected by Mr.

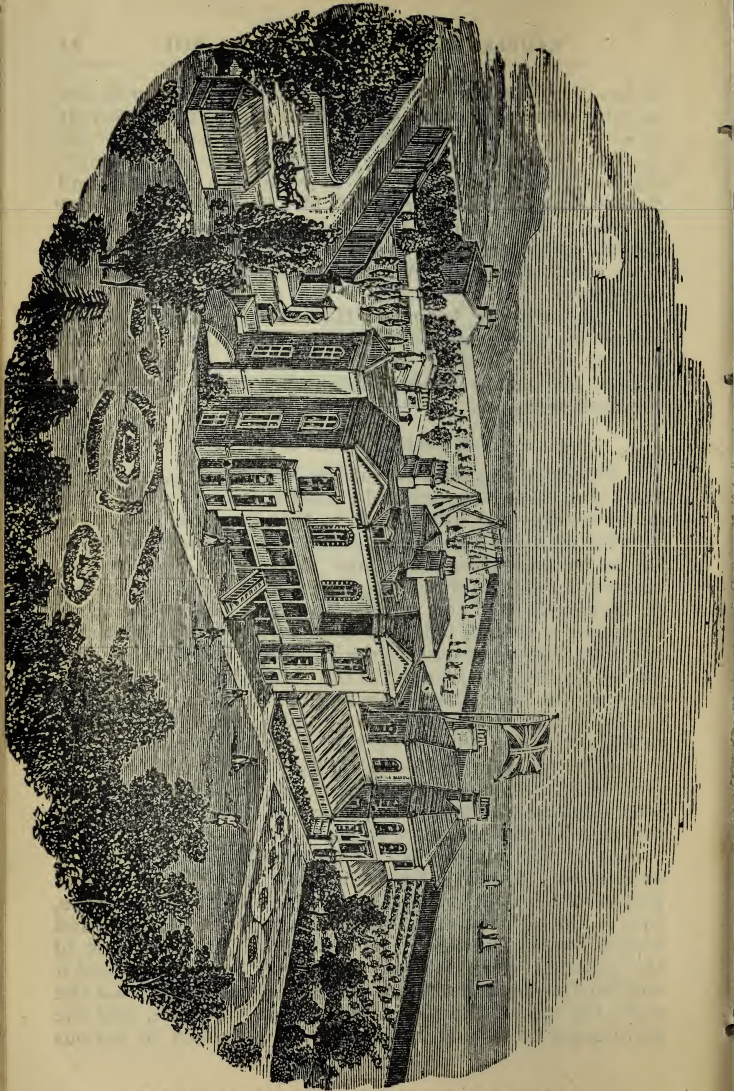
Stokes (to whom sufficient praise cannot be given) with the laudable desire of adding to the limited number of open-air attractions to the Island. In the tower is a camera obscura, upon whose mystic surface the beauties of the adjacent neighbourhood, both land and sea, may be seen faithfully and clearly reproduced. Nor is this all ; for added to this may be seen a collection of transparencies, telescopic, magnetical, galvanical, and electrical wonders, truly surprising in so small a space. A very pleasant afternoon may be spent here.

Close to is the Industrial Home for Destitute Children, one of the most valuable institutions in the Island, of which we give an illustration. It is well worth inspection, and visitors are always made welcome by Mr. Campbell, the courteous manager.

RAMBLE No. VIII.

Proceed along the Peel-road as far as the Quarter Bridge Inn ; then turn to the left and cross the railway, going as far as the Saddle-road, which leads to Kirk Braddan. We have now the choice of two roads ; either we walk up the hill as far as the four cross-roads, and then, turning to the left, descend through Middle village, and then cross the stream at Kewaigue, and so return by the Castletown-road to Douglas ; or we may follow the Saddle-road to Kirk Braddan, and then, instead of passing the Church, turn up the road on the left hand at the junction of the road which, on our right, leads to the Druidical temple on Slieu Chairne (the Hill of the Lord) and St. Mark's Church, and on the left runs down to Middle village, &c.. This last route, though rather long, is one we can recommend, as we have always a fine view in clear weather, and sometimes can even see Maughold Head from this high elevation. A glimpse of Port Soderick Bay may also be obtained as we return.

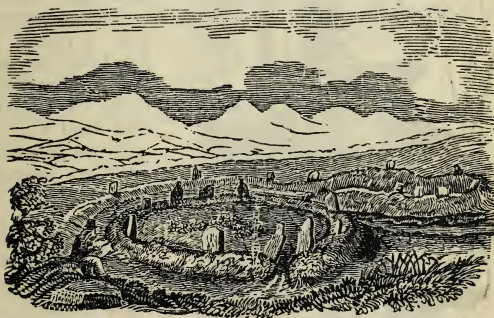
But, if the Rambler be a good walker and fond of antiquarian research, we advise him to visit the upper portion of Glen Darragh before he returns. For this purpose, turn to the right when the Methodist chapel is reached, and ascend the hill in front. The summit being gained, one of the grandest views in lovely Mona may be obtained, and it well repays any toil the pedestrian may undergo. To the right, the vale of Douglas stretches out before us, and the picturesque farms and homesteads, interspersed in various



INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

parts of the scene, add additional charms, whilst, towards the left, Greeba Castle may be seen and the neighbouring village of Crosby, the mountain chain forming a lofty background of towering ridges, amongst which Snaefell is distinctly visible. In fact, this is probably the best distant view of Snaefell that one can have. As we stroll along this elevated road, a cottage to our right stands at the junction of a lane leading down to Union Mills, and a little further on four crossroads are somewhat puzzling to the stranger. Proceed in a straight course, however, and shortly a very gorsey field will be observed on the right of the road, with a farm house a little below it, to the left.

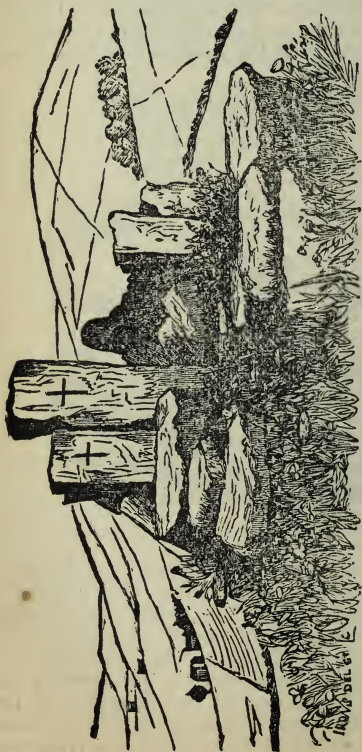
This is the place. Stand still, my steed :
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy past
 The forms that once have been.



GLEN DARRAGH CIRCLE.

The Vale of Oaks (as *Glen Darragh* means in English) is not now adorned with any of those stately trees which the *derw-gwyddon* of Ancient Britain held sacred; but, though these have been swept away by the course of time, the old Druidical circle is in part still intact, but somewhat disappointing to the expectant antiquary. Pass through the gate into the field, and descend in the direction of the farmhouse, and the circle will stand in the path. Mr Cumming describes the Glen Darragh as a remarkable collection of stone circles; and, writing on this subject, he says:—

"The Druidical circles, as they are frequently, but often falsely, called, are, like kist-vaens and barrows, the ancient burying-places of the pagans inhabiting the Island, and may be either British or early Scandinavian. At Glen Darragh there are, in fact, the remains of three circles, but their order has been disturbed: some of the stones have been removed, and others thrown down."



ST. PATRICK'S CHAIR.

Not far from this is the field called Magher-y-Chiarn (or the Field of the Lord), on the estate of Garth, about a mile southward from the old Parish Church of Marown. Here will be found a noteworthy pile of rocks, which has from the earliest times borne the name of St. Patrick's Chair, and from which it is said the blessed saint gave his benediction to the people of the Isle of Man. The lower portion of the cairn (for such it appears originally to have been) is a platform of loose stones, somewhat rounded in form, others flat and angular, of various sizes, built together to a height of two feet, and measuring in length about eight feet six inches, and in depth from east to west about 3 and a half feet.

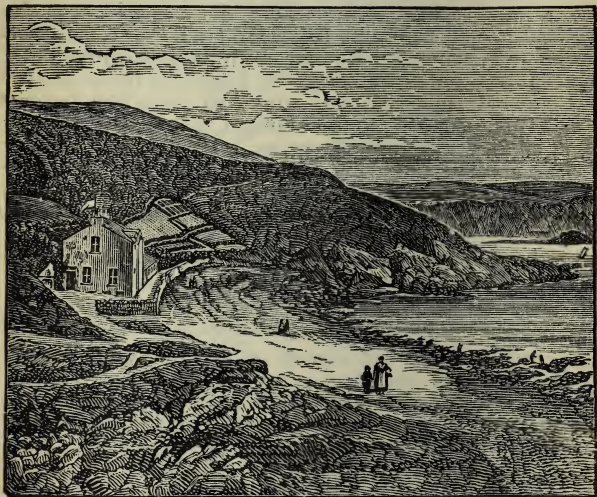
Above this platform, on the eastern margin, rise four, and formerly, we imagine there were five tall upright slabs of

native blue slate, the two tallest of which are inscribed on their western faces with a deeply-incised cross, that on the taller stone measuring fourteen inches by twelve, and the smaller a foot by nine inches. Approaching this "chair" from the eastward, as we shall if we follow the proper path, the cairn appears to be nothing more than an ordinary heap of rubbish, shot up there for convenience, as a quantity of the smaller rounded and angular stones are fixed upon the eastern face to give support to the upright slabs. On walking round to the westward, however, we see the character of the structure and the appropriateness of the name at once, and for a time may sit where saints have sat, and ponder over the state of Christianity then and now. A spirit of Vandalism has of late years been abroad, and has unfortunately destroyed many antiquities of national interest, but we hope this memento of primitive Christianity may long escape the spoiler's hand. The "chair," as approached from the west, is represented in our illustration.

Proceeding to the old church of Marown, and entering the graveyard, we see standing in the south-west corner a small pillar with square head, and hollowed at the top into a small basin. Whether this is an ancient font, or the remains of a cross from which the upper part and arms have been broken, we cannot for a certainty determine, but rather incline to the idea of the font. Respecting another stone in the yard we are more positive; this is an old carved Romanesque font, cut out of a large block of granite, and placed against the entrance of the church. This old churchyard, too, is peculiarly sacred ground; for, if tradition be true, and in this case we have no reason to doubt it, here are deposited the ashes of three of the Insular bishops—viz., Saints Conachan, Louvanus, and Rowney, from whom the parishes of Conchan, Lonan, and Marown derive their names. Ma-Rowney ruled the diocese in the latter part of the sixth century, and was seventh bishop of the Isle. It is not impossible that the so-called St. Patrick's Chair, if originally consisting of three incised stones, was erected *in memoriam* of these three good men; but there is no authority, traditionary or otherwise, in support of this opinion.

The return from this delightful ramble can be effected by descending the hill from the old church to Crosby railway station, whence the tourist can either return to Douglas by

train, or along the highway, past Aitken's Castle, Marown new church, Union Mills; and so on to Douglas.



PORT SODERICK.

RAMBLE No. IX.

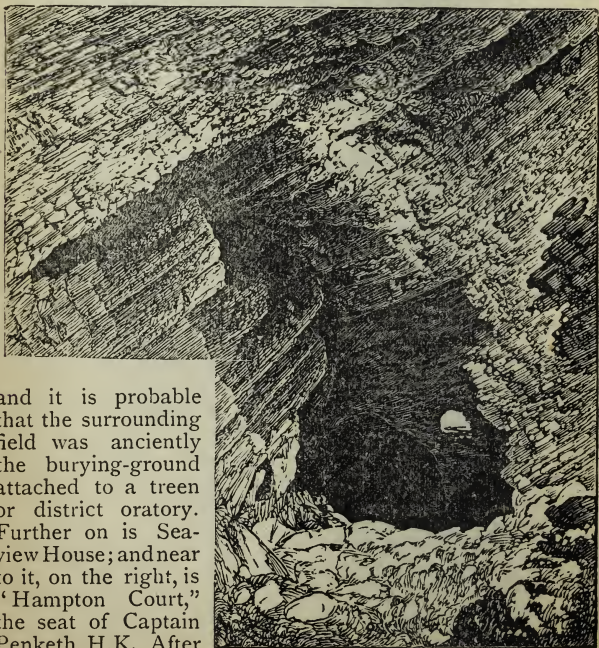
Port Soderick is a place often referred to by visitors, and may be reached either by land or water. A footpath over the rocks by Douglas Head is the most romantic, and also the most difficult, mode of access; but by following the Castletown-road the walk is a moderately easy one, though rather long. Certainly it is one of the prettiest and most enjoyable walks about Douglas. Starting from the Bridge at the top of the harbour, and leaving the Nunnery on the right, for nearly a mile the road leads under a grove of very fine trees, meeting overhead, and giving a most agreeable shade. On coming to the water-trough, it will be necessary to keep the highroad to the left. This is the junction of the old and new roads to Castletown, the latter descending the

hill, and passing beneath the railway. Keeping on the direct (or old) road, however, we shall soon observe in a field at a little distance to our right hand, and behind the village of Kewagie, two remarkable hillocks, which, it is said, formed an important part in the administration of Manx justice long ages ago. At that time trial by battle was in vogue, and the justice of a cause was supposed to rest with the victor who slew his opponent. Here, then, the two litigants would come, each armed with his bow and arrows, the "complainant" taking his stand upon one of the mounds, while the "defendant" would be similarly placed upon the other, and the order to "fire" having been given, away they peppered at each other, with "fiery darts and arrows keen," until one or the other was slain, and the victor was declared to be in the right. That was in "the good old times!" A short walk brings us to the pretty little estate of Ellenbrook on the left. Passing along and up the hill, we cross the Douglas and Castletown Railway. To the right is Oak-hill,



A SEA PEEP. PORT SODERICK.

a well situated house, with a miniature park, and immediately opposite the lodge is a stile leading to the field road to Port Soderic. It is better, however, in going, to keep straight on and up Quine's-hill, which is very steep and long ; but the views from it are very fine, and well repay the visitor, as well as enable him to inhale fully the pure oxygen of this favoured locality. The handsome square stone house on the left, and nearly at the top of the hill, is Ballamona. To the antiquary a source of pleasure will be found in the ancient remains at this place, these consisting of a stone circle and tumulus, the latter originally about 20 by 15 feet in measurement. In it were found a funereal urn and other antiquities. A large mass of quartz here is supposed to be a monumental erection,



SMUGGLER'S CAVE, PORT SODERICK.

and it is probable that the surrounding field was anciently the burying-ground attached to a treen or district oratory. Further on is Sea-view House; and near to it, on the right, is "Hampton Court," the seat of Captain Penketh, H.K. After

advancing a few hundred yards, we turn off to the left to the railway station and the lovely glen of Port Soderic, comprising almost all that is beautiful in nature. Charming woodland scenery and an emerald-paved valley are here stretched before us in panoramic view. To the right is the Crogga, with its little rivulet running down to the sea. It is a very charming glen—full of a quiet and hushed beauty. At the foot of the glen we emerge on the bay, with its bright pebbly beach and tiny hotel. The rocks in this place are very fine. The pools round to the right of the bay are undoubtedly the best on the Island for good specimens wherewith to furnish aquariums and for studying marine botany. The walk round the top of the cliffs to the right will well repay the slight exertion necessary—the view is most charming, and the coast scenery very fine. We can see to the north as far as the Little Ness. On the south side of the bay are three caves; the nearest one is entered by a narrow slit in the rock, and may generally be walked through, except at high tide; the others, however, must either be visited at low water or by boat. One, represented in our illustration [p. 78], is of very considerable extent, and it is necessary to carry lights in exploring it.

There are several roads home to Douglas, easily found out—one is across the fields, another by the cliffs. The way we prefer, however, is to walk back to Ballamona Chapel, behind which is a lane leading down to the Oakhill stream, and crossing it by an old bridge. By means of this lane we can reach Kewague and Middle; then from Middle pass the door of the ivy-clad cot, and so on through the field to Pulrose Farm and Spring Valley. Or, if you prefer a rough and rugged path, leave the lane at the old bridge, and follow the stream until you reach the Castletown new road at the foot of Richmond Hill. Two roads on the right hand both lead to Douglas, the one on the right by Kewague, the other by the Quarter Bridge. Or, if you prefer it, you will have no difficulty in getting a boat, in the season, and returning to Douglas by sea. The rock scenery is simply magnificent. Or, besides any of these routes, the tourist can return to Douglas by rail, from the Port Soderick Station.

RAMBLE No. X.

This ramble, though not a long one, is somewhat fatiguing on account of the rough climbing which it necessitates over the cliffs above Derby Castle; but those who object to climbing over fences can keep to the highroad as far as the Village, and meet us in the burial ground there. Ascending Burnt Mill Hill, then, we take the first turn on the right hand, past the Industrial Home for Destitute Children, and at the extremity of the road we cross the higher, or more northward, of two stiles, and gain a footpath which runs along the edge of the cliff above Derby Castle. As we pass along we turn occasionally to take a peep at the expansive bay o



ONCHAN CHURCH.

Douglas and the picturesquely-situated town, which, in our opinion, are best seen from the neighbourhood of these cliffs. At one point a very steep path leads from Port-e-Vada (the little creek behind Derby Castle) to the cliff on which we stand. The young adventurous spirits frequently climb it; but

the practice is rather risky, and not much to be encouraged amongst "dwellers of the plain." As we pass along the cliff we have a most favourable sea-view. After crossing a stream which trickles merrily through a sequestered depression in the headland, very suitable for a quiet pic-nic on a small scale, we enter a large field, and, passing around (not *across*) this, we find ourselves on the margin of Onchan Harbour, with its sea-worn caves and chasms and its beautiful floral gems. In the summer season "Onchan beach" is a perfect paradise of wild flowers. Descend by the winding road to the beach, if you are so inclined; then, returning, follow the road, and after ten minutes' walk you arrive at Onchan Church, which is almost as sequestered as that of Braddan. It is now called St. Peter's, but whence it obtained that name we know not, its original and proper name having been Saint Concha or Conchan, the previous building having been dedicated to St. Concha, the mother of St. Patrick, who himself, it is said, was one of the first preachers of Christianity in this Island. The church is picturesquely situated, and commands a pleasant prospect of sea and land. The interior, which has recently been restored, is capacious and neatly pewed; and the eastern end is occupied by chancel, vestry, and Governor's chapel, and lighted with two small side lights and a traceried central window, containing representations of the Virgin, St. Peter, &c., and a dedicatory inscription. Several mural tablets adorn the walls of the edifice, these being principally of the Bacon and Heywood families, the latter being descendants of Robert Heywood, Governor of the Isle of Man in 1678, whose arms—*arg.* between two bendlets, *gu.* three torteauxes—appear, with several quarterings, upon the monuments, together with their crest—a falcon ppr. rising from the trunk of a tree—and the motto, "Alte Volo" (I fly high). This church has long been a favourite place for the interment of strangers, and here we find laid memorials of defunct inhabitants of most of the northern counties of England, besides Scotchmen and others.

Reclining against the north side of the tower is an ancient Runic cross in good preservation, but of simpler design than those of Braddan. On the north of the church, too, are some very primitive gravestones, "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked," being nothing more than rough undressed slates, rudely carved with names and dates, which are now almost obliterated. One of the most perfect reads—

“Here lies the body of John Cannell, 1641;” and lower down, “John Cannell was laid here 14 of Aug., 1652; Adam Cannell, 1667.”

Returning towards Douglas through Onchan village, we may give a peep into the Nursery Gardens there, or at the Runic monuments at St. Catherine’s, close by the village, or, passing these, keep along the Governor’s Road, on our right hand, and, passing Bemahague and Glencrutchery, turn to the left, and descend towards the new gaol, on the right hand, and the tower of Falcon Cliff, which will now appear before us. Before arriving at the back entrance to Falcon Cliff, which has been before passed (in Ramble II.), we shall, however, reach four cross roads, the one on the left hand leading by a picturesque path to the shore road, through a charming place known as “Little Switzerland,” and the one to the right hand conducting to the “gipsies’ encampment,” where for a few pieces of silver inquisitive searchers into futurity may, *perhaps*, learn something of their destiny.

RAMBLE NO. XI.

Proceed along the most direct route to Glencrutchery; then, having reached the road beyond, turn to the left, and, winding along the edge of the well-wooded glen, the pedestrian will continue to ascend a pleasant road, until, having passed a few ruined cottages on the left hand, he reaches another one which crosses this at right angles. The one to the right would conduct us to Onchan, but, choosing the other, we pass forward, and shortly arrive at cross roads at Cronk-ny-Mona. From this point we have an extensive view of the Vale of Braddan, bounded on the left in the far distance by Slieu Chiarn, the Granite Mountain, Foxdale, South Barrule (anciently called Warfell), and Slieu Whallin, the latter dipping down into the Neb Valley, and then rising again on the right to form the craggy and precipitous slope of Greeba. Directly opposite to us the homestead of Glen Ville lies in the valley at our feet, and, further away, Colden, Creg Whuallian, Carraghan, and Slieu Meayl lift aloft their towering heads. Turning to the right at Cronk-ny-Mona, we soon reach the junction of two roads at Hillbury, a few houses near a Methodist Chapel, and about as unlike a “bury” (either on a hill or elsewhere) as is possible. The road to the left leads to Laxey, Snaefell, &c., by various branches, and affords a good view of the mountain

scenery in the northern part of Braddan ; but, keeping to our right, we pass on below Slegaby, and having crossed the secluded little glen, Ballacottier, turn to the right, and descend a picturesque road through the Black Quarter to Ballacain and the Bowring Mills, the latter, however, being hidden from view, together with a portion of the Douglas Waterworks, in the bottom of the precipitous and romantic valley. Having followed the winding road for a considerable distance downwards, we pass a few roofless tenements, and reach the bridge spanning the stream at Wellington mills, and standing here we have a glorious view of the scenery of the glen backed by Slieu Meayl and its neighbouring mountains in the rear. Resting for a moment to, enjoy this scene, and fix it upon the mind, we next face the steep ascent before us, and, though it may be rather difficult for some, the toil is not long continued, for we shortly gain the summit of the hill, and a level road conducts us to the Lonan extremity of Onchan village. Crossing the Lonan road at the end of the lane, and looking over the hedge, we shall espy a small lake quietly nestled in a gentle depression of the land, and on the eminence beyond stand the church and vicarage of Onchan parish. Turning to the right and passing along the village, which is remarkably like some of the agricultural villages in the south of England, we soon reach the road leading to the shore, and by its means return to Douglas. This ramble, we should say, is too long for many persons, even for those considering themselves *active* pedestrians, and to these we can recommend it as a drive as in the case of the ramble through Baldwin.

Should the pedestrian still have time on hand, after making himself practically acquainted with the beauties to which we have alluded—not attempted to describe—we cannot do better than recommend him, if he has a week to spare, to follow the plan laid down in our chapter, “Seven Days in the Isle of Man.” Should he tramp the Island according to these directions, he will have a trip that will afford him twice the amount of pleasure he would derive if he spent the whole time in Douglas, and which will prove very much more economical. This cannot be done, however, by everyone, and for those who must tarry in Douglas, or its neighbourhood, there are walks across the country which lie between our various routes of travel, and all these we heartily recommend.

Professing here to write a guide to Douglas and its environs we have given our experience as pedestrians, but, with the exception of the walk round the cliffs to Onchan, that to Port Skillion, that round Douglas Head to Port Soderick, and that from Tromode to the Onchan Abbey Lands, road, all may be used as drives, and for the benefit of the invalid we now give a list of others :—

I.—By Kirk Braddan to St. Mark's, returning by Crosby or Newtown.

II.—By Quarter Bridge to Newtown, returning by Crogga and Oakhill.

III.—Through West Baldwin to Injebreck, returning by East Baldwin.

IV.—By Union Mills, Strang, and Abbey Lands.

V.—By Glencrutchery to Cronk-ny-Mona, returning by Hillbury, Ballacain, Wellington Mills, and Onchan.

All these are within an easy distance of Douglas, but for instructions regarding the longer routes to Peel, Laxey, Ramsey, Castletown, Port Ierne (or Erin), &c., we must refer the tourist elsewhere in the "Popular Guide to the Isle of Man."

BOATING.

One of the most enjoyable amusements afforded by Douglas is that of boating, and if the tourist is fond of it, he can indulge in this pastime to his heart's content, there being literally hundreds of rowing boats and pleasure yachts belonging to the port. These are to be found moored at the piers and at various parts along the shore. Both pleasure yachts and rowing boats are subject to strict regulations, issued by the Harbour Commissioners under the authority of legislative enactments, and officers are appointed to see that these are attended to. A short digest of the regulations, together with a statement of the legal fares for the hire of the rowing boats and pleasure yachts, may be useful to the tourist.

No pleasure boat is allowed to ply for hire until the owner has obtained a licence, which must set forth the name and address of the owner, the number of persons to be carried in the boat, and the number of boatmen (if any) which the boat is required to have. No boat is to

be licensed unless she is seaworthy and in good repair, and capable of carrying, with safety, at least two persons. The licence is also to set forth whether such boat is a rowing or sailing boat, or both. No licensed sailing boat is to be used for pleasure without having on board the number of boatmen which, under the licence, she is required to have. Every licensed sailing boat is to carry one or more life buoys, and no licensed boat is to carry more than the number of persons specified in the licence. Every licensed boat is to have the owner's name, the number of the boat, and the number of persons she is allowed to carry painted on some conspicuous part of the interior of the boat. The owner is furthermore bound to permit any person to take the number of his boat, and he is liable to a penalty if he give any wrong number, or "use any abusive, indecent, or insulting language, or shall be intoxicated, or shall otherwise misbehave himself, whilst plying for hire, towards any person hiring or having hired such boat, or shall remain out at sea contrary to the wish or direction of the passengers, unless unavoidably kept out by the weather." The owner of a licensed boat is bound not to refuse or decline a fare when called on, "unless he be at the time engaged, or unless the weather be too tempestuous and dangerous to go to sea." It is well, too, that the visitor should know that "no boat let for hire, or used for the purpose of sailing or rowing for pleasure, shall approach within a distance of two hundred yards at least of any bathing machine while actually in use," and no person in charge of a boat is to permit any person to bathe from, or dress or undress in, such boat within four hundred yards from the edge of the water, according to the state of the tide, commencing at the Red Pier in Douglas Harbour, and ending at the stream at Burnt Mill Hill, "except before the hour of six in the morning, or after the hour of eight in the evening." The owner of a licensed boat is to carefully examine the same after every fare, and if any property is left therein, he is, within the space of six hours, to give it to the owner, if he can find him; if not, he is to take it to the Harbour Master's office, "there to be deposited for reclamation." No owner of a licensed boat is to permit the boat to be used by persons incompetent to be trusted with the management thereof. The legal fares chargeable for the hire of pleasure boats, &c., are set forth in the following bye-law:—

No owner of any boat shall be entitled to charge any more than the following rates for the use of his boat, unless hired before seven o'clock in the morning, or after eight o'clock in the evening:—

	£	s.	d.
For a rowing boat not exceeding twelve feet keel, per hour	0	0	6
For a similar boat above twelve feet keel, per hour	0	1	0
If accompanied by a competent person to manage such boat, an extra charge per hour of	0	0	6
For a sailing boat not exceeding twenty-four feet keel, with a competent person in charge, per hour	0	2	6
If the number on board exceed ten, 3d per hour in addition to the above charge for each person, in excess of that number up to the extent of the licence of such boat.			

For a sailing boat exceeding twenty-four feet keel, with two competent persons in charge, per hour 0 5 0

If the number on board exceed twenty, 3d per hour in addition to the above charge, for each person in excess of that number, up to the extent of the licence of such boat.

The fares set forth in the preceding table are not, however, to interfere with any private arrangement between the hirer and the boatman for lower than the legal fares, one of the bye-laws providing that "when the owner of a licensed boat shall agree beforehand with any person for a fare, such owner shall not demand more than the sum agreed upon." The penalty for offences against any of the bye-laws is any sum "not exceeding £5."

PLACES OF WORSHIP IN DOUGLAS.

St. George's Church, Upper Church-street, near Prospect-hill.
 St. Barnabas' " Fort-street, near Duke-street.
 St. Thomas' " near the Promenade.
 St. Matthew's " Market-place.
 Roman Catholic Chapel (St. Mary's), Buck's-road, Prospect-hill.
 Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Victoria-street.
 Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Well-road, near Strand-street.
 Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Rosemount.
 Wesleyan Chapel, Salisbury-street.
 Primitive Methodist Chapel, Wellington-street.
 Primitive Methodist Chapel, Loch Parade.
 Primitive Methodist Chapel (New Connexion), Derby-road.
 Independent Chapel, Buck's-road.
 Unitarian Church, Circular-road.
 Scotch Presbyterian Church, Finch-road, near Prospect-hill.
 Seamen's Bethel, North-quay.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND OFFICES.

Post Office and Telegraph Office, Regent-street.
Isle of Man Times Office, Athol-street.
 Isle of Man Banking Company (Limited), Athol-street.
 Government Offices, Prospect-hill, corner of Finch-road.
 Dumbell's Banking Company (Limited), Prospect-hill.
 Manx Bank, Victoria-street
 New Grand Theatre and Public Baths, Victoria-street.
 Court House and Police Station, Athol-street.
 Custom House, Parade-street.

Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's Office, North-quay.
 Free Library, Athol-street, opposite *The Times* Office.
 Isle of Man Railway Office, Douglas-bridge.
 United Service Club, Peveril Hotel.
 St. James's Hall, St. George's-street, off Athol-street.
 Wellington Hall, Wellington-street, off Duke-street.
 Good Templars' Hall, Circular-road.
 Masonic Hall, Loch Parade (Athole Lodge and Athole Chapter, 1,004;
 Tynwald Lodge, 1,242; Ellan Vannin Lodge, 2,049; St. Trinian's
 Lodge, 2,050; Spencer Walpole Temperance Lodge, 2,049; and
 Peveril Lodge of Mark Master Masons).

PRINCIPAL HOTELS.

Athol,	Loch Parade.	Grand,	Victoria-street.
Adelphi,	Church-street.	Head,	Douglas Head.
Bowling Green,	Derby-road.	Peveril,	Victoria Pier,
Belvedere,	Loch Parade.	Royal,	North-quay.
Castle Mona,	Douglas Shore.	Railway,	Douglas Bridge.
Central,	Broadway.	Kosemount,	Woodbourne-road.
Criterion,	Parade.	Regent,	Loch Parade.
Douglas,	Market-place.	Walpole,	Walpole-avenue.
Derby Castle.		Star,	Prospect-hill.
Evarard's,	Prospect-hill.	Salisbury,	Victoria-street,
Fort Anne,	Douglas Head.	Shakespeare,	Victoria-street.
Falcon,	Loch Parade.	Talbot,	Athol-street.
Falcon Cliff.		Villiers,	Loch Parade.
Granville,	Loch Parade.	Victoria,	Prospect-hill

BILLIARD TABLES.

Castle Mona Hotel.	Adelphi Hotel.
Central ,,	Athol ,,
Derby Castle ,,	Douglas ,,
Fort Anne ,,	Handley's ,,
Falcon ,,	Rosemount ,,
Falcon Cliff ,,	Star ,,
Granville ,,	Villiers ,, (10 tables.)
Peveril ,,	Criterion ,,
Royal ,,	Salisbury ,, Fort-street
Railway ,,	Lancashire House.
Victoria ,,	

BOWLING SALOONS AND BOWLING GREENS.

American Bowling Saloon, Lancashire House, North-quay.
 Aquarium Bowling Saloon, Victoria-street.
 Handley's Bowling Green and Bowling Saloon, Derby-road.
 Marsden's Bowling Green, Douglas Head Hotel.
 Bowling Green at the Quarter Bridge Inn, near Kirk Braddan.
 Falcon Cliff.

A SAIL ROUND THE ISLAND.

To the great majority of its visitors, especially those from inland parts, the greatest attractions of this favoured Isle are those connected with its coast; its high precipitous cliffs with their romantic sea-caves and grottoes, and its clear translucent waters. And in these respects no other part of Britain, within a reachable distance of the midland and northern districts, can at all compare with it. Its coast, which is about a hundred miles in extent, is of great height, attaining an average of from 300 to 400 feet; while in the south-west, where the mountains encroach upon the shore, it attains the enormous height of 1,400 feet. A more enjoyable experience than that of a rapid sail round the Island in one of the comfortable Manx steamers, it is impossible to conceive. During the season this delightful excursion is made two or three times a week when the weather is favourable, the steamer sometimes taking a northerly and sometimes a southerly course, starting from Douglas. The description here given of the southerly course will, by the simple transformation effected by starting at the end of this chapter, and tracing backwards, serve for a description of the northerly course. Leaving the pier at Douglas we look back with feelings of admiration upon its beautiful bay, gradually opening out before us in all its lovely proportions. To the right Douglas Head, 320 feet high, rises in steep, rocky ridges over the outer harbour, with its magnificent piers and breakwater. In the centre lies the rocky islet of St. Mary's, with its picturesque "Tower of Refuge," and behind it runs in a graceful curve the splendid new marine promenades. The town, which originally occupied only a small triangular piece of low land near the mouth of the river Douglas, now extends itself far beyond these narrow limits in all directions, and has climbed up the steep rocky ledges of "The Head," spread along the entire length of the shore, and ascended the richly-wooded heights behind it in a succession of terraces of fine looking buildings. In the centre of the view is the massive castellated building of grey stone, embosomed in trees—Castle Mona—the former residence of the last Duke of Athole, who was Lord of Man; adjoining it can be seen the

enormous zinc roof of the pavilion of "The Palace," the new pleasure resort, surmounted, as it were, by "Falcon Cliff," the popular place of entertainment; and at the northern extremity of the bay, under the shadow of Banks Howe, a bluff headland 393 feet high, is another castellated building—Derby Castle—with its dancing pavilion and pleasure grounds. Beyond the town the land slopes gently up into the mountains of the interior, whose highest peaks—South Barrule, Greeba, Colden, Garraghan, Pen-y-phot, and Snaefell—form the fitting background of the picture. Long before the eye has had time to take in fully all these details, the steamer sweeps round Douglas Head, and the scene is hidden from our view. But in its place a fresh scene of beauty, though of a different order, lies before us. We are now passing, so near that at times its huge shadows are projected over our heads, a high, precipitous coast, 300 to 400 feet high, formed of clay slates twisted and contorted in an extraordinary manner by ancient volcanic action, and forming a succession of wild, jagged cliffs, descending steeply into the dark, heaving waters. Along the base of these cliffs runs a line of sharp, broken rocks, the relics of many a long-continued battle between the land and the sea, which render a too near approach highly dangerous, and occasionally run out a considerable distance into the sea, as at a point (The Little Ness) we are now approaching. Before us the land stretches away in a long succession of rocky inlets and far-projecting headlands, terminated by the long low peninsula of Långness, the southern extremity of the Island. Rounding the headland of the Little Ness, we pass Port Soderic, with its wild, craggy rocks and water-worn sea-caves, and its beautiful wooded glen, and soon after pass St. Ann's Head (or Santon Head). At this point, or rather a little south of it, the character of the coast undergoes a sudden change, and, losing its lofty, broken appearance, becomes low and comparatively flat. This change, which occurs at the mouth of the Santon Burn, arises from the sudden disappearance of the slate rocks and the substitution for them in the coast line of the carboniferous limestone. At the mouth of the Santon Burn we pass some magnificent water-worn arches and caves, and isolated rocks, of fantastic shapes, and soon after pass Ronaldsway, the ancestral home of the celebrated Manx patriot, William Christian (or, as he is affectionately called by his countrymen, Illiam Dhone—Fair-haired William),

iniquitously shot by order of the Earl of Derby in 1662 ; and immediately afterwards Derbyhaven, a beautiful semi-circular bay, partly formed by the small rocky islet of St. Michael, comes into view. This bay is the finest natural harbour along the Manx coast, and, at a comparatively small cost, it could be made a safe refuge in all winds. At present it is used chiefly by the fishermen of the south to lay up their vessels in the winter, Port St. Mary, their headquarters in the south of the Island, not having space sufficient for them all. In former times Derbyhaven possessed considerable trade and was protected by a strongly-built fort, whose ruins can be seen (with those of a very ancient chapel) on St. Michael's Isle, commanding the entrance into the bay. This fort was erected in 1651 by James, the seventh Earl of Derby. We are now coasting along the peninsula of Langness—a wild rugged spot, with currents of unusual strength playing among its deep gullies and broken rocks. Upon these fearful rocks (we have for a time left the limestones behind, and the coast is again composed of rough jagged slates) many a noble ship has met her fate, and among these swirling seas many a strong swimmer has heaved his last sigh. The construction of the magnificent light-house, near the end of the peninsula, has had a beneficial result in the prevention of ship-wreck. Rounding Dreswick Point, the southern extremity of Langness, the cliffs again change their character. The slate rocks we are leaving behind are capped with huge masses of old red sandstone, worn by the waves into most curious forms ; while the rocks at Scarlett Point, which we are now approaching, are of carboniferous limestone. Sailing slowly across the entrance of Castletown Bay, we have a beautiful view of the old grey town, clustering around its massive castle, one of the finest examples in existence of a mediæval fortress, and the cultivated undulating country beyond, backed by the dark peaks of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa and South Barrule ; and, passing the Point of Scarlett (The Stack), a new scene opens before us. Extending from the Stack, a huge mass of semi-crystallised black basalt—the hardened core of a submarine volcano of the carboniferous period—is a strip of rough coast, about two miles long, formed partly of limestone rocks and partly of volcanic ashbeds and lava. Beyond this the land trends away to the north, forming a wide but shallow opening, called Poolvash Bay—the Bay of Death, so called from one

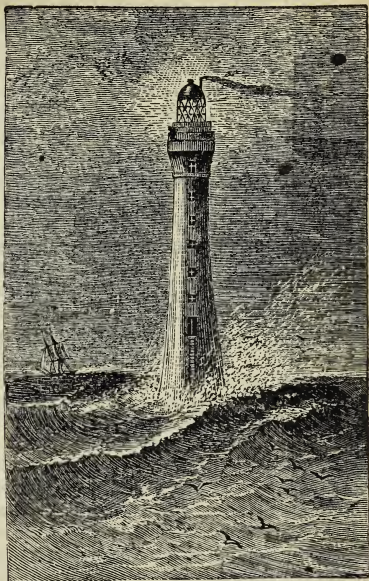
of the many desperate battles fought upon its shores. The shores of this bay are low and flat, and above the country is comparatively level for a considerable distance inland, and then ascends rapidly into the mountain range. The range is beautifully seen as we sail across the bay. In the extreme south are the Mull Hills, a confused mass of dark rugged hills, filling the whole south-western corner of the Island. North of them, and separated from them by the opening of Port Erin Bay, are the Bradda Hills, upon the southern corner of which, overlooking Port Erin, is the tower-like monument erected by the fishermen and others to W. Milner, Esq., the celebrated safe manufacturer, to commemorate his exertions to develop Port Erin as a watering-place. North of Bradda is the opening of Fleshwick Bay, a deep, abrupt cleft in the mountains; and beyond are Slieu Carnane, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule, a succession of rocky heights; and far away to the north are the giants of the northern part of the range, beautifully foreshortened in the prospect. The view from this point is one of the finest and most extensive in the entire Island. The bay we are now passing is much encumbered with tidal rocks, one of which, the Great Carrick Rock, we can see rearing its head above the sea, the heavy ground swell causing white-crested waves to roll over it even on this calm summer day. Approaching the western extremity of the bay, we pass Port St. Mary, a thriving fishing village, prettily situated along the lower slopes of the Mull Hills. Its harbour and roadstead are crowded with fishing boats unloading their finny cargoes; while others, having completed their discharge, are sailing away westward to their night's toil, their brown sails shining in the sun like burnished copper, and their painted hulls glancing brightly along the water's edge.

Half a mile west of Port St. Mary Point the limestone rocks finally disappear, and the clay slates once more take their place. With this change in the nature of the coast comes a corresponding change in its appearance. The low flat coast which we have been passing since leaving the mouth of Santon Burn (Cas-ny-Awin Head) gives place to high precipitous cliffs, broken by numerous deep inlets. We are, in fact, now entering upon one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of the Manx coast. Passing the romantic opening of Perwick, which penetrates a considerable

distance the Mull Hills, we approach nearer to the land, the sea along this high coast being deeper, and are thus able to realize more adequately the height and character of the coast. As we progress westward, the cliffs grow higher and more rugged. Sheer out of the water they rise to the height of more than 300 feet, ledge above ledge of rough, storm-darkened rocks, their base washed by a broad line of foam-crested breakers, and their sides pierced by numerous deep and wide-mouthed caves, up whose openings the waves rush with a thunderous roar. Along this wild coast, the waves, blackened by the shadows of the huge cliffs, and tossed continually by the strong currents which sweep up the land, have a cold chilly look, even in the height of summer. Upon the ledges of the cliffs numerous tufts of ferns, and sea-pinks, and samphire have taken root, and by their growth give colour and grace to the black, tempest-beaten rocks; and high above our heads, beyond the dark line of the cliffs, we catch glimpses of the rough, gorse-clad hills of the interior. About two miles west of St. Mary's Point, we pass a shallow indentation in the land guarded by a lofty pointed rock, 150 feet high, called "The Sugar Loaf" (the "Chering Cross" of Mr. Chaloner). At this point, the cliffs—more than 300 feet high—are rent and fissured in all directions by vast chasms, which extend, in many cases, from the surface below the sea level. This awful place is called "The Chasms." Along the sides of the cliffs, immense blocks of stone stand loosely poised upon the rocky ledges; while numerous others strew the narrow beach as they have fallen from above. A little farther, we pass Spanish Head, a huge perpendicular headland of clay rock, 350 feet high, and across the eastern opening of the Kitterland Strait, which separates the main island from the Calf Islet. The view from this point is very striking, and altogether unparalleled in South Britain. On the right the vast precipice rears its dark head, worn by the storms of a thousand centuries, the fitting leader of the long succession of cliffs and promontories we have been coasting. On the left are the rugged cliffs of the Calf Islet, almost equally high; and between the two are the rushing waters of the strait, breaking over the rocks, which partially block up its western opening, in sheets of white foam. As we approach this point, our

attention is drawn to the great number of sea birds of different kinds which we are passing, sitting in rows upon the rocky ledges, or flying screaming around us, and now, off Spanish Head, a gun is suddenly fired from our boat, which startles from their repose such a vast cloud of shrieking birds that the echoes of the report are lost amid the clamour.

Striking out from the Calf we pass closely the magnificent lighthouse erected upon the dangerous shoal known as the Chickens Rock, and, rounding it, our boat's head is turned northward to continue our cruise up the western coast of the



CHICKENS ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

Island. As we sail along the western side of the Calf, the view northward, while of a totally different character from what we have been observing on the eastern and southern coasts, is equally bold and striking. From the Calf, northward to beyond Peel, the mountain chain of the Island forms itself the coast line of the country; and, in consequence, the western coast is much higher than the eastern. As our boat steadily pursues its way, we can trace distinctly the entire coast up to Peel—an unbroken succession of mountainous cliffs descending steeply into the sea. This coast is unusually iron bound and inhospitable. Throughout its entire extent from Peel southward, there are only three breaks in the wall of the coast—those of Glen Maey River, of Fleshwick

Bay, and Port Erin Bay—and of these only one—Port Erin Bay—is capable of receiving and sheltering a vessel. A two miles' sail along the rugged foot of the Mull Hills brings us opposite the lovely bay of Port Erin, its breakwater stretching out boldly towards the tremendous cliff of Bradda Head. Another mile along the Bradda Hills, 700 feet high, and we pass Fleshwick, a deep, narrow opening in the mountain wall of the coast, and the scene of many a terrible shipwreck. Beyond Fleshwick the coast rapidly increases in height until it culminates in the gigantic cliffs of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, which descends in one unbroken sweep from its full height of 1,450 feet into the waters of Niarbyl Bay. North of this the main range begins to recede from the coast, which, consequently, decreases in height until, at Contrary Head, south of Peel, it is only 500 feet high. Peel itself is a flourishing fishing town and a quiet watering-place, situated at the mouth of the Neb, and protected on the south-west by the rocky islet of St. Patrick, famous for its ruined Castle and ecclesiastical buildings, some of which date from the beginning of the fourth century. North of Peel the slate rocks disappear, and are succeeded by a short stretch of coast, formed of rough masses of old red sandstone. This, again, gives place to a long monotonous line of coast, formed of boulder clay, with its accompanying sands and gravels, which continues, almost without a single break, until, after rounding the Point of Ayre (with its lighthouse over 100 feet above the level of the sea), we reach Ramsey, the capital of the North, beautifully situated on the embouchure of the Sulby, and surrounded by richly wooded heights. South of Ramsey the mountains again approach the shore, and form, at the southern extremity of its bay, the magnificent headland of Maughold Head, 473 feet high, so called from St. Maughold, the successor of St. Patrick in the episcopate of the Island, who, it is said, landed at its rocky foot, and spent many years as a hermit among its crags. South of Maughold Head the coast continues high and rocky to Douglas, and has, in fact, much the same character as the coast south of Douglas. A little south of Maughold Head is Port-e-Vullin, from which point the cable providing telegraphic communication with England makes its way to St. Bees Head, near Whitehaven. Sailing down it we pass a number of beautiful inlets, Cornah, Ballaglass, the Dhoon, all of which have beautiful falls, and Laxey, up which we obtain a splendid view of the glen, with

the giant Snaefell at its upper end. The coast near Laxey is very grand, the immense cliffs being broken in succession by Growdale Bay, Onchan Bay, and other beautiful inlets. Rounding Banks Howe the beautiful Bay of Douglas bursts upon the view ; and in a few minutes we reach the Pier which we left only a few short hours ago, having in the meanwhile had a sea voyage of about 80 miles, and enjoyed a series of panoramic views which for variety and beauty could scarcely be matched in any part of the universe. Add to the beauty and variety of this coast scenery, the translucent purity of the sea, at the bottom of which we can count the pebbles, and watch the sea creatures dart about fathoms below, and our picture of the attractiveness of the Manx coast is complete.

EXCURSIONS FROM DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS TO DUBLIN.

The enterprise of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company in opening up a regular steamboat service between Douglas and Dublin will commend itself to all pleasure-seekers. It is a matter of certainty that the Irish people will not fail to take advantage of the Company's sailings between Douglas and Dublin during the summer, especially when the fine steamers which will be placed on the new station are taken into account. The arrangements are such as to allow visitors to make the passage in about four hours, which, considering the distance, is a speed which few passenger steamers are able to attain now-a-days. Leaving Douglas, the passenger has excellent opportunities for observing and admiring the magnificent rock scenery of the Manx coast. After a pleasant sail, he will be attracted, first of all, by a glimpse of the Irish hills rising above the coast line, and presently the celebrated Hill of Howth and the Wicklow hills become easily discernable, while the sailors will not be slow to point out to the interested excursionist the renowned "Ireland's Eye." After this may be seen the Bailey Light, on Bailey Head, a very isolated spot. Howth town is also visible, and the observant passenger will probably be rewarded with a view of the great fishing fleet pursuing their occupation in these waters. The

vessel sails close under that striking headland, the Hill of Howth, which will enable passengers to get an excellent sight of the land beauties. The Pigeon House Lighthouse at the entrance of the Liffey will be an object of interest, as well as the battery and arsenal, which is garrisoned by a large number of soldiers for the protection of the river.

As the railway services are frequent and rapid in Dublin, which is only six miles from Kingstown, the passengers may be landed at the latter place in less than fifteen minutes. Should any of the passengers wish to visit Bray, the fashionable Irish watering-place, they can do so in a few minutes by rail, as it is only five miles from Kingstown. But the famous sights of the Irish capital are known to everyone by hearsay, if not by sight; and towards these, no doubt, most excursionists will direct their footsteps, to judge for themselves if the enthusiastic admiration of travellers for the sights of Dublin is merited or not. Among these are Dublin Castle, with its magnificent Hall of St. Patrick, and the splendid architecture of the Chapel Royal. The name of Dublin Castle has indelibly impressed itself on the memory of every Irishman. Then there are the renowned Phoenix Park (1,753 acres), and the Viceregal Lodge, the official residence of the Irish viceroy. Dublin boasts three fine cathedrals—St. Patrick's, Christ Church, and the Church of the Conception. The two former have been elaborately renovated, at the expense of two worthy citizens of Dublin, at a cost of nearly £400,000. Dublin University is a massive Corinthian building, including magnificent hall, theatre, chapel, and grand library. St. Stephen's Green, with its splendid gardens, and surrounded by the Colleges of Surgeons and Science, and the leading clubs, hotels, and mansions of the city, the Four Courts of Justice, and the old Houses of Parliament, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland; College Green, with its many statutes of men famous in the history of Ireland—these are all worth seeing. In moving about Dublin, excursionists cannot help admiring some of the splendid streets, particularly Sackville-street, said to be one of the finest streets in Europe. If time permits, one should take a run to the suburbs, either by tram, or still better, by the jaunting car, but it is as well not to attempt to take a rise out of the drivers. They are keen witted, and "a stranger," or as he might be termed "a foreigner," will be sure to be worsted in a wordy encounter. There are many other sights

which it would be impossible to particularise. All we can say is that there is no excuse for visitors to Douglas to refrain from visiting some of the beauty spots, and the historical attractions, of the Green Isle; and our Irish friends, on the other hand, ought not to be slow to take advantage of the opportunities now offered by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company of visiting fair Manxland.

DOUGLAS TO GLASGOW.

Among the many attractions offered to holiday-makers in the way of pleasant sailing excursions, there are few, if any, which possess such charms as a trip from Douglas to Glasgow, and a brief description of such a trip will probably bear out that statement. Starting from Douglas in one of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's fine steamers, we can admire the beautiful scenery of the Manx coast as far as the Point of Ayre, which, by the way, has been described in detail in the "Trip Round the Island." The passenger will notice the new lighthouse at the Point of Ayre in place of the old one, which became of no service owing to a new shore being formed. After leaving the Manx coast, we approach the Mull of Galloway, a prominent headland at the most southern point of Scotland. The farmhouses in Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtonshire can be seen distinctly, while the lovely heather in full bloom completes the beauty of the first picture. The steamer sails close to the coast, the white-washed farmhouses dotted about the green fields, with majestic hills towering up in the rear, forming a pleasing feature in the landscape. Away to the left can be seen the hills and coast line of County Down, in the north of Ireland, and passengers from inland towns will experience an uncommon, yet pleasant feeling, in looking upon two great countries at the same time. It may be interesting to state that a suggestion was once made to connect the two countries, at this point, by a tunnel, which is only a distance of twenty-one miles; but this idea has not yet been carried into effect. At dinner we shall probably meet visitors from all parts of the three kingdoms, and the pleasant task of comparing notes on a holiday tour will doubtless be freely indulged in. Returning on deck, we see, right ahead, an exceedingly high

rock, rising almost perpendicularly out of the sea. This, we are informed, is the famous Ailsa Craig, upon which there is a lighthouse, and also a farmstead. This rock is remarkable for the number of goats and birds which abound there. The captain of the steamer will, probably, at this point give a sudden blast from the steamer's fog-horn, the effect of which is marvellous ; numberless sea-gulls and other birds shoot out from cracks and crevices in the steep cliffs, and show their irritation, at being disturbed, by uttering a series of sharp shrill cries, which are not too pleasant to the human ear. We are still within view of Ireland, and away to our left can be seen the Mull of Cantyre, beyond which is the Atlantic ocean. We now approach the coast of Ayrshire, and presently arrive within sight of the town of Ayr on our right. The island of Arran is on our left. It is somewhat smaller than the Isle of Man, and is owned by the Duke of Hamilton. There is a high mountain on this island, called "Goatsfell." We pass sufficiently close to the land to see Lamlash and Brodwick, the only towns on the island. The interest in our journey increases as we approach still nearer to the land, and obtain a sight of town and country as we pass along. The islands of Little Cumbray and Great Cumbray we speedily leave in our wake. To the left is the Island of Bute, on the coast of which can be seen the handsome mansion of the Marquis of Bute, which is called Mount Stuart House. Further along the coast lies the favourite watering-place of Rothesay. On the right is Wemyss Bay, a celebrated yachting resort, while close to the shore is Wemyss Castle, the home of the late Sir John Burns, the famous shipowner. We come presently to the coast of Argyleshire, which is to the left, Renfrewshire being plainly discernible on our right. It is almost impossible to take in everything that presents itself to the eye at this point of our journey. Every moment, some new and pleasing feature presents itself to our gaze, and the beautiful scenery and sights which we have passed appear to be eclipsed by those which are momentarily unfolding their charms to us. Greenock is reached at last, where passengers may disembark and proceed to Glasgow by rail, by doing which they will save an hour on the steamer's time. Those, however, who remain on board will enjoy the two hours sail from Greenock to Glasgow, during which they will have an excellent view of the famous shipbuilding works on the Clyde, and the other

hives of industry which crowd the banks of this noted river. What there is to be seen in Glasgow, we have not space to deal with here in detail, but it may fairly be said, that a sail from Douglas to Glasgow is one of the finest, and most interesting, that the most fastidious pleasure-seeker could desire.

A SEVEN DAYS' WALK IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

I enclose some suggestions for pedestrians. What I want is to show my fellow-pedestrians how to spend seven days in the Isle of Man. I believe I can guarantee the accuracy of this little sketch. I hope no one will be frightened by the term "pedestrian." The longest of these seven walks is the last, and that is not more than 20 miles; though certainly much of it is rather stiff. The fact is that people surrender the delights of pedestrianism far too tamely and far too early in life. I hope I may induce some of your visitors to reconsider the question as regards themselves.

T. E. BROWN.

Clifton College.

FIRST DAY.

Get leave for the Nunnery land behind Douglas Head. This is important; the bit is very fine. I feel sure that application at the Nunnery, or to the agent of the proprietor in Douglas, would procure permission. The first inlet is Ballacregga harbour, the east corner of Soderick Bay. Strike inland until you hit the path to the Port Soderick Hotel. Follow this path. At the west corner of the bay, get on the cliffs again.

St. Anne's Head, Greenock; some delicious walking, over fine turf; a nice margin between the fields and the rocks. The temptation to lie down here, and dream for a couple of years or so, must be resisted.

Jackdaw harbour; Cass-na-Awin, the foot of the Santon river. If the tide is out, wade across; if it is in, make a bundle of your clothes, fasten them to a good big stone, throw them across, and then swim across yourself. If nervous about this, keep up your own side of the stream to a farmhouse, when you can cross on a plank. Down the other side to sea again—undoubtedly one of the very best things in the Island. Keep west to Derbyhaven; walk round and

out to Fort Island ; then along the "back of Langness"—commonly called the "back o' Langish"—to Langness point. The gullies are good. Off the point, notice the Skerranes and the strong tide. Creep out on the point as far as ever you can ; in again, and follow coast of Castletown bay—exquisite bathing creeks ; water gloriously clear. At the N.E. corner you come on to the Racecourse, a sweet bit of turfy sandbank—smells like a rose. Near the College you hit the road, and so on into Castletown. On this walk there is no place of refreshment except Port Soderick Hotel, and this is close to Douglas. Sandwich and flask will be best. The whole walk will take about six hours. Smokers could hold out till dinner in Castletown. This walk is a very solitary one. After leaving Port Soderick you will most likely not see a soul before you come to Derbyhaven.

SECOND DAY.

A look at Castle Rushen outside is enough ; inside, it is a jail. Make for Scarlett, and bathe there. This is a prime beatitude. Keep coast to Poolvash. Here you get road. Follow it to Mount Gawne. Just beyond Mount Gawne there is a mill. Here take a footpath to the left ; it will lead you to Port St. Mary. Here you might lunch. Ask for the Chasms. It is not hard, however, to find them. Take the turn to the right of Port St. Mary street, and keep up the road past the only big house. You will soon see a stile on the left. Here is a path to the creek of Perwick. Keep rather up the little glen (Glen Chass) ; climb up its left side to a mine, which is unmistakeable. A very little beyond this you come on to the open moor. Its sea edge contains the Chasms. Keep the coast. The next head is the Black Head ; then Spanish Head. Here you see the Calf and the Sound. Strike inland ; cross some seedy-looking, little, half-drained fields, and you will hit a road running up N.E. ; leads to Craig-Naish. At this hamlet be sure to take the seaward road. It leads by a Druidical circle to a mountain gate. Below the gate is a little glen called "Strooan-Snell." There is a road down it into Port Erin. This walk might take some five hours. Sleep here ; but in the evening take a stroll by Bradda Village to Fairy-hill. The first part of this day's walk will be lonely enough ; but there will be people at the Chasms probably.

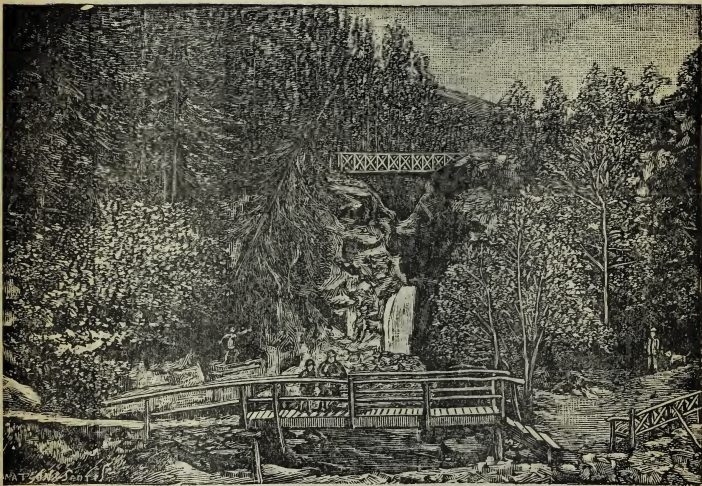
THIRD DAY.

Bradda Head ; behind it a very deep bay—Fleshwick. North of this bay, or rather creek, keep close to the cliffs ; but rise gradually. You will come to a singular depression in the coast line called “The Slock.” Here are some walls converging. Steer north, and keep up. You will get to the top of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, a splendid lookout post westward. If decently clear, you ought to see Ireland. The little town on the coast, N.E., is Peel. You can see Peel Castle. The deep dell on the north is Dalby ; The reef of rocks running out just north of it is the Niarbyl. Descend eastward. The mountain before you is South Barrule. When you come to the level between the two hills you will find a road. This place is called “The Round Table.” Turn down the road to the left ; it will lead you just above Dalby and the Niarbyl, and then it will follow the coast north. Keep this road to Glen Meay. See the waterfall (which, by-the-bye, is only a ruin of its old self), and then follow the stream to the shore. Climb up on the right, and you will get on to Peel Hill. A fine walk along the top, and then you drop down into Peel, just as Peel Castle begins to show itself in front. Five hours are ample time for this walk. Refreshments might be had at Glen Meay ; but I should “lay in” at Port Erin. Sleep at Peel. A fine lonely walk, except just at Glen Meay.

FOURTH DAY.

Inspect Peel Castle. Take train to St. Johns. Walk to Rhenass—the name ludicrously transmogrified now into “Glen Helen !” See the waterfall and return to gate, where you can get lunch. Up Craig Willies Hill to Cronk-e-Voddey Chapel. Here take a road to the left, which will enable you to strike the road between Peel and Kirk Michael, just N.E. of Glen Brough. Walk N.E. on this road to Kirk Michael. You will cross the mouths of three glens—Glen Cam, Glen Ballagawne, and Glen Willyn. Glen Cam (crooked) is decidedly one of the finest things in the Island. At Glen Ballagawne turn up the stream for about half-a-mile, and you will come to the Spoot Vane Waterfall. It is not worth much. You can leave it by a different road, which will fall into the highroad nearer Kirk Michael. It is a part of what is called “Bishop Wilson’s Road.” As you walk along, Scotland hovers nearly parallel to you, a fine old

geographical ghost. Sleep at Kirk Michael. If there is no room at the hotel you will find a very decent "public" a little way down the street, where you can get a good clean bed and a dish of ham and eggs for breakfast of the most bountiful kind. This day's walk will have been magnificently solitary, except from Peel to Rhenass.



<THE LOWER FALL AT RHENASS>

FIFTH DAY.

Don't waste time on Bishop's Court. The glen is really nothing : a few clumps of rhododendra and some gravel walks—a part, in fact, of the Bishop's private grounds. Go straight on to Ballaugh. Immediately after crossing the bridge, turn to the right, and go up the glen. Keep on some two miles to Ravensdale, where the glen forks. Take the E. stream, and go right up.

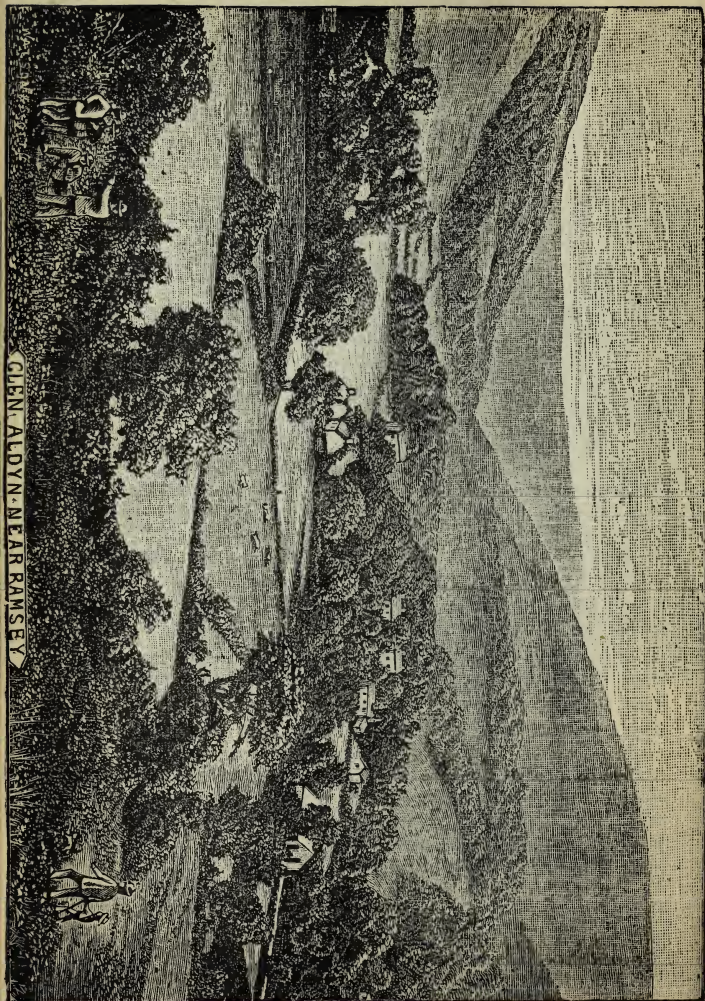
When you get well up on the first plateau, and are on the open mountain lands, steer S.E. by S. ; or, what is as good a guide, walk straight on from the top of the glen to the first cultivated land. Then skirt this going about E.,

and you will come down into Sulby Glen at a capital spot. I want you to come down just where the Sulby River turns northwards. Here there is a little chapel, and, 500 yards below, there is Bishop Murray's Bridge. Cross this, and go up a narrow lateral glen, where they have been trying for slate, and, I am sorry to say, have destroyed one of the sweetest little waterfalls and rock-basins in the British Isles. However, this bothers me more than you. Keep to the stream as close as you can, up to its source. You are walking S.E. by E. along the back of Snaefell. You can, if you choose, go up to the right, and climb the mountain. I do not recommend that. It is an unsatisfactory view, and the mountain itself is a very ugly, stupid affair. Come to the water-shed. Bear a little to the N. of E. You will see but avoid, the new road running towards Ramsey N.E. by E. You will cross the old road from Ramsey to Snaefell, and strike the head of Glen Aldyn. Follow this glen right down to Milntown, where you get on to the main road, which you saw last at Ballaugh. This takes you into Ramsey (two miles). An absolutely solitary walk from Ballaugh to Milntown. You can have a grand bathe in the Sulby River. For refreshments, I should try a cottage in Sulby Glen, where you first come down. You will get buttermilk and oatcake at any rate. Give the people a trifle: the old free hospitality can't be relied on in these days: it is well to bear this in mind up Manx glens. The walk will take six hours. Sleep at Ramsey.

SIXTH DAY.

Go up North Barrule. The best way is to follow the "old Douglas road," which turns up to the right a few yards above Ballure bridge. Descend straight to a little inn just E. of the mountain, and on the regular Douglas road. It was called "The Hibernia." Walk back towards Ramsey on this road. You go down a long hill, Slieu Lewaigue. Where it turns rather sharp to bear down upon Ramsey leave it, and turn to the right. At Lewaigue House, turn to the left. The lane will lead you to Port-e-Vullen (pronounced "Port-a-Vullion"). Turn up the road which leads to Kirk Maughold Church; but leave it almost immediately. Pass through a gate on the left, where there is a runic cross set up in the hedge. Now keep close to the sea. There is only a track. It leads round Ago Point (pronounce as an Irishman would,

GLEN ALDYN - NEAR RAMSEY



“ego”), just above an iron mine. Follow on. You can’t go down to the water’s edge. Just keep above the rocks. Less than a mile of this will bring you to St. Maughold’s Well. It is in the seaward face of the steep hill. It is not so very easy to find. The danger is that you may pass above it ; so you really must keep as close to the very cliff as you well can. You are not likely to pass below it without noticing the rushy, damp look of the ground, which indicates that you are not far from it. Then climb to the top of Maughold Head, which they call “The Cairn” (pronounced “kern”). Now, whichever way you look, there is no view like this in the Irish Sea : I have heard George Borrow say this. Go down inland to the churchyard, which you can see from the top due W. From the little hamlet near the churchyard gate follow a road which leads S., by the back of Baldromma Farm, to Port Moar. Thence keep the coast to Cornah harbour. Here turn up the stream inland, till you reach Ballaglass Waterfall. This I very much recommend. A little below the waterfall is a mill and bridge. Cross the bridge and proceed southwards. The road is a little intricate, running from farm to farm ; but say you want to go over the Barony. This is a good bit of moorland, near the sea. It will lead you to the Dhoon. This is a fine deep ravine, running down to the water’s edge. Just above it, on the south side, you will find the Douglas road. Follow it to Laxey. There is a choice of roads at the top of this hill (Dreem-y-Keskeig). Take that which keeps closest to the cliffs. A little after Laxey Glen opens, I would strike a very old rough road down to the left, and descend to Lower Laxey, or Laxey-on-the-Sea. The two views of Laxey are those from the opposite headlands at the mouth of the glen. One you will have just had ; the other you will have as you go up on the other (Douglas) side. Don’t trouble yourself about the big wheel, washing apparatus, and what not. [But if you must, go up the glen to the hotel near the little church, and sleep there. Next morning, go up Glen Roy, N.W. of Laxey, and spend an hour there before starting for Douglas. Return to hotel for start.] Follow Douglas road till you pass a smithy. A few yards beyond this, turn down to the left. A lane leads to the shore—Garwick. By no means miss this. Now, keep to the cliffs all the way to the Crescent, on Douglas Bay. Rather a long walk—say eight hours from Ramsey to Douglas. Quite solitary, except just about Laxey, and from the Crescent into Douglas.

SEVENTH DAY.

If you slept in Laxey, walk to Douglas as above. ¶ Have a car out to Braddan Church, and let it take you on to Injebreck, in Baldwin Glen. Return to sleep in Douglas. ¶

ONE CAUTION.—Don't chaff the country people. Remember, the race is mainly Celtic; and you will readily, but, I think, only to your disgust, elicit a course echo of your own fun. Talk to them quite simply and kindly, and you will like them very much. It makes all the difference. T. E. BROWN.

HOW TO USE THE MANX RAILWAYS.

The following hints will be found useful to pedestrians who are desirous of taking advantage of the facilities afforded by the Manx railways in order to see various parts of the Island. These "hints" are furnished by the Rev. T. E. Brown, a popular author, who knows "every foot" of the Island. If the directions given are followed, the pedestrian will have opened to his view many charming spots which do not generally come under the notice of visitors.

THE PEEL LINE.

A.—UNION MILLS STATION.

(1.) Walk back by Braddan Church.
 (2.) Turn back towards Douglas; but, just above the station, take a lane to the right. Through either of the two gates on the left, about half a mile on this lane, you can find a path across over to Ballastowell and the Vicarage. The view of the valley and mountains N.E. is very lovely. From the Vicarage, descend to the Church by the ordinary road, and so back to Douglas. Time: From two to three hours (from Douglas Station.)

Or, keeping along the lane from the Union Mills until it runs into the road between Foxdale and Douglas. Here turn to the left and walk, by Cooil and Kewagie, into Douglas. Time: From three to four hours.

A pleasant variation of this would be to turn to the left again at the Cooil preaching-house, and go down, past the Vicarage, to the church. Time: Not over three hours.

(3) Turn up from the station (right) to the Strang. Keep straight on, and, over the hill, down into the valley of the Glas River, just below Ballaoates. Cross Sir George's Bridge, pass "Bobby Lewin's Mill," take first turn on right, and so, by Ballacreetch and Wood-

bourne (Tromode being down in the valley on your right), into Douglas. Time: Two hours.

A variation would be to keep up along the valley of the Glas (west side) by Ballaoates, past the paper mill about half a mile. Cross the stream, and, by a footpath get to Balliargey; thence, still by footpath, to Ballamenagh, where you get a road. Keep on towards Douglas (S.), and you dip into the little glen under Lark Hill. Thence to Douglas as above. Time: Three hours.

These are all very easy walks.

B.—CROSBY STATION.

(1.) Walk back along the Douglas road to Lewin's smithy. Here turn down to the right; the road will take you to Glen Darragh. Turn off to the left, and make up the hill by a nice looking place, which, I dare say, the people still call "Captain Hayes's." At the top you will strike the Douglas and Foxdale road. Take it into Douglas as in *A* (2).

(2.) Walk back. A little on the Peel side of Lewin's smithy, turn up to the left. The road leads N.E. to Ballakelly. Turn to the right, and you will have a road on to the Strang by Virginia and Mount Rule. Thence by Quarter Bridge to Douglas. Time: Three hours.

(3.) Walk on towards Peel, past the Half-way House. See the old treen church (conceitedly and absurdly called "St. Trinian's") on the right. Get right under Greeba, which abuts upon the road at Greeba Castle. Just short of the Castle, go through a gate on the right. Pass through a fir plantation, in which there is a pleasure-house, and so, up and over a stone wall, on to the mountain. This is all charming picnic ground. Return to Crosby Station, and by rail to Douglas. Time: *Ad lib.*

(4.) Walk on as in (3); climb Greeba; go over it, and bear north. You will hit the head of Rhenass Glen. Descend: get return coach in time for the evening train at St. John's; thence by rail to Douglas. A most delightful excursion; but only suitable for tolerably good pedestrians. There are some miles of mountain walking, but it is, on the whole, very dry. Time: Takes the better part of a day.

(5.) Go up Greeba, as in *B* (4). Keep on the ridge for the next mountain—The Craig. Go down between the two, to the right; and you will be in Baldwin Glen. Here inquire road to Douglas. Or, go down the face of the Craig mountain, past Ardwhallan farm. Get them to direct you to St. Luke's Chapel, which is on the hill between E. and W. Baldwin glens. There you will cross a few fields, and get into the road which runs down E. Baldwin glen, by the paper mill to Ballaoates; and so to Douglas, as in *A* (3). Or, keep on over the Craig mountain and down into Injebreck (the head of W.* Baldwin glen). Thence, by St. Luke's Chapel, into E. Baldwin glen; and so to Douglas, as above. Time: From three to five hours.

(6.) Cross the line, to the left. You will easily find a steep road going W. Ask for Little Greeba. Leave the road and get on to this hill. You will soon be on the Bishop's Barony, and have fine open moorland to Foxdale. There is no regular road. Steer a little N. of W., making in fact for South Barrule, the high mountain which looks

so close. You will soon be at Foxdale. Cross at the foot of the dam, and walk up the north shore. A road will take you to Foxdale School. So on to Castletown and Peel road. Then turn down, and you have a very pleasant walk to St. John's Station, all down hill. By rail to Douglas. Time : From three to four hours.

C.—ST. JOHN'S STATION.

(1). Turn up to the right, and go to Rhenass (Glen Helen). Back same way. Time : Depends on trains ; but no difficulty whatever. Be sure to see Tynwald Hill, close to station.

(2). Climb Slieu Whallian, the mountain west of St. John's. Take the road to the left of the station. Then, first turn to the right. You are now on the Kirk Patrick road. Go up anywhere. It is steep. You can turn the mountain a little by slanting up on its S. side, past Slieu Whallian farm. It is an expedition for youngish folk. Keep along the top, westward, You will see Kirk Patrick Church before you. Nearly opposite to it you will find a pretty little glen going down. The bed of the stream is curious. It is worked into holes, which are called "Trowl-pots." Go down to Kirk Patrick Vicarage. When you get on to the main road, just below the Vicarage, turn E. to St. John's. Back to Douglas by rail. Time : Take the day.

A variation would be, after getting off Slieu Whallian on to the main road, to go on W. to Glen Meay, and walk from thence into Peel. There take train for Douglas. Time : The day.

N.B.—The Manx people are very jealous about trespassing. Be civil ; don't patronise ; be straightforward, but gentle ; and you will carry your point.

(3). Take road to the left. Walk straight up to Foxdale. On the mountain road beyond Foxdale, about the top of the ascent, you will find a rough road going up to some slate quarries on the right. Follow this. Or, rather, take to the mountain (South Barrule), and walk away N.W. I should go to the Cairn. Capital bleaberries near the top, on the east side. Go down on the other side into Glen Rushen. and follow the stream down to Glen Meay ; thence either to Peel or St. John's station, and back by rail to Douglas. Must be a goodish walker. Time : The day for this. It is a noble stretch.

(4). Turn up to the right to the Tynwald Hill. Ask your way to Rock Mount. Short of Rock Mount you will see a steep road going up on the right. This is a bit of "Bishop Wilson's Road." Get up to the level. The road runs into another. Turn to the right, and at the next farm ask for Laurel Bank. Here descend into Glen Mooar. You will be about half-way on the road between St. John's and Rhenass (Glen Helen). Walk back by road to St. John's. There are two very fine views ; one that of the Valley of St. John's, all down to Peel ; Peel Castle and the sea to the right as you look back ; the other, a lychnoscope sort of peep above Laurel Bank down into Glen Mooar. Time of walk : about two hours

A good variation would be to pass Rock Mount, and go on to Ballakillworrey. A curve on the right will lead into the road to Laurel Bank.

(5.) I myself am very fond of an extension of walk (4). Don't go down at Laurel Bank, but keep on "Bishop Wilson's road," straight to

Cronk-y-Voddey. Still straight on, and you will gradually descend into Glen Ballagawne, and pass the Spooyt Vane waterfall. The road is one of those blessed old *l'amblements*, half road, half common. It is exquisitely solitary. You come out upon the road between Peel and Kirk Michael. Then turn west along this road, crossing Glen Cam, which is a stately creature. The loneliness of this western sea is something unparalleled. Getting towards Peel, a little west of Knocksharry, at a deep depression of the road, get over the hedge, and follow the dip to the sea. This is the White Strand. Thence keep the cliffs by Traie Fogog and Craig Mallin into Peel. This is a fair five hours' walk; but you will be in good time for the evening train to Douglas. Don't try it unless you like solitude. The walk might be shortened by turning to the left at Cronk-y-Voddey, and to the sea road, either by the Lhergydoo, or Glen Broigh.

(6.) A walk for real pedestrians. As before to Rhenass. Up to waterfall, and over it; follow the stream to a farm called Little London. Get the watershed (about E.) Descend into Sulby Glen. Follow this Glen to its mouth at Sulby. Then turn west, along high road by Ballaugh *via* Kirk Michael into Peel. Or, rather, having seen the best part of Sulby Glen, which is the elbow at Bishop Murray's Bridge, turn up N.W., and over the hills, and on down Ballaugh Glen. It would be a little longer, not easier, to go down Sulby Glen as far as the Glen mills. There turn up to the left by a road (S.W. and W.) You get on to the mountain land, and pass a Druidical circle (which, by-the-bye, I have never seen mentioned in any guide book, though it is a very perfect one), and you soon hit Ballaugh Glen. Descend it to Ballaugh village, and then take the highroad by Kirk Michael to Peel, or any of the stations on the Ramsey line of railway. *N.B.*—This really is walking.

Recently, I met a young German and a young Englishman who had just done this, and I blessed them from my heart.

THE PORT ERIN LINE.

A.—PORT SODERICK STATION.

(1.) Return by the Howe to Douglas. It is much to be regretted that this delicious walk is not open all the way. The smaller proprietors near Port Soderick leave a generous margin inside of the cliffs, and nature shows her approbation by showering a very rain of colour upon their sweet salvage. Unfortunately, the boundary fence of the Nunnery lands is pushed out so as to grasp the utmost inch. At one point, nothing short of a chamois or a Blondin can avoid trespassing. I wish tickets licensing this very harmless liberty could be procured in Douglas. Still more do I long to see the nervously grudging limit thrown nobly back. As things are, however, the public are liable to be warned off, and most modest folks are, therefore, debarred from this very lovely walk. Time: One and a half hours.

N.B.—If spending the morning at Port Soderick, be sure to climb the cliffs at the S.W. corner of the bay, and walk by the coast to St. Anne's Head, returning the same way. Time: One hour, at least.

(2.) At the Station, ask for the road past Ballashamrock, leading to the old Castletown-road. Upon this road return to Douglas. The

view inland from the top of Quine's-hill is very good. Time : One and a half hours, easy.

(3.) The same to Ballamona gate (old). Here is a chapel and smithy on the left. Behind them runs a lane. It will take you behind Oakhill, across the Oakhill stream by an old bridge, and out, through the farmyard of Middle, on to the coach road above Kewagüe. Follow this road, through Kewagüe, under the railway bridge and so into Douglas. Time : Two hours.

Or, nearly opposite Middle gate, pass through a gate on the left (looking towards Douglas) by an ivy-covered cottage, through fields, to Pulrose Farm (not House). At the farm you come out upon the road leading from the Quarter Bridge to Richmond-hill. Turn to the right, and go down to the Quarter Bridge, and so on to Douglas. Or, at Ballaughton, turn into the well-known walk by the Nunnery leading to Douglas. Time : Two and a half hours.

N.B.—If you like a scrambling walk, follow the Oakhill stream up from the old bridge mentioned above; and, without road or path, trace it to the Castletown coach-road at the bottom of Richmond Hill. Here, as you look E., you will find two roads; that on the right takes you, through Kewagüe, into Douglas; that on the left leads to the Quarter Bridge. You may get up a little bewilderment by crossing the Castletown road, and trace the stream up to its source. The general effect may be defined as “snipey”; but there is a good deal of fine gorse. To make the sensation a complete one, I will leave you to find your way back to Douglas. I will only say that you ought to be able to hit Braddan Church on the road.

(4.) The same to the lane behind Quine's Hill Chapel. Instead of following the old bridge, turn northwards. You will pass Cronkbane and Rose Hill, and come out on the top of Richmond Hill. Back to Douglas, either by Kewagüe or Quarter Bridge. Fine view E. from the top of Richmond Hill. Time: Three hours.

(5.) Go up the Crogga Stream, which runs into the sea at Port Soderick. Pass over, or under, the railway viaduct; also cross the old Castletown road. Keep on the bank of this stream till you reach the new Castletown road, as it used to be called; really the well-known old coach-road. Here you are at Mount Murray. Follow this road back to Douglas. This gives you a sudden burst of the vale of Braddan as you come to the top of Richmond Hill. Time: Three-and-a-half hours.

N.B.—There is nothing more delightful, nothing more coaxingly-provocative of going on, than tracing up a stream. Of course, you must expect no road, not even a path. Of course, also, you must trespass not a little; and I can only entreat those grand old fellows, the Manx farmers, to be lenient with you; nay, I hope they will be indulgent. A kindly greeting is a blessed thing: none but those who have wandered about a good deal can tell what a difference it makes. Of course, you return and return again, and ever with a fresh delight return, to a place where everyone gives you a cordial welcome. It is no use being so frightfully particular about a strip of barley, or what not, a foot or so wide, coming to grief; about a stake or a “clew” of gorse getting “draggled about a bit.” I wish the Manx people were more liberal in this way. It is a liberality that would repay them. I know there would be churls who will abuse the kindness of the farmers; snobs who will chaff; and all that sort of thing. But let

the farmers be well convinced that the great bulk of their visitors approach them with every feeling of respect and goodwill; that they are sincerely desirous not only to see their lovely little Island, but also to know and be friends with themselves. *Never turn a man off your land except when it becomes absolutely necessary.* I hope I may be pardoned for this small *concio ad agricolas*.

(6.) Trace up the Crogga Stream as above. At Mount Murray, turn for a few hundred yards towards Castletown. Here is a road leading N.E., behind Mount Murray grounds. It will bring you out, a mile or so above the Cooil, on the Foxdale road. You can follow this road into Douglas, or leave it at the Cooil, and go down, on the left, to Braddan Church, and so on to Douglas. Time: Nearly four hours.

B.—SANTON STATION.

(1.) Go down to Greenock, on the coast. Return to the old Castletown road—I mean the *old, old* road, which lies between the railroad and the sea. Follow this road to Douglas. The great thing is the view from the top of Crogga Hill. *It is a view!*

(2.) Down to Greenock. Take the cliff line westward to Cass-ny-Awin, the unmistakeable stream and glen. Follow this stream up to a farmhouse. Here pass through the farmyard, and a lane, with a sharp elbow in it, will take you to Santon Church. Just where the elbow straightens for the church, you will find a tumulus in a field to the left. Pass the church, go down to the right into Greenock glen, and so up to the station. Thence back by rail to Douglas. Time (walking): Two-and-a-half hours.

(3.) Walk along the line, on the coach road, towards Castletown, till you come to Ballayonna Bridge. Now, follow up the stream. The next road that crosses it is that from St. Mark's to Marown. Turn to the right, and follow this road to an inn (a mere "public") called "The Traveller's Rest." Ask them there to put you on the Douglas-Foxdale road. They could put you on a road which commands some wild views, and which would bring you out on the Castletown coach road, a little W. of Mount Murray. A mile's walk towards Castletown would bring you back to the Santon Station. The colours and attitudes of South Barrule most delightful. Time: Walking into Douglas, three-and-a-half hours (or rather better); walking back to station, two-and-a-half hours.

C.—BALLASALLA STATION.

(1.) Take the road past the gable of the Sycamores, which leads to Ronaldsway. Where this road comes out on the coast, turn with your back to a gate and you face towards Ronaldsway, and try the echo. Ronaldsway is the large house built well out on the rocks, and facing Fort Island, Derbyhaven. Go down to Fort Island. Follow coast to Langness Point. Return to Derbyhaven along the shore of Castletown Bay. [Do you think you could arrange it to be sunset here?] Go into Castletown; thence by rail to Douglas. If you don't want to visit Castletown just now, turn up the lane E. of the College (Cockshot); you will come out at the Creggans Farm. Turn to the right, and so to Ballasalla Station. Time (walking): Three hours.

(2.) Walk to Malew Church, and so into Castletown. Time: Three-quarters of an hour.

(3). Walk to St. Mark's; thence take Kirk Marown road, and afterwards as in *B* (3). This is to bring you into closer communion with the ineffable beauty of South Barrule. Time (walking): Three hours to Santon Station; four hours to Douglas.

(4). Visit the Abbey at Ballasalla. At the Old Bridge (formerly called the "Roman Bridge"), begin to trace the river up. You will come to the Castletown and Peel road. Cross it. Follow stream to Grenaby. No roads; barely paths. You can bathe in this stream—the rock-basin kind of thing. At Grenaby get them to put you on the road to Castletown. Time: Two-and-a-half hours.

(5). Same; but just after climbing the hill on your way from Grenaby to Castletown, turn to the right (W.), and keep on till you strike the road just above the Ballabeg. See Arbory Church. Inquire your way into Castletown. Time: Three-and-a-half hours.

(6) Same to Grenaby; but go on by the mountain road, past Grenaby School, through the mountain gate, and so up Barrule. The ground is good; you can go up anywhere. It is well, however, to keep the road up to the Round Table—the saddle between Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Laa. Then strike sharp up to the right. Descend to same point. Take road on right (W.) of ravine; and so down, through Ballabeg, to Castletown. Time: From five to six hours.

D.—CASTLETOWN STATION.

(1.) Walk by the College and Derbyhaven to the point of Langness. Return same way. Time: Two hours.

(2). Take a boat to Brown's Harbour, or Langness. Pic-nic. Scramble out on the Point as far as ever you can. On the other side, opposite to where you stand, is Dresswick, the scene of the wreck of the James Crossfield. Time: *Ad lib*.

(3.) Walk by Queen-street to Scarlett. If low water climb on to the Stack. Keep on to Poolvash. Turn up to Balladoole. A craggy mound on the left, just above the house, is sometimes called the "Danish Camp." By the kindness of Mr Stevenson, anyone may walk past the house and down the avenue. At the Lodge, turn to the right and follow the highroad towards Castletown; but, at the Windmill, turn in by a gate on the left, and keep on by the wall which encloses Westhill House and grounds. You will be surprised to observe what a difference of view is afforded by this trifling elevation. Come out on the Malew-road. Turn to the right, and enter Castletown by Malew-street. Or, at the Windmill, turn into the right. Keep along the hedge, and in a field on the left you will see a knoll. Make for this; it is just above Knock-Rushen House. The view is glorious. A path through the next field will lead you into Queen's-street.

N.B.—Castletown would be an admirable "headquarters" for visitors who really love rest, quiet, and fine scenery. The distant views are especially good.

E.—COLBY STATION.

(1.) Go up the glen; follow the stream well up into the mountain. Bear to the left. A rather long climb brings you out on the Slock, a magnificent point of view on the W. coast, at the base of Cronk-ny-

Irey-Laa. Turn back, and where the road divides take that to the right. Near here are two singular eminences called the "Carnanes." The road leads down by Surby, Ballachurry, and Fairy Hill, to Port Erin. Time: Two and a half hours.

N.B.—With the country folk, always call this place "Port Ir'n."

(2.) The same, only go on to the top of Cronk-ny-Irey-Laa; returning as above. Time: Three and a half hours.

(3.) Either of the above; but, instead of scrambling up the glen, take the good road on its W. side, by Bell Abbey.

F.—PORT ST. MARY STATION.

(1.) Boat to the Sugar-Loaf, Cave, and Chasms—the finest thing in the Island. A good boatmen absolutely necessary. As a rule, it is no use trying to go on through the Sound of the Calf, and so to Port Erin. Return to Port St. Mary. Smooth water, or don't go at all. Time: Three hours.

(2.) Walk to the Chasms. It will save trouble if you get a small boy to show you the way as far as the Chasms. On to Black Head and Spanish Head, the Sound of the Calf, Craig-Naish, nearly following the coast; Druidical circle, mountain gate, Strooan-Snell glen, Port Erin. Very noble coast scenery indeed. Time: Three and a half hours.

G.—PORT ERIN STATION.

(1.) A walk the reverse of F 2. Come to Port St. Mary Station. Time: Three and a half hours.

(2.) A stroll up to Fairy Hill and back. Time: One hour.

(3.) Boat to the Calf. Good boatman needed. Time: Take the day.

(4.) Bradda Head. Keep along the top: descend to Fleshwick. Return to Port Erin by road

TO USE THE PEEL AND PORT ERIN LINES IN COMBINATION.

(1.) PORT SODERICK STATION.—Walk as in A 6. When you come out on the Douglas and Foxdale road, turn towards Douglas. Then take first turn on the left: you will come down to Union Mills. Train to Douglas. Time (walking): Three hours.

(2.) SANTON STATION.—Walk as in B 3. From the Traveller's Rest, keep straight on and down. You will come out near Crosby Station. Time (walking): Three and three-quarter hours.

(3.) Same as B 3; but follow the stream up to Foxdale Reservoir. Keep on through Foxdale. Get on Castletown and Peel road, and descend to St. John's Station, on the Peel line. Time (walking): Four and a half hours.

(4.) BALLASALLA OR CASTLETOWN STATION.—Take the Castletown and Peel road over the mountain (common), by Foxdale, to St. John's. Time: Four hours.

(5.) COLBY OR PORT ERIN STATION.—Go up, from Colby, by the Bell Abbey road; from Port Erin, by Surby. Either will lead you to

the Round Table, the level moor between South Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Laa. Follow this road over the Round Table. It leads, by Dalby and Glen Meay, to Peel. Or from the Round Table strike down Glen Rushen to the right. Follow the stream down; it goes to Glen Meay. Thence to Peel. Time. Four hours.

(6.) The reverse of any of these walks.

THE RAMSEY LINE.

A.—BALLACRAINE STATION (PEEL LINE).

Up to the *so-called* Glen Helen. Then—

(1.) Keep along the Ramsey road, up Craig-willies-hill, Cronk-y-Voddey. At the chapel turn off to the left, and follow the road over the hill toward the sea. You will come out upon the northern line at Glen Broogh. Walk Peel-wards to St. German's Station, thence rail to Douglas.

Time, according to stay at Glen Helen, but nearly a day's work. No hard walking

(2.) Follow up Glen Helen to Little London, a mountain farm on the stream which makes the waterfall. Make for the mountains N.E. of you. Go right over them, and hit the most likely glen westward of Kirk Michael, the village below you. All these little glens run into Cooldarry Glen, which is, practically, Glen Wyllan. Go down the Ramsey road, and then you have about a mile to walk to Kirk Michael Station. Back to Douglas by rail. Time (walking), without much detention at Glen Helen, from the waterfall to Kirk Michael Station, two-and-a-half hours. This walk is a regular mountaineer; no use in misty weather. Its advantages are the getting well lapped in the more secret folds of the hills, and the fine views (if clear) of Peel, the sea, and Scotland.

B.—ST. GERMAN'S STATION.

(1.) Reverse of A (1).

(2.) Get on to the old high-road from Peel to Kirk Michael; walk to Kirk Michael. The railway will be above you, the sea below. You will thus see Glen Cam (the crooked glen)—a very good bit indeed. All the glens here are good, though small. At Glen Ballagawne, ask for the Spooyt-Vane (a waterfall). There is no good rock here, but it is a sweet place, and not far from the road. I fear it must suffer rather from the railway. The next glen is Glen Wyllan. Then you are close to Kirk Michael. I think it is quite worth while taking this walk. Return to Douglas by rail. Time (walking): One-and-a-half hours.

(3.) Go down to the sea at Knocksharry, or walk towards Peel as far as the second chapel (there is one at Khocksharry), and here go down to the "White Strand." Keep the coast right into Peel. Peel Castle and Hill in view all the way. Return to Douglas from Peel Station. A nice bit for sauntering; therefore say two-and-a-half hours. (Excellent bathing, good sketching ground.)

C.—KIRK MICHAEL STATION.

(1.) Reverse of *A* (2).

(2.) Walk, on high-road, westward to Baregarrow. Here turn up on the left. It is a good, plain road, winds in behind these mountains, and takes you down to Injebreck, at the head of Baldwin Glen. Thence to Douglas, by ordinary, well-known routes. The best thing, beyond a certain loneliness and pensive dreariness (things not always to be despised), is going down at Injebreck. Time (walking): Five hours.

(3.) Walk westward to Cronk Urleigh (villa sort of residence, flag-staff, very pleasant hill). Just short of this, in the dip, turn to the left, and follow stream into the hills. Make for the singularly deepcombe in the N. face of Slieu-na-Fraughane, the mountain in front of you. Getting right into thiscombe, you will find it one of the steepest bits of hill-climbing in the Island. Go over the top; bear to the left, and you will strike the top of Ballaugh Glen, W. branch. Go down to Ballaugh Station. The Glen is very good. Back to Douglas by rail. Time (walking): Three-and-a-half to four hours; but you might spend much more, as the views are delightful, and the solitude consummate.

REMARK.—The Kirk Michael mountains are solitary; a cottage here and there. In one, quite in the heart of the mountain, a man got up for me, once, in the middle of the night, and walked with me in his shirt (strictly and absolutely nothing else) quite a quarter of a mile to guide me on my way. Certainly the night was one of June's balmiest; but what honest trust and heartiness!

(4.) A walk that looks so tempting: I merely mention it here to warn against it. This is the walk from Kirk Michael, *by coast*, to the Point of Ayre. Inconceivably depressing. It is much longer than you would think: will probably take you some eight or nine hours. When you are there you only find a lighthouse, no place of refreshment within miles—in fact, practically, not before you get to Ramsey, another good two-and-a-half hours. You are strictly limited to the sea, the inland view is quite shut off for much the greater part of the way, and for some miles, near Jurby Point, the ugliness of the clay cliffs is appalling.

D.—BALLAUGH STATION.

(1.) Reverse of *C* (3).

(2.) Walk up Ballaugh Glen to Riversdale: here it divides. You can take the right branch: this is a very secluded spot. It lies on *C* (3). But you could go up here, and, at the top, sweep round to the east branch: go down there, and so back to the station. [Higher up, heather; lower down honeysuckles.] In the westward glen there is a farm where I have met with much kind hospitality years ago. The farm is occupied by, and, I think, belongs to, Mr Boyd. You could not, in all Mona, have discovered a more genuine and more perfect specimen of a Manx farmer's wife than Mrs Boyd. I wonder whether any of the family are still in the glen, and whether they remember the astonishment with which one of them regarded our "split spoons" silver forks.

(3.) Go up to Riversdale; take the east branch; bear over mountain (*i.e.*, moorland) to left; strike Sulby Glen without difficulty; go down

anywhere you can. A good deal of the hillside is very steep, but, by bearing down to the left, you will come out over the Sulby Glen Mills. Here you will get down easily, and ought to find a Druidical circle near the first farm you come to, just as you leave the moor. Walk down to Sulby Station. Back to Douglas by rail. Time (walking): About eight hours. As the views, both near and distant, are fine, you might well take a day for the whole excursion.

(4.) Walk to old Ballaugh Church. The church, perhaps, is not worth seeing; but the Rectory is a perfect, and now unique, specimen of an old Manx parsonage. Here is the very essence of "how we used to live." Draw near with reverence; some of our best and holiest have sanctified this spot. Back to station. The walk is not without beauty, physically, the view of the mountains, as you get a bit away from them, being very pleasant; but the main interest is something quite different—something which I know will be felt only by a few, and which I neither care nor, perhaps, dare to define.

E.—SULBY STATION.

(1.) Walk, up Sulby Glen, to the mills, same as reverse of *D* (3), last part. Keep up Glen. Cross at second stone bridge (Chapel), and go to Douglas either by following road or going over Snaefell. Time (walking): From five to six hours.

(2.) Same to second stone bridge. Keep in the glen, going through the gate behind the Chapel; follow stream. School. Just beyond, pass through the gate; a stream comes down on right; turn up here, and have a good climb against the face of the steep hill. The view of the glen and mountains is lovely. Above this, the glen runs into rather poor stuff; no rock, and the bed very shabby. I would, therefore, go no further, but return to Sulby Station; you will enjoy the views going down. The glen is the most beautiful in the Island, and on a sufficiently large scale to have finely-contrasted effects, ascending and descending. You will not feel this to be a repetition, I am quite sure. Back to Douglas by rail. Time (walking): Six hours, and, indeed, as many more as you like, for in this glen are to be had dreams.

(3.) Again up Sulby Glen to first stone bridge (Bishop Murray's Bridge). Go down to this, and cross. Here we used to have a lovely stream coming in from the east. A brutal slate quarry sprawls over it now. A rock basin, of the most delicate blue and grey, where I can remember the water like a bath for Diana, has actually been filled up with rubble. But persevere; pass by the tomb of the dead Naiad; the little glen is steep and rough; but you will like its shy ways, and come out behind Snaefell.

(a) There, if you take the first mountain road you come to, go down (left), and you come out by Primrose Hill and Ginger Hall (now a first-class hotel: don't think of a hall in the ordinary sense, unless you are a Cumbrian), near Sulby Bridge. Go to station: back to Douglas by rail. Time (walking): Five hours.

(b) If you keep on to second mountain road, it will take you down over Skye Hill to Milntown; thence by highroad (two miles) to Ramsey. Time (walking): Six hours.

NOTE.—Skye Hill is, itself, a charming spot, and the views over the northern plain exquisite.

(c) Or you can keep right on across both roads, and, holding Snaefell on your right, and rather hugging him, hit the top of Glen Auldyn; then go down by the glen to the highroad at Milntown, and so to Ramsey (as above).

(4.) Again up Sulby Glen: pass the Sulby Glen Mills: cross river by plank-bridge: go through farm yard, and right up the ravine eastward—nice climbing, not comfortable for elderly people. At top, follow stream about half-a-mile; then keep to left, nearly due north. If it be August, you will come upon some astounding gorse. Views of Scotch coast (on a clear evening, *rather late*) enchanting. Hit the mountain road, and go down to Ginger Hall and Sulby, as in *E* (3) *a*, Time: Three hours-and-a-half.

NOTE.—Please don't ask for Kewish's house, and refuse all offers to enlighten you on the point.

(5.) A nice short walk. Simply make for Primrose Hill, behind Ginger). Climb this hill; the views are very charming.

NOTE.—We used to have a way of sliding down the slippery grassy slope. You might try the experiment. We used to laugh a good deal: try if you can catch an echo of that bye-gone laughter, or has it died away for ever among the hills?

Back to Station. Time: *Ad lib*. Good pic-nic ground.

(6.) Either from Sulby or Ballaugh, a walk might be taken out into the level country called the Curragh (gutturalise the *gh* strongly). On the whole, I would get out at Ballaugh, and walk on the Ramsey road nearly as far as Gob-y-Volley, the place where the mountain makes a bold stride right out upon the road. You will get a road on the left. I hope you will not be disappointed. What I want is that you should get into the Curragh feeling. The vegetation of the Curragh alone will impress you as something quite peculiar. But that is not all. In visiting a place like the Isle of Man, you should try to sound every chord of interest, try to get yourself "rapt" into all the (little) great moods of its being. Now, the Curragh is one of these; the Curragh is a mystery. I don't think that many, even my oldest Manx friends, quite feel this as it ought to be felt. Read, if you can get it, Miss Nelson's poem on the Carrisdoo Folk. (How is it that the, more especially Manx, poems by this delightful authoress have never been re-printed?) With your map you ought to be able to work round along bye-roads back to Ballaugh.

(7.) From Sulby Station, walk to Point of Ayre, through Kirk Andreas. First make for St. Jude's Church. Close to this is Ballachurry, and behind Ballachurry is a most interesting old camp (*flames* with gorse). On to Andreas village; the land being flat, the lofty church tower being a good guide in treading the somewhat labyrinthine system of roads. At Andreas you can be directed to Kirk Bride, and so on to the "Point." You pass through a pleasant farming district; and the views of the mountains (behind you, though) are very good. Indeed, no one knows what these mountains are capable of, unless he takes a good walk out into the northern plain, and, still better, on to the Kirk Bride hills. Time (walking), to Point of Ayre, five hours.

Thence to Ramsey, two hours-and-a-half, either by the shore, or by road, which runs a good deal inland, and would involve some repetition.

The views as you rise on to the Kirk Bride hills are much finer than any one would imagine who has not been a good deal "out and about" among the windings of this unpretending range.

At Point of Ayr gorgeous crimson and gold : one of the finest bits of heather in the Island, the pattern being of the *tuft* or *hassock* kind. [Someone ought to make a map of the Island, showing the great gorse and heather regions, distinguishing between spring and autumn gorse, and also giving the principal habitats of the harebell.]

NOTE.—General remark as regards Sulby Station.

It will be evident that Sulby is a great point of departure for walks; also that, though these walks can be enjoyed by a person residing in Douglas, they are properly the possession of a tourist who settles down in Ramsey.

And now, dear friends, the air is quick with spring, the blackbird in the garden is bugling his very heart out; the pheasant calls across the Avon, and I shall be soon off and away. Would that it might be to the darling old spot! However, you shall enjoy it, and learn to love it, and in your enjoyment I may, perhaps, have some little share.

So much about the use of the Manx Railways to those who love pleasant, and not over laborious, walks.

As a rule, don't count upon inns. Take something with you from Douglas.

And now, to all my brother pedestrians, a light foot and a merry heart.

Clifton College.

T. E. BROWN.

ITINERARIES

In addition to the towns, the tourist will find the following places well worthy a visit:—

The Calf of Man, Port St. Mary, Spanish Head, with its Chasms, Port Erin, and Fleshwick Bay (in the parish of Rushen),

Glen Meay, with its beautiful Waterfall, Dalby, Foxdale, with its Mines, and Hamilton Bridge Waterfall (parish of Patrick).

Derbyhaven, St. Michael's (or Fort) Islet, Hango Hill, and Ballasalla, with the Abbey of Rushen and Rushen Abbey Hotel and Gardens (parish of Malew).

The Friary of Bimaken, Colby, and Poolvash (parish of Arbory).

The Ferk Fort, Greenwich, Cronk-ny-Marroo, Saltrick, and Cass-na-Awin (parish of Santon).

Glen Darragh, with the ancient stone circle, Crosby, not far from which are St. Patrick's Chair and the ruins of St. Trinian's (parish of Marown).

St. John's, Tynwald Hill, Rhenass Glen and Waterfall (parish of German).

Ballaskyr Glen, with the Waterfall (called Spooyt Vane), Glen Wyllyn, Glen Balleira, Glen Trunk, Cronk Urleigh (parish of Michael).

Vales of Druidale and Ravensdale (parish of Ballaugh),

The Lhane, where King Orry landed (parish of Andreas).

The Point of Ayre, with its Lighthouse, and Port Cranstal (parish of Bride).

Sulby Glen (with that popular resort, Tholt-e-Will and Olt Waterfalls, &c.), Glen Auldyn, Ballie Glen, Claughbane Glen, Port Lewaigue, and Port-e-Vullen (parish of Lezayre).

Maughold Head, with its famous well and ancient church, Port Mooar, and Cornah Haven, Rhenab Glen and Falls, not far from which his Ballaglass Waterfall, the Dhoon Glen, Hotel, and Falls, and Glen Callan (parish of Maughold).

Laxey, with its Mines and great Waterwheel, the beautiful Laxey Glen Gardens, Garwick, Glen Roy Falls, King Orry's Grave, and the Cloven Stones (parish of Lonan).

Groudale, Port Cooyne, Port-y-Artay, Glencrutchery, and the Nursery Grounds (parish of Onchan).

Injebreck, East and West Baldwin, and Port Soderick (parish of Braddan).

Mount Murray Hotel and Grounds (parish of Santon).

Jurby Point (parish of Jurby).

DOUGLAS TO CASTLETOWN (New Road).

Miles from Douglas.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ —The Nunnery, where King Robert Bruce spent a night in the year 1313.
- 1 —Ruins of St. Bridget's Chapel.
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ —Junction with the old road.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ —Kewaigue.
- 2 —Middle Hill.
- 3 —Richmond Hill. The road on the right leads to Douglas, via the Quarter Bridge and Peel Road.
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ —Mount Murray Hotel and Grounds, which formerly belonged to Lord Henry Murray. Two roads branching to the right conduct to Glen Darragh, &c.
- $4\frac{1}{2}$ —Road on the right, leading to Old Fort on the estate called Ferk.
- 5 —Road on the left conducting to Greenwich, &c.
- 6 —Ballaloney Bridge, said to be the scene of his Satanic Majesty's frequent exploits.
- 8 —Ballasalla Village: road on the right leading to Rushen Abbey Hotel and Grounds, Abbot Stone of Rushen, Ancient Bridge (mentioned by Camden), Port St. Mary, and Port Erin; that on the left to Cass-na-Awin, Derbyhaven, Langness, St. Michael's Islet and Derby Fort, and to the ancient battlefield of Ronaldsway.
- 9 —King William's College.
- 10 —Castletown.

DOUGLAS TO CASTLETOWN (Old Road).

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Junction of old and new roads.
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Oak Hill; new Church.
- 3 —Hampton Court.
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Path on the left leading to Port Soderick.
- 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Stone Circle on the Estate of Ballakelly.
- 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Path on the left conducting to Greenwich, Cronk-ny-Marroo, two Old Forts, &c.
- 7 —Santon Church.
- 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ronaldsway.
- 11 —King William's College; Hango Hill.
- 12 —Castletown.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL.

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 —Ballabrooie (*i.e.*, the place of river banks), where a spa was discovered many years ago.
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Quarter Bridge; Port-e-Chee mansion stands in the meadow on the right, one of the residences of the last Duke of Athol in this Isle.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Kirby, the residence of Deemster Drinkwater, formerly the property of Colonel Wilks, Governor of St. Helena, is on the left side of the road; Braddan Churches (Runic Crosses), Road leading to the Cemetery, the Strang, Lunatic Asylum, Baldwin, and Injebreck.
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ —The Union Mills; Dalrymple Memorial Chapel (Congregational); Road on the left conducting to Glen Darragh, Stone Circle on Mount Murray.
- 4 —Road on the left leading to Glen Darragh, Treen Chapels, Stone Circle, Old Forts at Balla Nicholas, St. Mark's; &c. Slieu Chiarn (*i.e.*, the mountain of the Lord) in the distance. Marown Church; Aitkin's Castle.
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Crosby Village; the south road leads to Marown Old Church, St. Patrick's Chair, &c.; the north road conducts across the mountains to Little London, Rhenass Waterfall, &c.
- 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ruins of St. Trinian's Church; the Round Meadow.
- 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ —Greeba Mountain and Castle.
- 6 —Northop.
- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ballacraïne; Junction of roads leading respectively to Castletown, Douglas, Peel, and Ramsey.
- 8 —Tynwald Hill; St. John's Railway Station; Cairn; Church of St. John the Baptist; Runic Crosses; Slieu Whallian (*i.e.*, the Mountain of the Whelp).
- 10 —Peel Cemetery; Wesleyan Day School.
- 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ —Peel.

PEEL TO KIRK MICHAEL.

Miles from Peel.

- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Road on the left leading to the shore (White Strand).
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Knocksharry Estate.
- 3 —Glen Brough.

Miles from Peel.

- 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ —A circular mound may be seen on an eminence to the right. Beneath it is a "kist-vaen."
 4 —Glen Cam (*i.e.*, crooked glen). It forms the ecclesiastical boundary between the parishes of German and Michael.
 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Glen Mooar; Cronk-y-Berry, where cinerary urns have been found; road on the right leading to Spooyt-Vane Waterfall, &c.
 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Glen Wyllan, the Insular Montpellier.
 7 —Michael Court House, Village, and Church.

CASTLETOWN TO PEEL.**Miles from Castletown.**

- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Malew Church; road leading to Port Erin, Arbory, Colby, Fleshwick, &c.
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ruins of Rushen Abbey; ancient bridge called the Crossag.
 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Road conducting to St. Mark's, Fort at Balla Nicholas, &c.
 5 —In this neighbourhood formerly stood the Black Fort, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in "Peveril of the Peak." South Barrule, height 1,584 feet.
 6 —This milestone is 692 feet above the level of the sea. (This is a good point from which to ascend South Barrule.)
 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Foxdale Mines.
 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Waterfall at Hamilton Bridge.
 9 —Ballacraigne and road to Glen Helen.
 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ —St. John's Chapel, Tynwald Hill.
 11 —Cemetery, Wesleyan Day School.
 12 —Peel.

DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY (via Laxey).**Miles from Douglas.**

- $\frac{1}{2}$ —Villa Marina, Marine Promenade, and Iron Pier.
 1 —Castle Mona (formerly the residence of the Duke of Athol), The Palace, Falcon Cliff.
 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Strathallan Crescent and Park, and Derby Castle.
 2 —Onchan Village, St. Catherine's (Runic Crosses), Nursery Gardens, Onchan Church (Runic Crosses), road on the right leading to Groudle, road on the left conducting to Glendhoo, Cronk-ny-Mona, Ballacreetch, Tromode, and through Keppel Gate to Snaefell and other mountains.
 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ —White Bridge and Hill.
 5 —Road on the right leading to Old Church of Lonan (Runic Crosses), and Groudle.
 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ —Cloven Stones, Ancient Fortified Hill, path leading to Garwick.
 7 —New Church of Lonan.
 8 —Laxey Village, Mines, Laxey Glen Gardens, Great Water Wheel, Lord Henry's Well, King Orry's Grave, Stone Circle, road leading to Snaefell.
 10 —Dhoon Glen and Glen Callan, Hotel, Waterfall.
 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Road on the right leading to Ballaglass Waterfall, Cornah, Maughold Church, Port Lewaigue, &c.
 12 —Rhenab Glen and Falls.
 15 —Ballure, Ballure Bridge, Albert Tower.

DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY, *via* Ballacraine (called "The Long Drive").

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 — Ballabrooie.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Quarter Bridge: Port-e-Chee.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Kirby, Braddan Old and New Church.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Union Mills, Railway Station, Dalrymple Memorial Chapel.
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Crosby and Railway Station.
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Ruins of St. Trinian's Church.
- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Greeba Mountain, Tower, and Castle.
- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Ballacraine.
- 8 — Ballig Bridge and Cronk-y-Killey.
Glen Mooar and Glen Helen.
- 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Rhenass Suspension Bridge and Waterfall.
- 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Summit of Craig Willie's Hill.
- 11 — Cronk-y-Voddy (*i.e.* Hill of the Dog), Church of St. John the Evangelist; road on the left leading to the Old Fort, on the estate called Corvally Manninan's Chair, Spooyt Vane Waterfall, Treen Chapel, &c.
- 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Glen Cannell.
- 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Ballaskyr Glen.
- 13 — Baregarrow, where the Rev. John Wesley stayed when on the Island; road on the left leading to Spooyt Vane Waterfall, Cronk Chukeley, Cronk-y-berry, and Glen Mooar.
- 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Cronk-y-Urleigh (*i.e.*, the Hill of the Eagle), where the Tynwald and other Courts were held "once on a time."
- 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Michael Village and Church; Runic Crosses and Bishop Wilson's Tomb; roads conducting respectively to Glen Wyllin, Glen Belleira, and Glen Trunk.
- 15 — Michael Vicarage; nearly opposite is an ancient barrow.
- 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Cronk-y-Crodda, where sepulchral urns have been found.
- 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Mitre Cottage.
- 16 — Bishop's Court, and Bishop Wilson's Memorial Chapel, the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man; Bishop's Glen; Road on the left leading to Orrysdale, Kiel Pharlane, &c.
- 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Ballaugh Village and Church, Runic Crosses at the Old Church, road on the left conducting to Druidale and Ravensdale; mountain road thence to Injebreck, and on to Douglas.
- 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ — Sulby with its romantic glens, Tholt-e-Will and Alt (Snaefell may be ascended from this glen); road on the left leading to Jurby, Andreas, &c.
- 22 — Lezayre Church.
- 23 — Skye Hill, a famous hill in Manx history; Milntown.
- 24 — Ramsey.

BALLASALLA TO PORT ST. MARY AND PORT ERIN.

Miles from Ballasalla.

Ballasalla—8 miles from Douglas, 2 miles from Castletown; "The Crossag" Bridge; Abbey of Rushen, or Russin, founded in 1134; road to the right leads to St. Mark's; Limekilns and Quarries.

Miles from Ballasalla.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ballasalla House ; cross-four roads ; that on the right leading to St. John's or Ballacraigne ; that on the left to Casletown and Malew Church.
- 1 —Crescent Cottage ; stream of water bounding parishes of Malew and Arbory. Wayside cottages on the estate of Ballanorris.
- 2 —Road on the right leading to Ballabeg, Arbory, the Friary, Arbory Village, the Post Office ; road leading to Arbory Church, the Vicarage, and School-house.
- 4 —Colby Bridge and Village ; Colby Glen and Hotel to the right above the Bridge ; boundary of parishes of Malew and Rushen ; Bell Abbey.
- $4\frac{1}{2}$ —The Level ; Cross-roads—the right leads to Port Erin ; Ballacorkish Mines ; Ballagawne Mansion ; road to the left to
- 5 —Rushen School-house, Church and Vicarage. Ballakillee.
- $5\frac{1}{2}$ —Cross-four roads, leading to Port St. Mary, Castletown.
- 6 —Rushen Church and Port Erin.
- $6\frac{1}{2}$ —Port Erin.

PORT ST. MARY TO CASTLETOWN (Shore Route.)**Miles from Port St. Mary,**

Road to Creigneish and the Chasms.

- 1 —Mount Gawne.

$1\frac{1}{4}$ —Kentraugh. Road on the right to Colby.

$3\frac{1}{2}$ —Ruins of Keil Vael Chapel ; Balladoole Mansion and Estate ; Poolvash Quarry.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ —Castletown.

RAMSEY TO POINT OF AYRE.**Miles from Ramsey.**

- 1 —Sandy Road ; Windmill ; St. Olave's Church to the right.
- 2 —Road to the right, Moorhill ; mound called Cronk Clust.
- 3 —Grenaby ; Ballacrink ; Ballakillee.
- $4\frac{3}{4}$ —Ballacowle and Ballamoar.
- 5 —West Kimerah ; Parish Church and Village of Bride.
- 8 —Point of Ayre.



EXCURSIONS.

In our Itineraries we have given a list of the places to be seen on the various routes. We now proceed to describe the principal excursions ; but would first premise, for the information of the strong tourist, that if he wishes to really see the beauties of the Island, he must abandon the beaten tracks and main-roads, and betake himself to the country bye-ways, the glens and mountains, with which the Island abounds. Two or three weeks spent in this way would be most enjoyable ; but as few persons can spare so long a time for such a purpose, we must so arrange our " Popular Guide " as to enable the tourist, following our instructions, to see the principal objects of interest in as brief a period as possible. By means of the Manx railway system, many of the most interesting spots can be reached very rapidly, and by those whose stay is to be limited no doubt the railway will be largely patronised ; but the most popular and best way for those who have time to spare, is that of horse conveyances, combined with the railway. On the various car stands in Douglas, vehicles of all descriptions may be had for hire, and it is a very easy matter for a few visitors to get up a party and hire a vehicle to themselves. This is a much better plan than that of going by one of the coaches, because by having a " trap " to themselves, the party can arrange their own time both for going away and returning.

Those who wish to go by railway we must refer, for times of departure, fares, &c., to the time tables. For cost of vehicles, drivers' fees, &c., see the table of car fares, page 26. We now describe the excursions in detail.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL, &c.

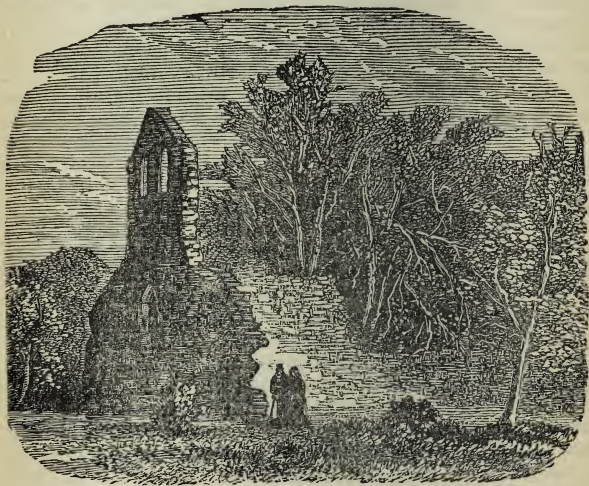
Distance : By road, about 11 miles ; by train, 11½ miles.

BY ROAD.

This is one of the most interesting excursions in the Island ; a whole day should be set apart for it, and the start should not be delayed after nine or ten o'clock. At a distance of a mile and a half from Douglas, Braddan

Churches (old and new) will be passed on the left hand, and, a little further on, on the hills to the right, will be seen Braddan Cemetery, the Lunatic Asylum, &c., already referred to. A little more than two miles from Douglas, the Union Mills will be reached. Here there is a railway station, the line passing under the main-road. In this pretty village are situated large woollen cloth and flour mills. A little beyond this, on the opposite side of the road, is the Dalrymple Memorial Chapel, erected, in 1862, in memory of James Dalrymple, Esq., a native of Scotland, who died here in 1861, after a residence of over forty years. He was widely known and respected for his great philanthropy. From this point the road gradually ascends, and on reaching the top of the hill a magnificent view of the country is obtained. At the foot of this hill, by turning to the left, Glen Darragh will be reached in three minutes' drive. This glen, as its name implies, is the "Vale of Oaks," and is said to have been the last refuge of the Druids in the Isle of Man. The glen is well wooded, and is noted for the variety of ferns to be found there, one of which grows to a height of seven feet. The view from the upper walk is a very beautiful one. Not far from the glen, in a wood, and on the opposite side of the road, above Ballaquinnea Moar House, will be found a "treen chapel" and burying-ground. The walls of the chapel are about three feet high, and are built of large stones; but these are now covered with grass. Returning to the main road to Peel, close to the fourth milestone from Douglas, we come to Glenvine, a picturesque hamlet; and close to is the Parish Church of Marown, the only parish, out of the seventeen into which the Island is divided, which is untouched by the sea. On the left is the estate of Ellerslie, on which may be seen the tall chimney of the Great East Foxdale Mine. The hill rising up on the left is the Slieu Chiarn, or "The Hill of the Lord." Not far from the church, on the opposite side of the road, is what would have been (if its construction had been finished as designed) a magnificent castellated building, called by some "Aitken's Castle," and by others "Aitken's Folly," from the fact that the owner, a clergyman named Aitken, never completed it. Soon afterwards, the sweetly pretty village of Crosby is entered. This is one of the most charming rural retreats in the Island. There is a railway station here, and close by is a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. There are two

“half-way houses” close to this village, and the probability is that the driver will stop here for refreshments. The top of the hill just past Crosby affords a charming view of the valley beyond. Near the foot of the hill may be seen two picturesque castellated buildings, one called Stanley Mount, and the other Greeba Tower. If the tourist have time, he should from here ascend Greeba Mountain. It commands a magnificent view.



ST. TRINIAN'S.

At the foot of the steep descent beyond the second half-way house, are the ruins of the church of St. Trinian, picturesquely situated at the foot of Greeba Mountain, which rises up steeply behind it, a wild succession of huge rocks and crags half hidden amid a luxuriant growth of purple heath and waving ferns. Along its western side trickles a small crystal streamlet, which, crossing the road, finds its way into the Dhoo, in the valley below. The true story of St. Trinian's has long been lost in the mists of the past, but the little we can know or conjecture of it is instructive. In ancient times the principal Manx benefices were, for

certain good reasons, in the possession of foreign ecclesiastical establishments, which maintained them in efficiency and supplied them with incumbents. The church of St. Trinian belonged, in this way, to the Priory of St. Ninian, at Whitthorne, in Galloway, the head of which establishment was an Insular spiritual dignitary, holding lands in the Island, and as such was summoned by Sir John Stanley, in 1422, to appear within forty days and do homage for his fief. Not appearing within the specified time, his lands within the Island were declared forfeited to the use of the king. The architecture and general appearance of the structure, point to the 13th or 14th century as the period of its erection, and it is possible that it fell into decay in consequence of the change of proprietorship referred to above. The building itself is of the ordinary type of Manx country churches, simple in its architecture and rude in its workmanship. It is about 70 feet long and 25 feet broad, and is built of the common slaty stone of the locality, ornamented with red sandstone dressings brought from Peel. As was usual in these buildings, there is no structural separation between the nave and the chancel. The east window contained two lights very acutely pointed, and the west window has a turret above it, pierced for two bells. On the south side there was one window with a door in the nave and a second in the chancel, and on the north side were two one-light windows in the nave and one in the chancel, with a priest's door. In the interior of the structure may be still seen part of the stonework which supported the altar. There is also one rather curious feature in the construction of this ancient building worthy of notice as being probably significant of the character of its original roof. Its walls are pierced by a series of holes intended probably for the insertion of the stone pegs to which were fastened the straw ropes which tied down the thatched roof. The real story of the desolation of this interesting ruin having been lost, the superstitious peasantry have, as is usual in such cases, invented a fictitious one, and the following extraordinary legend is given in order to account for its ruined, roofless condition :—

This was through the malice of a mischievous *Buggane*, or evil spirit, who, for want of better employment, amused himself with tossing the roof to the ground as often as it was on the eve of being finished, accompanying his achievement with a loud fiendish laugh of satisfaction. The only attempt to counteract this singular propensity of the Evil One which tradition has conveyed to us, was made by Timothy, a tailor of

great pretensions to sanctity of character. On the occasion alluded to, the roof of St. Trinian's Church was, as usual, nearly finished, when the valorous tailor undertook to make a pair of breeches under it before the *Buggane* could commence his old trick. He accordingly seated himself in the chancel, and began to work in great haste; but ere he had completed his job, the head of the frightful *Buggane* rose out of the ground before him, and addressed him thus:—"Do you see my great head, large eyes, and long teeth?"

"Hee! Hee!" (that is "Yes! Yes!"), replied the tailor, at the same time stitching with all his might, and without raising his eyes from his work.

The *Buggane*, still rising slowly out of the ground, cried, in a more angry voice than before—"Do you see my great body, large hands, and long nails?"

"Hee! Hee!" rejoined Tim, as before, but continuing to *pull out* with all his strength.

The *Buggane*, having now risen wholly from the ground, inquired, in a terrific voice—"Do you see my great limbs, large feet, and long—?" But ere he could utter the last word, the tailor put the finishing stitch into the breeches, and jumped out of the church just as the roof fell in with a crash. The fiendish laugh of the *Buggane* arose behind him as he bounded off in fright, to which terror lent its utmost speed. Looking behind, he saw the frightful spectre close upon his heels, with extended jaws, as if about to swallow him alive. To escape its fury, Timothy leaped into consecrated ground, where, happily, the *Buggane* had not power to follow; but, as if determined to punish him for his temerity, the angry sprite lifted its great head from its body, and with great force pitched it to the feet of the tailor, where it exploded like a bombshell. Wonderful to relate, the adventurous Timothy was unscathed, but the church of St. Trinian remained without a roof.

A little further on, the road begins to climb the lower slopes of Greeba, affording a fine view of the valley towards Douglas and of the curragh below, and then winding round the base of the mountain below the grounds of Stanley Mount and Greeba Tower—two finely placed castellated mansions, half hidden among the thick woods which clothe the mountain side—it passes by the opening of Greeba Glen, crossing the young Dhoo (the Dark River), which rises on the moory uplands at the head of the glen. A short distance beyond is Ballacraigne, at which point "the long road to Ramsey" turns up Glen Mooar—a glimpse of the lower portion of which we catch as we pass by. This glen, which penetrates the heart of the western highlands, is one of the finest examples of a mountain glen in the Island, but we reserve its description for our account of Glen Helen.

Half a mile further on we reach St. John's, a small scattered hamlet, loosely gathered about the pretty church of

St. John, and its memorable appendage, the famous Tynwald Hill, and situated on the level summit of an extensive plateau, which slopes, on its northern edge, to the Rhenass river, which flows along a deep vale into the Neb, or Peel river, at a point a little to the west of the Mount, and, on its southern edge, sinking with equal abruptness into the low, swampy Curragh Glass (the grey bog). This so-called bog is broadest at this point, and is best studied here. In very remote time, the valley to Douglas was an arm of the sea, similar to the Sound which at present divides the Island from the Calf; but, later, as the land oscillated upwards, it became a lake, enclosed by the surrounding heights; and, later still, as this lake became choked with vegetable growth, it became the curragh of tradition. It is now, in great part, under cultivation; but the surface is so nearly level that the drainage is necessarily very imperfect, and it is liable to sudden and destructive floods. A short distance eastward is the watershed of the stream, flowing east and west; and, so low is it, that the turning of a few yards of turfy soil would divert the Dhoo into Peel Bay, or make the Neb a tributary of the Dhoo, and so turn it into Douglas Bay.

St. John's Chapel is a neat and well proportioned edifice, in the early decorated style, built of the light-coloured granite from Barrule, and was erected in 1847, upon the site of an older building. The incumbent is a Government chaplain, and the living is in the gift of the Crown. About two hundred yards westward of the church, and connected with it by a fenced pathway, is the grassy mount, called the Tynwald Hill—one of the most venerable objects of antiquity in existence, whether we view it as a spot round which for centuries the free people of Man have gathered to take part in the making of the laws which they were to obey, or as the scene of many of the great events which have made Manx history so interesting and instructive. The origin of its name is not difficult to discover. Bishop Wilson, referring mainly to the ancient appellate jurisdiction of the Tynwald Court, calls it The Hill of Justice; and the name Tynwald is undoubtedly the Thing-wall of Iceland, and the Thingvöllr of Denmark. Upon this point Palgrave says:—"The ancient Scandinavian courts were held in the open air, generally on natural hills or artificial tumuli. Their colonies, in England and Scotland, adopted the same practice, and hence many eminences,



TYNWALD HILL ST. JOHN'S.

erroneously supposed to be Roman camps, still retain the name of Ting or Ding, such as Dingwall, the Tinwald Hill in Dumfriesshire, the Tynwald Hill in the Isle of Man, Tingvalla in Iceland, &c."

This famous mound, though not in the centre of the Island, as some have supposed, is very conveniently situated with regard to every part of the Island, roads from every district converging upon it as their most convenient centre—a point of no small importance in olden days, when travelling was neither so rapid nor so easy as it is now, and one which ultimately caused the abandonment of all other Tynwald Hills in the Island, such as Cronk Reneurling in Michael, and Cronk-y-Keill Abbane, in Baldwin. The mound itself is not very imposing in its appearance, its grandeur being more moral than physical. It is 256 feet in circumference at its base, and rises by four circular platforms, each three feet higher than the one below, to a height of twelve feet, and is composed of earth said to have been brought from the seventeen

parishes into which the Island is divided. On the eastern side, facing the pathway along which the Tynwald procession approaches the Mount from the church, steps have been formed to make the ascent easier. At present, both the hill and the approaches to it are partially enclosed with trim, well-kept banks of earth and low stone walls; but it was formerly surrounded by a wall, with gates, as is shown in old plans and drawings.

In accordance with the ancient Scandinavian custom, that every law which was to bind the action of a freeman must be proclaimed openly in a formal assembly of the people, every law adopted by the Tynwald Court, after having received the Royal assent, must be promulgated from the top of Tynwald Hill before it can come into force. Formerly the practice was to read the laws *in extenso* in Manx and English; but this has been discontinued of late years on the ground of the greater publicity now given to the proceedings of the Legislature by the Insular Press, and only their titles and side-notes in both English and Manx are now read. The ceremony of this promulgation takes place on the 5th of July, unless that day falls on a Sunday, in which case it is put off until the next day; but special Courts are held whenever the necessity arises, the same course of procedure being adopted as on the annual Tynwald Day.

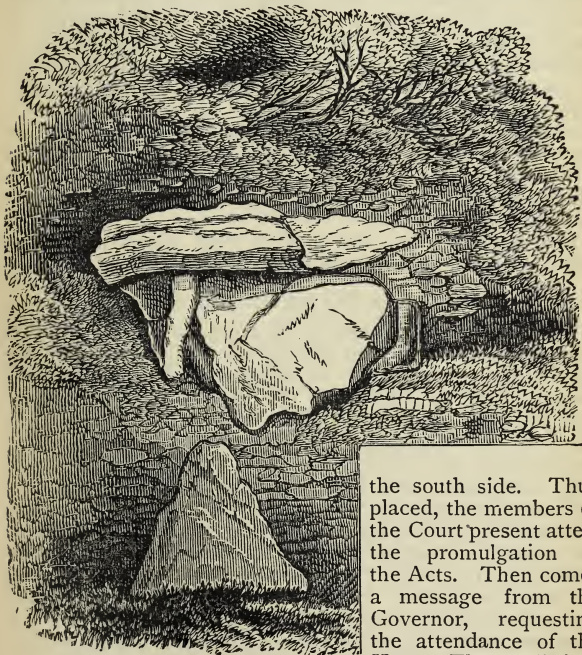
"Tynwald Day" is the great national holiday of the Manx, and natives and visitors throng to St. John's from all parts of the country. A fair is also held on the plain adjoining the Mount, which adds largely to the gaiety and enjoyment of the same. The business of the day begins about 11 o'clock, when the Lieut.-Governor, the Legislature, the clergy of the diocese, the Magistrates, the Captains of the Parishes, and the Coroners of the several sheadings, attend divine service at St. John's Church. This service usually concludes about noon, by which time the entire space between the church and the Tynwald Mount, with the exception of the rush-strewn path, which is kept open by a line of soldiers, brought up from Castletown for the purpose, is occupied with thousands of interested sightseers, who cover every coign of vantage along the grassy slopes, the boundary walls, and the cars and carriages which fill up a great part of the level area. On the conclusion of divine service the procession forms according to ancient precedent, and passes along the broad path between the military to the Mount in the following

order, the soldiers along the line of march presenting arms as it passes by :—Three policemen walking abreast ; the six coroners ; the captains of the seventeen parishes ; the clergy of the Island ; the four High-Bailiffs ; the members of the House of Keys ; the members of the Council ; the Lieut.-Governor's sword-bearer carrying the sword of State, with the point upward ; the Lieut.-Governor, his chaplain, and the surgeon to the household ; and the chief-constables. Arrived at the Mount, the procession places itself upon it in the order prescribed by ancient custom, "as given for law" to Sir John Stanley, in 1422, in the following extract from the *Lex Scripta* of the Isle of Man :—

Our doughtiful Lord and gratus.—This is the constitutions of the ould Tyme the wch we have seene in our dayes, how you shalle be governed upon yor Tynwald dayes. First, you shall come thither royally and in yor royall arraye, as a kinge ought to doe by the prerogatives and royalties of the land of Man ; upon the Tynwald sitt in a chare covered with a royal cloth and quishines, and yr vissage unto ye East, yor swoard before you, houlden with the point upwardes, yor barones sitting in their degre beside you, and yr beneficed men and yr demesters sitting before you, and yr clarkes and yor own knights, esquires, and yoemen in wynges about you in their degre, and the worthiest men in ye land to be called in before yor demesters, if they will ask anything of them, and to heare the governance of yor land, and yor will, and the commones to stand without in a circle in the folde, and the 3 reliques of Man there to be, before you in yor presence, and three clarkes bearing them in their surplusses, and then you shall make be called in before (you) the More (of) Glanfaba, and he shall call in the Crowners of Man, and their yarges in their hands, with their weapons over them, swoard or axe, and the mores (Moares) that be of every Sheading. Then the cheefe, that is the More of Glanfaba, shall make proclamacion upon lyfe and lym that no man make any disturbance or stirring in the tyme of the Tynwald, moreover no rising make in the King's presence, upon pain of hanginge and drawinge. And then you shalle lett yor Barones and all other acknowledge you to be their Kinge and Lorde.

These old traditionary ceremonies are practically still unchanged, the present procedure being this—The Court having been "fenced," that is, all persons having been warned under penalties against disturbing the Court, by the Coroner of Glanfaba (the chief Coroner of the Island), the coroners for the past year appear and deliver up their wands of office, which are small canes with a piece of ribbon attached, and the new coroners are sworn in by the First Deemster, or Insular Judge. The tithes and marginal notes of all Acts of Tynwald ready for promulgation are then

read, first in English and then in Manx, and the procession, being re-formed, returns to the church in the same order, where the remainder of the public business is gone through. On first returning to the church the two branches of the Legislature sit apart, the Governor and Council sitting in the chancel, and the Keys sitting on



KIST-VAEN AT ST. JOHN'S.

the south side. Thus placed, the members of the Court present attest the promulgation of the Acts. Then comes a message from the Governor, requesting the attendance of the Keys. They walk into the chancel, where they take their seats opposite the Council, the two bodies in combination forming a Tynwald Court. The accounts for the preceding year for King William's College, the Highway Fund, and Lunatic Asylum are received, and various public committees for the ensuing year are appointed. If

there is any other business to be transacted it is gone through; if not the Court is formally adjourned, and the proceedings terminate.

Many events of great interest have taken place in the immediate neighbourhood of St. John's, among them being two great battles, one fought in 1229, between the two brothers Reginald and Olave, for the sovereignty of the Island, and the other in 1238, in the civil wars which followed the death of Olave. As might have been expected, numerous antiquarian remains and burial mounds have been discovered in the neighbourhood of St. John's, some of these of considerable scientific importance. In especial, several kist-vaens have been exposed, one 200 yards from the Tynwald Hill, on the road leading to Glen Moar (an illustration of which we give on page 133), and a second about 50 yards distant, in which were found some bones, together with a battle axe, a spur, and other articles.

Leaving St. John's the road to Peel shows nothing of special interest, and we soon enter the suburbs of Peel.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL (BY RAIL).

The railways in the Isle of Man are, for the purposes of economy, constructed on the narrow guage principle, the rails being laid 3ft. apart, as compared with 4ft. 8½in., the general width in England. The railway between Douglas and Peel was opened for public traffic on July 2nd, 1873. Elsewhere in "The Popular Guide" to the Isle of Man (page 106), there is an article by the Rev. T. E. Brown, showing, very completely, how to use the Manx Railways to advantage in seeing many out-of-the-way nooks of the Island. Consequently, all we have to do here is briefly to describe the journey to that part of the Island which we are now treating of, viz., Peel. The distance from Douglas to Peel by rail is 11½ miles. The journey, including all stoppages, is accomplished in from forty to forty-five minutes, and the fares are sufficiently reasonable. The views along the line, and the general features of the route, are, in most respects, similar to those we have mentioned in our description of the journey by road; but, occasionally, peeps into scenery of a most picturesque and charming nature are obtained which cannot be had from the highroad; and, consequently, our advice to the tourist is, if his time will permit, to do the journey in both ways—by rail and by road. By the latter

he will have a leisurely opportunity of examining features of interest which he cannot enjoy by train; while, by the former, he will have the advantage of speed and of glances of rural scenery which, as we have stated, cannot be had from the highroad. The railway station at Douglas is conveniently situated at the head of Douglas Harbour, near the Bridge. Entrance to the station can be had either from the end of Athol-street or from the gate near the bridge. Within half a mile from Douglas station, the train passes over the level crossing at Pulrose, and soon afterwards runs over an iron bridge which spans the river Glas just above its junction with the Dhoo. About here the scenery is very charming, all the surrounding country being well wooded. About a mile from Douglas, the line cuts through the gardens of the Quarter Bridge Inn, and passes over another level crossing, and into the green fields opposite Kirby—the mansion appearing to great advantage on an eminence to the left, while just below the railway runs the river Dhoo. Soon afterwards the train passes under a bridge, and, to the left, Braddan old and new churches are visible. Two miles and a half from Douglas the first stopping place is reached. This is the Union Mills Station, as sweetly charming a spot as could be desired. A little beyond the Union Mills, by looking back, a very pleasing view of the Racecourse and the Lunatic Asylum can be had. The next feature of interest is the Closemoar crossing, which passes over the road leading, by the south, to Glen Darragh, Mount Murray, &c. Soon afterwards the train stops at Crosby Station, which is $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Douglas. This is the station to come to for the purpose of visiting Glen Darragh or Greeba mountain; the latter is seen to the right, rising to a considerable altitude. St. Trinian's, which is about a mile further on than Crosby, may also be visited from this station. One of the prettiest views on the Island is obtained from the train about a mile past Crosby. The ivy-covered mansions of Greeba Tower and Stanley Mount appear, most picturesquely situated, perched, as it were, on the lower rocks of Greeba mountain, which towers above; while, to the right, there are the gently swelling uplands, which rise here only to drop down into the lovely glen of Baldwin on the other side. About three miles from Crosby the train passes under the new railway to Foxdale, and enters St. John's Station. Coaches to Glen Helen will generally be found waiting here. The geologist will

regard with interest a long cutting close to St. John's Station (with a pool of water at the foot), made in the construction of the railway. By this cutting has been laid bare a long section of the Pleiocene period, full of sand, gravel, and round pebbles, affording a striking evidence of the soundness of the geological theory which contends for it that, in the olden times, the sea ran along the narrow valley which stretches from Douglas to Peel. At this station access is obtained to the famed Tynwald Hill, which, together with the old-world ceremony practised there on the 5th of July, is fully described in our account of the journey to Peel by road (pages 130-132.) Tynwald Hill and St. John's Church are reached by passing up the road to the right. The road to the left (or south) leads to the Glen Meay Waterfall, which is four miles off. The mountain road, running nearly in the same direction, but more to the left, leads to Hamilton Waterfall, Foxdale, South Barrule mountain, and so on to Castletown and the southern districts of the Island. Close to the station the mountain of Slieu Whallan rises abruptly to a height of 1,000 feet. It is easily ascended from here. In the distance, towards Peel, a good view of Peel Hill and of the tower known as Corrin's Folly may be obtained. About half a mile past the station the train passes over the river Neb, which, taking its rise in the mountain land stretching above Glen Helen, forms the Rhenass Falls, and flows through Glen Moar, until it is joined by the discoloured water which comes down from the Foxdale mines. After passing the disused works of the Mona Brick and Tile Company, the train winds along the base of a number of sand hills, and, running under Glanfaba Bridge, soon stops at the station at Peel.

PEEL.

Peel, anciently Holme, Halland, Holm Town, and Peel Town, and in Manx *Purt-ny-Hinshey* (the Port of the Island, *i.e.*, Peel Island, or St. Patrick's Isle), is placed at the mouth of the river Neb, and possesses a large and well-sheltered harbour, capable of containing the whole of its fishing fleet of above 200 vessels, manned by 2,000 men and boys. The chief points of interest to the visitor are its ancient ruins, situated on St. Patrick's Isle, and its fishing

fleet. Peel itself is an old-fashioned, last-century town, with narrow, winding, lane-like streets, and small, mean, irregularly built houses, and strongly resembles the old parts of Douglas, having had the same origin in the necessities of the old contraband trade of the Island. It is now, however, making great efforts to utilise its great physical advantages of climate and scenery, and has entered into vigorous competition with Douglas and Ramsey as a summer resort.



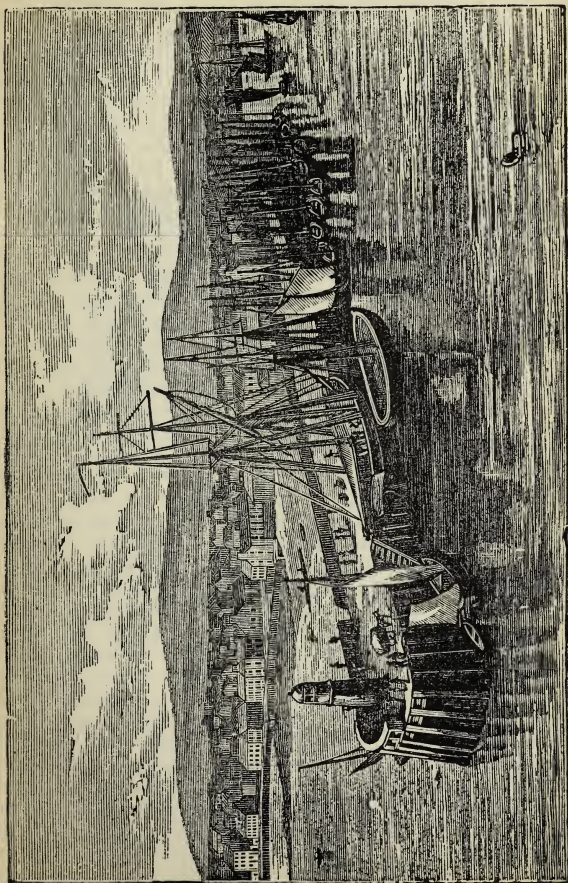
A fine marine Promenade has been formed at the northern portion of the bay, from Craig Malin to the town, and upon the site thus obtained a handsome hotel (the Craig Malin), and a number of large and handsome houses, suitable for summer visitors, have been erected. In the town itself, too, a considerable amount of building is going on, and efforts are being made to improve the appearance of

the buildings. In addition to these private improvements, some progress has been made towards draining, and otherwise improving the town, under the direction of the Town Board. The town is mainly situated in the ecclesiastical parish of German, and the parish church is the quaint old Church of St. Peter, which we pass on the left as we enter the Market Place, and whose tower, 70 feet high, forms so conspicuous an object in the views of the town. This tower contains a very valuable public clock. the gift of Mr. Ward,

of Montreal, Canada, and the church itself possesses a fine stained-glass window, the gift of the Misses Crellin, of Ramsey. Some years ago, however, this church, which is probably about 300 years old, and contains accommodation for 500 persons, was thought to be unsuitable to the increasing requirements of the town, and a new one has been erected (page 137) in the eastern suburb of the town, capable of holding 900 persons, which, the inhabitants hope, will ultimately become the cathedral church of the diocese, the ancient Cathedral of St. German, in the precincts of the Castle, being in ruins.

Peel is specially favoured in its schools. It possesses a moderately good grammar school, founded by Philip Moore, of Douglas, with which is combined the Mathematical School, founded in 1763, by Dr. James Moore, of Dublin. It also possesses excellent elementary schools in the Wesleyan Methodist Day School, and the "Christian's Endowed National School," which latter was founded, in 1652, by Philip Christian, a native of Peel, but a citizen of London and a member of the Guild of Clothworkers, who left certain property to the Clothworkers' Company on condition that they should pay annually £20 towards the education of the poor of his native town. The Company have more than fulfilled this condition, having several times increased the amount payable, and built good school-rooms, the last addition being made in 1879, when a fine new school was erected for boys, the old buildings being devoted exclusively to girls and infants. There are several good hotels and boarding-houses in the town, the principal hotels being the Peel Castle, the Craig Malin, the Peveril, the Royal, and the Fenella.

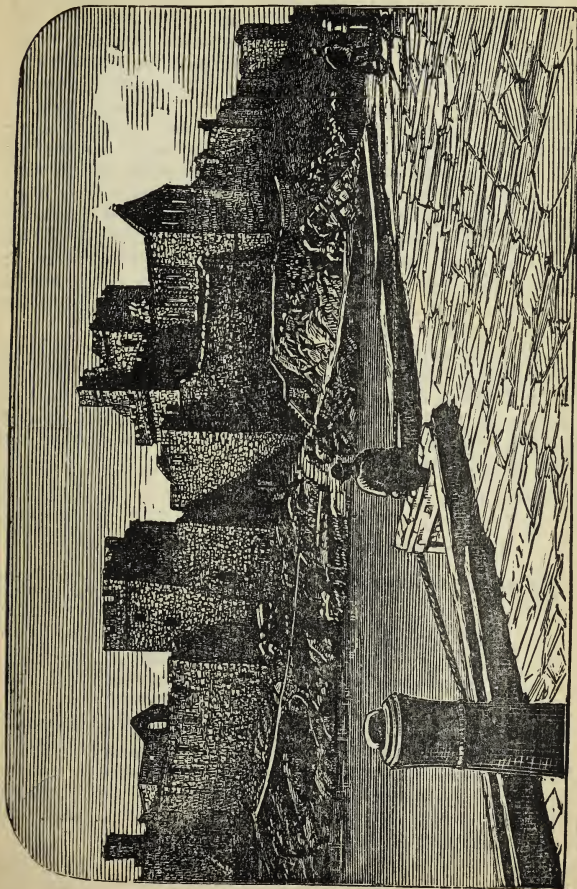
The chief industries of Peel are the fisheries, with the minor but growing manufactures depending upon them, such as boat-building, netting, and sailcloth. The fishing season begins in March with the mackerel fishing off the south-west coasts of Ireland, which lasts until June, when the boats return home and commence the herring fishery, beginning along the west coast of the Island, and following the shoals, as they migrate eastward, until September, when it comes to an end off Clay Head, north of Douglas. Next comes the late herring fishery, "the back fishing," off the north-east coasts of Ireland, lasting until November or the early part of December, after which most of the boats are laid up until



PEEL TOWN.

the spring. But several attempts have been made to establish a winter herring fishery on the north-west Irish coasts, in the neighbourhood of Donegal, though not with any encouraging success as yet; and an increasing number of Manx boats are beginning to take part in the summer herring fishery off the north coast of Scotland after the conclusion of the Kinsale mackerel fishing. The coast fisheries for cod and flat fish are of considerable value, and employ a large number of the smaller boats. The Manx fishing fleet numbers altogether between three and four hundred boats of the largest size and most improved type. The capital invested in them is close upon a million.

But the greatest attractions of Peel, to the great bulk of its summer visitors, are undoubtedly the venerable ruins of the ancient Castle and Cathedral, which, together with the remains of a number of buildings, are situated on St. Patrick's Isle, a small islet, about seven and a half acres in extent, on the south-west horn of Peel Bay, connected with the mainland by a substantial causeway, recently converted into a convenient landing-quay. This islet, with its ruins, may be approached by the bridge at the head of the harbour, or by ferry from the pier. The buildings upon it are all enclosed by a wall, said, by Bishop Wilson, to have been erected by Earl Thomas in the year 1500, but Cumming, in his work, believes it to have been built by Henry, third Earl of Derby, in 1593. Entering the antique pile by a flight of steps roughly cut in the solid rock, we enter by a portcullis door, said to be 1000 years old, and are taken in charge by the Constable of the Castle. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. German, the legendary successor, in the Manx Episcopacy, of St. Patrick. It is cruciform in shape, with a tower, but without aisles and porches. The oldest part of the present building is the choir, ascribed to Bishop Simon (1226-1247). The other parts are considerably later. They are built of the local red sandstone, and are greatly decayed. The roof is entirely gone, the lead having been stripped off it, by Bishop Wilson, in order to use it for roofing the parish church of Kirk Patrick, it having been granted to him for that purpose by an Act of Tynwald dated Oct. 20, 1710. Further mischievous dilapidations were caused by a Captain Holloway, of the Royal Engineers, in 1814, who pulled down several ancient buildings connected with the Cathedral, including the episcopal palace and the Governor's residence,



PEEL CASTLE.

in order to utilise the materials in the erection of a two-gun battery, &c. About ten years later, in October, 1824, during a very severe gale, the last standing oak timbers of the Cathedral roof gave way. Being composed of a soft sandstone, and exposed, roofless, to the fury of the elements on its storm-beaten rock, the Cathedral was rapidly wasting away, when, some years ago, Governor Loch undertook its preservation and partial restoration. In the course of these labours, which extended over a long period, many interesting discoveries were made of portions of the building which had been covered up by the débris. About £1,500 have been expended upon these repairs out of the payments made by visitors for admission to the Castle area. The length of the choir is 36ft. 4in., of the nave 52ft. 6in., of the tower 26ft. ; the entire internal length being 114ft. 6in. Its width, at the intersection of the transepts, is 68ft. 3in. ; the height of the choir walls, 18ft. ; and the thickness of the wall, 3ft.

There is authentic evidence that two of the kings of Man died in Peel Castle, namely, *Godred*, on the 10th November, 1187, and *Olave*, on the 21st May, 1237. The former was buried in the Castle ; but his remains were removed, in the following summer, to Iona. The latter was interred in the Abbey of St. Mary of Rushen.

LIST OF BISHOPS BURIED IN THE CATHEDRAL.

- | | | | | | | |
|----|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|
| 1. | Wymundus, or Reynmundus | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1151 |
| 2. | John | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1154 |

Both these are stated to have been buried in St. German's Cathedral. This clearly establishes the fact that the present building, and which was undoubtedly erected during the episcopate of Bishop Simon, between 1226 and 1247, was not the original cathedral. The Rev. J. G. Cumming, in his history of the Isle of Man, says:—Of the original church of St. German not a trace, as we can point out, remains.

- | | | | | | | | |
|----|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|
| 3. | Simon... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1245 |
|----|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|

Being the first interred in the new cathedral.

- | | | | | | | | |
|----|--------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|
| 4. | Mark | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1303 |
| 5. | Huan Hesketh | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1510 |
| 6. | John Philips | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | A.D. 1633 |

7. Richard Parr... .. A.D. 1643

The latter was, at his own express desire, buried in the same grave with Bishop Philips. This fact is recorded in the Register Book of Burials in the parish of Ballaugh.

Samuel Rutter A.D. 1662

In 1865, the members of the Cambrian Archæological Association paid a visit to the Island, and, among other work done by them during their visit, they opened the grave of Bishop Rutter. At the depth of about a foot below the surface, a stone slab was found, which bore, round the edges, the following inscription:—

SAMVEL RUTTER,
LORD BISHOP
OF SODOR AND MAN,
1661.

The slab was much broken; but the fragments, having been carefully collected, were cemented together, and the whole laid in a solid bed of concrete.

Let in on the upper face of the stone was an oval brass (10½ by 8 inches), supposed to have contained either his armorial arms or those of the diocese, and, in the centre, a brass plate 16 by 7¼ inches), bearing the following inscription, said to have been written by the Bishop himself, who was both a wit and a poet:—

IN HAC DOMO QUAM A VERMICULIS
ACCEPI CONFRATIBUS MEIS SPE
RESURRECTIONIS AD VITAM
JACEO SAM: PERMISSIONE DIVINA
EPISCOPUS HUIUS INSULÆ
SISTE LECTOR) = (VIDE: AC RODE
PALATIUM EPISCOPI

OBIIIT XXX DIE^o MENSIS MAY ANNO 1662.

Samuel Rutter, who had been, during the Commonwealth, archdeacon of the Island, succeeded to the bishopric in 1661. He was a friend and companion of the great Earl of Derby, generally known in the Island as the "*Stanlagh Mooar*" (or the Great Stanley), who, in his letters to his son, Lord Strange, expresses a high opinion of the prelate. He was present at, and took an active part in, the memorable siege of Lathom House (anno 1644), and was the staunch friend, as well as the able counsellor, of the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, during her brave defence of that place against

the Parliamentary forces under Sir Thomas Fairfax, and acted as chaplain to the garrison of the besieged. He wrote poetry for the Earl's amusement, which, down to a late period, was popular in the Island. Bishop Rutter governed the Manx Church, with exemplary goodness and piety, till his death, which occurred in 1662.

The brass plate, which was supposed to have been stolen by some casual visitor, and which fact is referred to by Feltham, in his *Tour through the Island*, in 1797, was, in 1844, discovered in the well near the sally-port of the Castle. This curious relic is still in good order, the only injury it had sustained being the breakage of one of the corners. After its recovery, it was preserved at Bishop's Court until the summer of 1875, when Governor Loch obtained possession of it, and handed it over to the High-Bailiff of Peel, with an intimation that it would be advisable to have it re-set in its original position on the Bishop's tombstone in the Cathedral.

The Castle Preservation Committee thereupon determined to have the plate repaired by having a piece of brass soldered to it, and having the missing letters re-engraved. This having been done, the plate was restored to its former place in the centre of the stone tablet before referred to, and which stands near the middle of the unroofed portion of the Cathedral.

Below the fourth window on the south side of the choir there is a door descending to the crypt by one of those concealed passages formed in the wall which was so common in buildings of the Middle Ages. The crypt itself is 34 feet long and 16 feet broad. The roof is vaulted and supported by 13 diagonal ribs, or groins, each springing from a short pilaster placed upon the bare rock ; and it is lighted only by one small opening under the east choir window. Originally it was much loftier than it is now, a flagged floor having been discovered some feet lower than the present level during excavations carried out some years since. This wretched place was the prison for ecclesiastical offenders until 1780. During the explorations in 1871 a second rudely-formed doorway was found leading to the rock outside the castle wall immediately below the chancel, together with a splayed loophole intended to light the room. A third doorway, faced with red sandstone, was also discovered on the north side of the crypt, with the remains of a flight of stairs leading into a small enclosure, a few feet square, adjoining the north wall

of the chancel. It was in this confined space that the unfortunate Duchess of Gloucester took her short daily walk during the 14 years of her long imprisonment, and, as its floor was at that time fully six feet lower than it is at present, not only did its high walls shut out all hope of escape, but they even prevented her solacing herself with gazing at the beautiful scenery surrounding her prison. Adjoining the cathedral are the ruins of the Bishop's palace—a rudely-constructed building, whose most noteworthy feature is the Banqueting Hall, 42 feet long and 20 feet broad, in which are recesses, probably used for the storage of wine, &c. In clearing out this latter building and the neighbouring yard in 1874, the workmen discovered an ancient well filled up with rubbish, which, when this had been removed, was found to give an abundant supply of the purest water, much better than that of the old well near the sally-port, which is brackish and unpleasant. A pump has since been placed over this well, and the water is much used by visitors to the ruins.

Near to the Episcopal Palace is a modern, building erected in 1814-15 as a guard-room in connection with a two-gun battery, also then established. A short distance further is the blocked-up entrance of the sally-port, communicating, by means of a covered way, with a battery built on the rocks about sixty feet off. This battery formerly mounted three guns, and commanded the entrance to the harbour. Above the entrance of the covered way was a chamber with a projecting platform, the supposed object of which was to enable the garrison to annoy assailants who might have succeeded in forcing their way into the passage, by pouring boiling water or melted lead down upon them.

A few yards further on is a two-storied building, 26 feet 8 inches in length, by 15 feet 10 inches in breadth, internally, and surrounded by a battlement wall, between which and the roof was a walk similar to that of the Cathedral, the portal tower, and other elevated buildings in the Castle. This building was in ancient times designated "The Moar's Tower;" but it has since acquired the name of "Warwick's Prison," and was exclusively used for civil offenders. It acquired its latter name from the following circumstances:—

Shortly after the accession of Richard II (22nd June, 1397) he became wantonly extravagant and despotic, and, suspecting that a conspiracy had been formed against him in which his uncle (the Duke of Gloucester)

and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick were implicated, he determined to get rid of these two men, who had once stood high in his favour.

The Duke of Gloucester was arrested and sent to Calais, where he died, or, as is generally supposed, was murdered. The Earls of Arundel and Warwick were committed to the Tower. They were speedily brought to trial on a charge of treason, were found guilty, and sentenced to decapitation and quartering. The extreme sentence of the law was enforced against the first-named nobleman, who was "beheaded at Cheapside." Upon the solicitation of the Earl of Salisbury and others, the sentence on the Earl of Warwick was commuted to banishment to the Isle of Man. The following is a translation of the Parliamentary Rolls relating to the matter:—"21 Ric. II. : 'And afterwards our Lord the King, moved with compassion, and the reverence and honour of God, and the prayer of the said petitioner and of the Commons of the said Parliament, and of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, has pardoned the said Earl of Warwick of the execution of the said judgment of death by decapitation and quartering, and has granted to him his life, and that he may be kept in perpetual imprisonment, without this realm, in the Isle of Man, for the term of his life; upon this condition, that if he, or any of him, in time to come, seek from the King or his heirs any further grace, or if he escape out of the place assigned to him to dwell in prison, that the said judgment of death be put in execution, and his reprieve held as void. And that he be to sea, on his passage towards the Isle of Man, before the expiration of a month from this the 29th day of September, to dwell there for the term of his life in manner aforesaid. And that he, the said Earl of Warwick, be delivered to Sir William le Scrope, and Sir Stephen, his brother, to carry him safely to the said Isle, and guard his body there, without letting the said Earl of Warwick depart from the said Isle.'"

The Sir William Scrope to whose custody the Earl of Warwick was thus confined, was, at the time, proprietor of the Island, and was, in fact, King of Man—having, in 1394, purchased the Island, with its royalties, from the family of Montague.

Richard II. having resigned the Crown, Henry IV. was proclaimed on the 30th September, 1399, and one of the first acts was to reverse the attainders of the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, and to recall the latter from banishment. The 13th October, 1399, is the date assigned for this act of clemency of the new King.

According to the Parliamentary Rolls of the period, it appears that the charges and expenses attending upon "the safe conduct of Thomas, Earl of Warwick, to the Isle of Man, and for the support of the said Earl there," amounted to £1,074 14s 5d. This was defrayed out of the Exchequer to Sir William le Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, who was Treasurer of England under Richard II.

Many parties, and indeed some of the writers of the history of Ireland, have erroneously referred to the before-named Earl of Warwick as the *King-Maker*. One recent and not able example of an eminent writer, who, by a palpable oversight, fell into this error, was the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh. This distinguished scholar, in his

portion of the memoir of the much lamented and highly talented Manxman, the great naturalist, Edward Forbes, in his remarks on Peel Castle, and Warwick's imprisonment therein, thus writes :—

Peel Castle is much older than Castle Rushen. The ruined cathedrals carry us back, at least, to the fifth century, and the introduction of Christianity into the Isle of Man, and ruins, still more ancient, survive from pre-Christian times. Traditions, coeval with the buildings, record their fortunes, and form an important part of the mythical and actual history of Man. In latter times, the Kings of England occasionally employed Peel Castle as a State prison. Earl Warwick, the King-maker, was consigned to the dungeons for a season by Richard II., and the haughty Duchess of Gloucester, Shakespeare's "presumptuous dame—ill-nurtured Eleanor," banished to the Isle of Man, by Henry VI., for witchcraft, wore a lengthened captivity within its walls.

It is not a little remarkable that the historian Froissart, in his Chronicle of England, should have made so grave an error as he did with reference to the place of banishment of the Earl of Warwick—he having stated that the Earl had been "banished to the Isle of Wight, which is a dependency of England." In a paper published in *All the Year Round*, in 1869, a graphic account of the arrest of the Duke of Gloucester and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, by Richard II., was given, and therein "the Isle of Wight, opposite the coast of Normandy," was given as the place of the latter nobleman's imprisonment.

This no sooner appeared than the late Mr R. J. Moore, then High-Bailiff of Peel, put himself into communication with the late Mr Charles Dickens (the proprietor and editor of the periodical referred to), calling his attention to the error, and pointing out the real facts. In the correspondence which ensued, and which was published at the time, Mr Moore stated in one of his letters—

I would not have taken the liberty of troubling you upon this subject, were it not that I, in common with my townsmen, feel a degree of pride in the several historical associations and incidents connected with our venerable castle, and one of these associations relates to the imprisonment therein of Thomas Earl of Warwick.

It subsequently transpired that the writer of the article in *All the Year Round*, was Mr Walter Thornbury, who, in his final communication to Mr Moore, thus expressed himself:—"Allow me now to thank you for the convincing extracts, which prove Froissart to have been wrong." Subsequently in *Notes and Queries* (11th Nov., 1871), M

Thornbury made a public allusion to the unintentional error he had committed by relying upon Froissart as an authority upon the subject.

The "Moare's Tower," or "Warwick's Prison," was, in later years, the place of confinement of Captain Edmund Christian. This person, who had been Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man during the days of the seventh Earl of Derby, and who was confounded by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Peveril of the Peak," with his nephew, Illiam Dhone," was confined, and died, in Peel Castle. In 1643 he was sentenced, by the Earl of Derby, to be imprisoned and to pay a fine of one thousand marks. According to an old entry in the registry of Kirk Maughold Church where he was buried, Christian's offence was "some words spoken concerning ye Kinge [Charles I.] when ye great difference was betwixt Kinge and Parliament." In 1651, after a confinement of eight years, he was released by Col. Duckenfield. However, in 1660, after the Restoration, he was again sent back to prison, but was permitted, as an indulgence, in September, 1660, to plead to a suit relative to some property. He was sent back to prison. but only to die, which he did in a few months afterwards—namely, in January, 1661, he having been buried in Kirk Maughold Church (where he had been baptised) on the 22nd of that month.

Close to the "Tilting Ground" of the old Castle is "Fenella's Tower," situated on the edge of the cliffs, and flanking an important sally-port. This portion of the fortress was selected by Sir Walter Scott as the scene of one of the most exciting incidents in his celebrated romance of Peveril of the Peak, some of the most interesting passages in which are laid in the Isle of Man. One of the principal persons in the story is Edw. Christian, a mythical brother of the Manx patriot, Wm. Christian, of Ronaldsway ("Illiam Dhone"—The Fair-haired William), who had been put to death by the Countess of Derby for heading the rising of the Manx against her in 1651. The main object of Edward Christian's life for many years had been to avenge the death of his brother; and, in order to effect his purpose, he had placed his daughter Fenella in the Countess's service as a spy on her actions, and, that she might the better carry out his designs, she, under his orders, feigned to be deaf and dumb. This young lady fell in love, after the customary manner of romantic heroines, with John Peveril, an officer in

the household of the Great Countess, and son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, of the Peak ; and, though her affections were not returned, she persistently forced her attentions upon him. The connection of Fenalla with the tower which bears her name arose in this way :--Julian being sent by the Countess on a secret mission to London, and it being desirable that his departure from the Castle should be unknown to the garrison, he left the Castle by this Tower, which overlooks an opening in the rocks pierced with a remarkable cave, in which a boat lay concealed waiting to convey him to a vessel lying off the Island, Descending from the Castle wall by a ladder, he was followed by Fenella, who, when he took his seat in the boat, sprang in after him, and insisted upon accompanying him on his journey.



Fenella's Cave penetrates the land for a considerable distance, and can be entered by a boat at low water and with a smooth sea. Visitors frequently picnic at Fenella's Tower, and the prospect from its battlements of the venerable ruins, of the

FENELLA'S TOWER.

town below, and of the western coast scenery, with the bright sea and the Irish and Scotch mountains beyond, is very fine.

Close to the Tower are the ancient Tilting Ground of the Castle and the ruins of a number of buildings, the use of some of which are very uncertain. The Earl of Derby's palace and offices formerly stood at the extreme western corner of the wall, but they have been pulled down, and the only remains of them left are the openings of the windows in the wall.

But the most noteworthy incident connected with Peel Castle was the lengthened imprisonment in it of the Duchess Eleanor Cobham, wife of the "Good" Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, uncle of Henry VI., who was imprisoned in Peel Castle, 1444-1454, on a charge of treasonable witchcraft against the King's life. Waldron thus describes her offence :

In the reign of Henry VI., among the friends of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his duchess, Dame Eleanor, was arrested. Roger Bolyngbroke, a man expert in necromancy, and a woman called Margery Jourdain, surnamed the Witch of Eye, were charged with having, at the request of the Duchess of Gloucester, devised an image of wax like unto the king, the which image they dealt with so that by their devilish sorcery they intended to bring the king out of life ; for the which reason they were adjudged to die.

The Duchess seems to have been a weak, ambitious woman, not above the superstitions of the age ; but, though she is said to have owned to having directed Bolyngbroke to calculate the duration of the King's life, (he being sickly, and her husband the next in succession), there is no proof whatever that she designed any active measures against him. Bolyngbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, and the witch was burned at Smithfield. The Duchess was examined at St. Stephen's Chapel, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and condemned to do public penance in three places within the City of London, and, afterwards, to pass her life a prisoner in the Isle of Man, under Sir Thomas Stanley. The unfortunate lady was removed to Kenilworth, and Chester, from whence she was transferred to Peel, in October, 1443. "The Duke of Gloucester," says the old chronicler Hale, "bore these things patiently and said little." But his enemies, chief among whom were the Queen Margaret and her favourite Suffolk, were now preparing for him the safe silence of the grave. Snared to

a Parliament at Bury St Edmunds, which had been previously crowded with Suffolk's retainers, he was suddenly arrested on the 11th of February, 1447, on a charge of high treason, and, on the 28th, he was found dead in his bed—murdered by his enemies, according to the universal belief of the nation.

Arrived on the Island, the Duchess was closely confined in the ecclesiastical prison beneath the Cathedral ; and in this wretched dungeon, and the small adjoining yard into which it opens, and in which she was permitted to take one hour's exercise daily, she passed the eleven weary years of her imprisonment. Notwithstanding her husband's apparent apathy and his miserable death, several unsuccessful attempts were made by her friends to restore her to liberty, but she ended her life in prison, in 1454. Waldron says—"Ever since, to this hour, a person is heard to go up and down the stone staircase of one of these little houses on the wall, constantly, every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve." The conjecture is that it is the troubled spirit of this lady, who died as she had lived, dissatisfied and mourning her fate.

The historical truth of the story of the imprisonment of the Duchess of Gloucester in Peel Castle has been strongly contested by a local critic, the Rev. T. Talbot ; but he has failed to produce sufficient evidence to establish his contention, and there appears to be no real ground for doubting the substantial accuracy of the ancient account.

In 1710 Bishop Wilson, a strict ecclesiastical disciplinarian, committed the Clerk of the Rolls to this dungeon for refusing to pay the sum charged against him as tithes ; and, in reply to the prayer of the prisoner to be heard in his own defence, the Bishop wrote on the back of his petition with his own hand that such hearing was not customary, and would not be allowed. It was continually used as an ecclesiastical prison until a century ago, the last person confined in it being one Thomas Kneale, who was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for an offence against morals. Upon complaint that he was of "too weak a constitution to endure the severity of the cold prison, he was liberated by Vicar-General Christian upon giving security for his future good behaviour, 4th March, 1780.

One of the most conspicuous objects among the buildings in the Castle area is the Round Tower, near the centre and

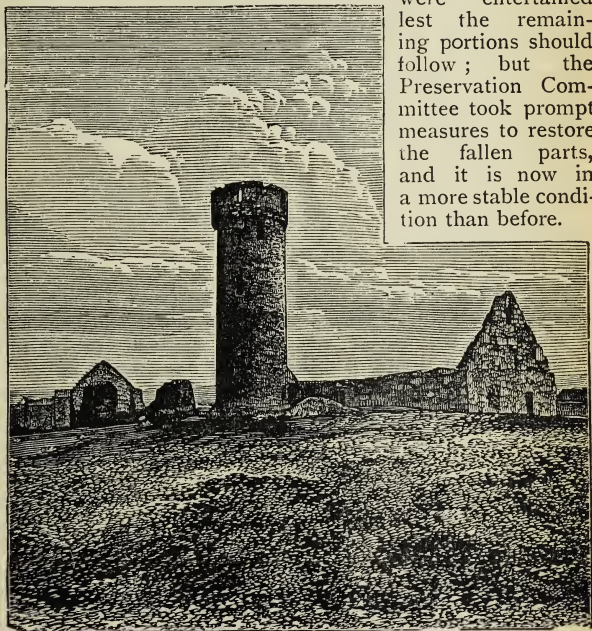
highest part of the islet. It is 50ft. high and 45ft. in circumference near the base, and its internal diameter is 5ft. 9in. Facing the east is a door, 6ft. 9in. from the ground. Near the top are four square apertures facing the cardinal points; and lower, on the seaward side, is another opening. The top shows the remains of the battlements which formerly crowned it. It is built chiefly of the local red sandstone, and is much worn by time and weather. It has been much disputed whether this interesting object should be regarded as an example of the Irish round towers, or as merely a medieval watch-tower. Mr. Petrie, in his *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland*, says, "It is in all respects similar to those of Ireland;" but the Cambrian Archæological Society, in their journal, have pointed out certain important differences which distinguish it from the Irish towers. The Irish round towers are from 60 to 130 feet in height, their circumference varies from 45 to 60 feet, and they gradually taper from the base to the summit. The walls, which, at the bottom, are from three to five feet thick, diminish, towards the top, to one foot. The one entrance is always some distance from the ground, and is occasionally as much as 20ft. high. The openings in the walls vary in number in different examples, but are always small, and the upper ones always face the cardinal points. The roof was always conical and of stone. The internal diameter, at the doorway, varied from seven to nine feet, and decreased regularly upwards. The Peel tower varies from this type in several important particulars. It was only 50ft. high, while its circumference was 45ft.—a proportion unknown in Irish towers. Again, while the Irish towers vary from bottom to top, the Manx tower is a cylinder of the same diameter from bottom to top. And, lastly, the Peel tower, in place of the Irish conical roof, has medieval battlements. The battlemented parapet is indeed said by some to be a later addition, but there is no evidence of this in the appearance of the object or the character of the material of which it is constructed. The strongest points of resemblance between the Peel and the Irish towers are the doorways and the upper windows.

There is nothing about this interesting object indicative of the period of its construction, but it is evidently of very great antiquity. It is erected on the highest point of the islet, and may probably have been intended as a watch-tower. An old drawing of the sixteenth century represents it with a

conical roof; but this was apparently the ordinary sugarloaf-shaped roof of the period, formed of timber covered with lead or slates, and it has long since disappeared.

In the early part of 1871, a considerable part of the western side fell to the ground, and great fears

were entertained lest the remaining portions should follow; but the Preservation Committee took prompt measures to restore the fallen parts, and it is now in a more stable condition than before.



THE OLD ROUND TOWER.

To the east of the Round Tower, and between it and the Cathedral, are the ruins of the Church of St. Patrick—probably the most ancient building on the Islet. It is built of the ordinary slate rock of the district with occasional blocks of old red sandstone in the arches and coigns, and the workmanship is very rude, exhibiting the peculiar style of building called “herring-bone” masonry. There was formerly on the west gable a turret for two bells.

In the centre of the area, enclosed by the Castle walls, is a large rectangular mound about 70 yards along each of its four sides, and surrounded by the remains of a ditch. The origin of this interesting relic is lost in the mists of the past, but it has been suggested that it was an earthwork erected by the natives before the Castle itself was built, and possibly altered by the Norsemen on their first landing. In some respects it strongly resembles the great aboriginal earthwork known as the Fairy Hill, in Rushen, and, like it too, it has at some periods of its existence been used as a burial ground, their proximity to the respective parish churches no doubt facilitating this use of them.

A short distance south of St. Patrick's Church are the ruins of the Armoury, from which, at the period of the Revestment, a considerable number of matchlocks and other ancient weapons were removed by the British Government. Several of the guns formerly belonging to the Castle were found stored in a house in the town, in 1774, and a number of them were set up as mooring posts along the Quay. They were formed of iron bars placed longitudinally, strengthened by thick iron rings, and they had a bore of about eight inches. These antique weapons attracted the notice of an artillery officer of high rank on a visit to the town, and in consequence of his report the authorities at Woolwich had them removed in 1864, sending in their stead an equal number of modern guns. Two of them; however, were placed in the Castle, and are objects of much interest to visitors.

Near the entrance to the Castle is the guard room, of which the following marvellous tale is told in Waldron's book, published in 1731 :—

They say that an apparition, called, in their language, the *Mauthe Dhoo, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guardchamber, where, as soon as the candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retain a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only awaited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forebore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a quest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it ;

*There is no such word in the Manx language as *Mauthe*. The word is *Moddy* (a dog), *Dhoo* (black).

it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through a church, they agreed among themselves that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger ; for I forgot to mention that the Mauthe Dhoo was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow, being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take the office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that Mauthe Dhoo would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys and went out of the guardroom. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning they demanded the knowledge of him ; but, as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more ; and although all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they could understand what had happened to him ; yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than are common in natural death. The Mauthe Dhoo was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would anyone attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way was made. This incident happened about threescore years since, and I heard it attested by several, but, especially, by an old soldier, who assured me that he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head.

This tradition is also spoken of by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

But none of all the astonished train
Were so dismayed as Deloraine !
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would nee'r return
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
That spake the spectre-hound in Man.

Just outside the Castle walls, is a grassy mound, about 90 feet long, and about 5 feet broad, known as "The Giant's Grave." Tradition says that this monster, who lived in the days of St. Patrick, was the terror of the Islanders, on account of his strength and ferocity. He had three legs, and

was so active that he made light of leaping at one bound from the Castle Islet to Peel Hill. He would also occasionally, for pastime, seize large boulders and fling them against the opposite hills, where their fragments are visible to this day with the marks of his fingers deeply indented in them ! At last when the saint called him to account for his misdeeds, he attempted to kill the holy man. For this act he was cursed by the saint, in the Virgin's name, and in terror fled the Island. The legend said that he rushed at one stride over Contrary Head into the sea, and was never no more seen or heard of. Of his burial in the grave, which bears his name, the story says nothing. The fragments of the boulder which he flung are of white quartz, and are on the hill above Lherghydoo, three miles north of Peel !

In 1791 a Royal Commission was issued to inquire and report upon the rights of the Duke of Athol and of the Crown with respect to the Island. The report of the Commissioners, with respect to the Castle and Cathedral are in these words (report dated 21st April, 1792) :—

The Castle of Peel is situated on a small island, which is stated to contain between four and five acres, and is separated from the mainland and town of Peel by a narrow channel of the sea. The Castle of Peel was one of the Lord's garrisons ; it is expressly named in the original grant from King Henry the Fourth to the Stanley family, and is frequently mentioned in the Acts of Tynwald.

The Cathedral Church of the Diocese, lately fallen into a state of dilapidation, stands on the island. Since the Revestment more than one bishop has been installed in the choir, which was the last part of the edifice preserved from decay.

The inhabitants of the town of Peel claim a right of interment, and many have been buried within the walls of the cathedral. The ecclesiastical prison is a subterranean vault under the cathedral, but has not been used for many years. Since the year 1765 the officers of the Crown have taken possession of this island, which has been held as a perquisite by the Governor. It is at present, and has, for some time, been occupied by the High-Bailiff of Peel, who uses it as a sheep-walk, and has annually paid a lamb, or some such small consideration, to the Governor by way of acknowledgment.

For several years previous to the time spoken of, the Rev. Henry Corlett, Vicar of German, had occasionally solemnised marriages in the cathedral, notwithstanding the semi-ruinous state in which many portions of the buildings then were. The last marriage celebrated appears, from the parochial registry of German, to have been in 1753. It is thus entered :—

1753. Thursday, September 27th, Mr Edward Trevor, a Protestant, from Longbrickland, in the kingdom of Ireland, was married in the Cathedral of St. German, to Miss Mary Savage, born and baptised in Douglas, but now a Roman Catholic resident in Ireland. N.B.—A dispensation was given for their marriage upon the request of the Honble. John Murray, Esq., nephew of his Grace the Duke of Athol.

In clearing away a large accumulation of rubbish on the ground floor of the chancel, in August, 1871, a portion of the old flagging, together with the original steps (three in number, of very low riser) leading to the altar, were discovered. And in breaking off the thick coating of mortar covering the south wall of the chancel, a very perfect piscina (which had been carefully built up with masonry) was brought to light. The arched recesses, on either side of the chancels, were then opened. In the principal one was found a full skeleton, perfect in all its parts. The skeleton appeared to have been partially embedded in, and the cavity of the body filled with lime, or some preservative composition of which lime formed a principal ingredient. Upon inspection the skull seemed to have been very skilfully sawn across, either for *post mortem* examination, or, what is the more probable theory, for the removal of the brain, with a view to filling the cavity with the same preserving composition as that used for the body.

Taking into consideration the fact that alcoves, or recesses, in the chancels of cathedrals, or ancient churches, being considered the places of honour, were usually appropriated as the sepulchre for the founders of the Church, or of those who, for some meritorious acts, were considered worthy of distinction, and noting the especial care evidently bestowed in the preservation of the body thus exhumed, there was every reason to believe that the remains were those of Bishop Simon. In order to preserve the remains from injury and to show proper respect, the Governor directed that a tomb, or small sarcophagus, composed of concrete, should be formed in the recess from which they had been exhumed.

It was somewhat remarkable that near the feet of the Bishop were found the remains of a dog, the jaw bones and some of the teeth were quite perfect.

The discovery of the bones of a dog in a bishop's grave subsequently gave rise to considerable discussion and correspondence between antiquarians and archæologists.

A concrete tomb having been formed in the alcove before referred to, the entire skeleton, together with the preservative compound in which the remains had been partially embedded, as well as the bones of the dog found therewith, were carefully placed. Over this a substantial body stone of red freestone, having a moulded Latin cross down its entire length, with a goblet and other carvings, was set. On the outer face is the following inscription :—

IN REPAIRING THE RUINS OF PEEL CASTLE, IN 1871, BY THE AUTHORITY OF H. B. LOCH, C.B., LIEUT - GOVERNOR, THE REMAINS OF SIMON, BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN, AND THE RE-BUILDER OF THIS CATHEDRAL, WERE HERE DISCOVERED AND RE-INTERRED. HE DIED 28TH FEBY., 1247, IN THE 21ST YEAR OF HIS EPISCOPACY.



THE PLAINS OF HEAVEN.

The drive from Douglas to Foxdale by the Cooil and Braaid is really magnificent, and it has, moreover, the recommendation that it can be taken in connection with an excursion to Glen Meay and Peel, being, at the farthest, not more than two miles of a round, or it will form a pleasant afternoon's run from Douglas.

At the distance of three miles and a half from Douglas the tourist reaches Mount Murray, and from the shoulder of the hill sees lying many hundred feet below him the beautiful valley of Marown. It was at this spot John Martin sat when making the first of his sketches for his great picture, "The Plains of Heaven." The three hills which form the background at the right of the picture are well seen from here in the exact relative positions they occupy in the painting. Snaefell, the most elevated, in the centre, Pen-y-Phot and Sliou Mullagh Oure flanking it at equal distances on either side. Like all the others in the picture, except Greeba, these mountains are treated artistically, and built up into craggy pinnacles, but the relative distances are so exactly preserved that anyone familiar with the picture will readily recognise them.

Descending from Mount Murray to Braaid, the tourist will see in a field adjoining the road an ancient stone circle

in perfect preservation [see page 73], which the archæologist never passes by, and about a mile from Braaid is Dreemland (a corruption of the old Manx name, *Dreemlang*).

It was at Dreemland that Martin made the sketch which forms the groundwork of the greater part of the picture, and it is from Dreemland the greatest number of points can be identified, foremost among them being Greeba, which is shown in the picture exactly as it exists in the landscape. In the foreground the "New Jerusalem" stretches across from Injebreck to Baldwin in the foreground. The lower part of the valley, where the river Dhoo runs, is filled up with a lake in the picture, and the whole embellished and idealised as would be expected from an artist of Martin's wonderful power of imagination.

Quite apart from its connection with the picture, the valley as seen from Dreamland is positively glorious. Travellers who have seen both pronounce it superior to the Vale of Clwyd. When the tourist has done admiring the view, there are three objects of high antiquarian interest close at hand which he will do well not to miss. In a field below Dreamland, and visible from the house, is St. Patrick's Chair. Here, tradition says, St. Patrick stood, Sunday after Sunday, preaching the gospel to the heathen inhabitants, who were then, in all probability, worshippers of Baal, the Phœnician deity, and this erection was made as a sort of pulpit from which to address the people [also see page 74]. On Dreamland itself, a few hundred yards from the road, is an ancient well, built entirely of great blocks of quartz, some of them several tons in weight, the existence of which was, until within a few years ago, only known to the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood. The blocks of quartz are of the purest white, and they are accurately joined without mortar or cement. Before the land was brought into cultivation, the well was always full of excellent water, even when the pumps all round were dry. Now, however, there is very little water in the summer, partly owing to the cultivation of the surrounding land, but more to the fact that it has been choked up by children when picking the stones off the field. The opening into the well is about five feet wide, but it originally ran some yards further back, as the quartz blocks forming the retaining wall can be traced to some distance, the tops projecting over the soil.

There is nothing to indicate the period of its construction, as there is nothing like it in the British Islands. Probably it was built by the Druids, and used in their religious ceremonies at the admission of neophytes into their order, or it may be of earlier date. The retaining wall runs due east and west, and the opening is to the west. This may indicate some connection with sun worship.

At Dreamland there is also a most remarkable echo, which will repeat three short words as distinctly as the human voice when the wind is from the south, but cannot be well heard when the wind is from the north or east.

The third object which the tourist is recommended to visit is the old fort at Ballanicholas, near Campbell Bridge, which, by an inscription on it, professes to be equi-distant from Douglas, Castletown, and Peel. The fort is only a few hundred yards below the bridge, and within a mile from Dreemland, and is by some thought to be the real Black Fort of "Peveril of the Peak." The trout stream by which it stands, was known to be the best on the Island, till polluted by the washings from the Lead Mines at East Foxdale. Lower down it is known as Santon River, and still has a good reputation as a fishing stream, the lead held in solution by the water being, for the most part, deposited before it gets there.

The site of the Black Fort has, says a recent writer, been of late years fixed at St. Mark's, where there were the remains of a strong granite structure of a circular form, within the memory of the present generation ; but the little stream which passes this locality, though it has plenty of trout, is a mere ditch, in most places hardly a yard wide, where fly-fishing is impossible, and bait-fishing very difficult. It runs, moreover, into the sea close to Castletown, and Julian Peveril would not require the services of a pony to reach it. The fort, being of granite, also, would be more correctly called the White Fort.

Close to the fort at Ballanicholas, is Ballanicholas House, an old structure with a high pitched roof of Queen Anne's time, or at least not later than George the Second, exactly corresponding to the description of the house where Alice Bridgnorth was immured. This fort is in good preservation, and might be taken for a barrow but for the remains of the breastwork on the top, and its position would immediately strike a soldier's eye. At both sides of the fort, and extend-

ing for nearly three-quarters of a mile, there is a very steep natural escarpment, 25 to 30 feet high, for the greater part of the length, but at the point where the fort stands, which is almost the centre, the escarpment sinks down to the stream. At each end of the escarpment there are extensive boggy tracts, and an army posted above it could not easily be attacked on either flank. It would be impossible for cavalry to attack it, and very difficult for infantry. The fort would be the centre and key of the position, commanding, moreover, access to the stream. It would accommodate 50 archers conveniently, but, if necessary, 100 could be placed on it. With the assistance of this fort, an army posted behind it would occupy an exceedingly strong, defensive position, and there are proofs all along the valley, almost to Ballasalla, that the country between this point and Castletown has been at some former time, the theatre of a fierce war. Not far from the fort in the marsh, to the east of it, there are the remains of a Danish encampment. The circle at St. Marks was probably the site of another, and between St. Marks and Ballasalla there are several others still to be seen. It would appear as though an army landing in the south was making its way across the country in face of a very determined opposition, gaining a little every day till it reached Ballanicholas, but was either unable to force that position, or quickly and completely defeated its opponents there. The frequency of the encampments between Ballasalla and Ballanicholas favours the former theory. An army which could keep the invaders in check so long and so stubbornly, and which would be constantly receiving reinforcements from the country behind, could hardly be driven from so strong a position by an enemy with which it appears to have coped on not very unequal terms before.

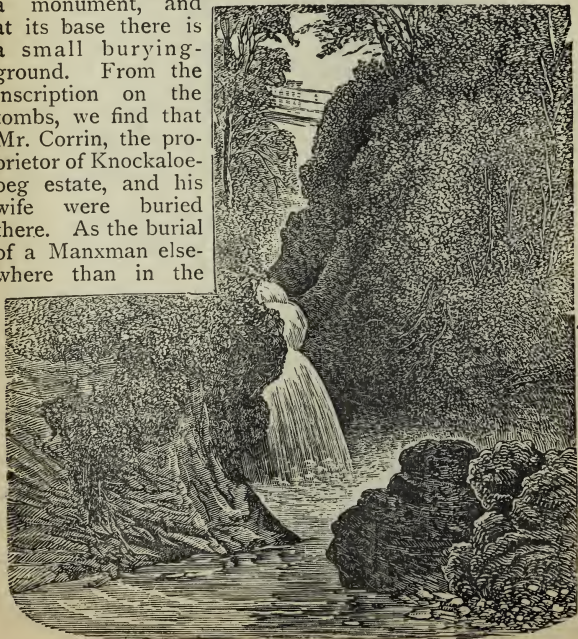
The circular fort in the marsh, on the east, was no doubt intended to facilitate an attack on the flank, but only the outline of this fort is now to be seen, so that it would seem to have been forcibly destroyed before the lines of circumvallation had time to become consolidated; that, also, would indicate that the invaders were unsuccessful in their attempt to force the lines of the native army.

Dreamland is about two miles from Crosby Station by road, and St. Patrick's Chair is about half way; but tourists coming out by train are advised to walk home by Mount Murray, so as not to miss the other view. '

Coming out by a conveyance, visitors will do well to visit the picturesque village of Foxdale, which also has its waterfalls, known as the "Hamilton Falls," really one of the finest in the Island.

GLEN MEAY, &c.

The beautiful glen and waterfalls of Glen Meay can be conveniently visited on the return journey from Peel to Douglas. Departing by the Kirk Patrick Road, we cross the river by a picturesquely situated bridge, and enter a broad level plain—the dried up estuary of the Neb in olden times. The first conspicuous object on the hill to the right is a building rightly described as looking "something like a dismantled lighthouse." It is, in fact, a tower erected as a monument, and at its base there is a small burying-ground. From the inscription on the tombs, we find that Mr. Corrin, the proprietor of Knockaloe-beg estate, and his wife were buried there. As the burial of a Manxman elsewhere than in the



GLEN MEAY.

consecrated churchyards is of very rare occurrence, we will just mention, in passing by this landmark, the occasion of this eccentric proceeding by the Corrin family. Although the great bulk of the country people of the Island are Dissenters, they, nevertheless, retain many prejudices which they fear to break through. A generation or so ago, a Manx Dissenter who contemplated being buried without the offices of the Church by an ordained minister, and elsewhere than in consecrated ground, would have been considered a very daring person. The Mr Corrin in question was a Dissenter, differing from the generality of Insular Dissenters. He was an Independent, and having very strong opinions, he carried them out by being instrumental in inducing the Rev. Samuel Haining, highly respected in his day, to take up his residence here. He and his friends founded the Independent Chapel in Athol-street, Douglas, which has disappeared within recent years, to be followed by the handsome church possessed by the sect in Buck's-road, Douglas. Old Mr Corrin generally drove his ten miles to service on Sundays ; and, to teach his countrymen that they could not only live but might be buried beyond the shadow of the Church, he prepared the tower on the highest spot on his estate, as a burial monument, and, by his directions, both his wife and himself were laid in this unconsecrated ground. Until the opening of a Wesleyan burial ground at Peel, of late years, the Corrin burial ground was the only one unconsecrated by "Holy Church" in the Isle of Man. An Englishman at this date, can scarcely realise how great a shock this was, at the time, to the prevalent feelings of the Manx country people, and many misgivings were expressed about the direful consequences that would result from what appeared to be an irreligious proceeding. The country people could not understand the feeling which induced a man of strong conscientious opinions to carry them into practice in this way, and so they called the tower "Corrin's Folly," a name it retains to this day.

The drive from Peel to Glen Meay is a very pleasant one. The road leads through a pretty valley, well cultivated ; and Glen Meay, which translated means the "Vale of Luxuriance," is soon reached. The village is a small one. It contains two inns, and close to the fall is the Waterfall Hotel. In order to reach the fall the tourist must pass through the hotel grounds. The fall, which is represented in our illustration, is not large, but the scenery is simply exquisite. The

bowering trees and ferns give so much variety and picturesque effect that the beauty of the scene is rendered perfect.

An old rough cart-road leads through the glen to the beach. Down here the scenery is very wild and picturesque. The stream runs over a rocky bed, from which spring high and almost perpendicular cliffs, clothed with vegetation. The beach at the foot of the glen is a charming spot, and there is a fine bathing ground. The rock scenery is grand in the extreme, and to the north there are some very large caves, accessible only on foot when the tide is low. At other times they can be reached in boats, arrangements for the hire of which should be made at the hotel, or at some of the cottages in the village.

Our road back from Glen Meay is through a pleasant district, hilly and cultivated. We pass the base of the Slieu Whallin mountain (the hill of the whelp), which is said to be haunted by the ghost of a murdered witch, never visible to mortal sight, but heard every night in strange howlings and mournful echoes. The woman was tried for witchcraft, and condemned to die by being put into a barrel with iron spikes driven round the inside and pointing inwards; and, thus secured, was rolled by her own weight from the top to the bottom of the hill. We emerge on the high-road again, at St John's, and thence back to Douglas by the way we came, taking either train or road for it.

DOUGLAS TO GLEN MEAY, DALBY, FOXDALE, ST. MARK'S, &c.

St. John's, $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles; Glen Meay, 12 miles; Dalby (Niarbyl), 14 miles; Foxdale, 20 miles; St. Mark's 23 miles; Douglas, 30 miles.

Although one of the most delightful drives in the Island, this is so much out of the beaten track that it is very seldom done either by tourists or residents. It is a long journey, but it is well worth the doing, presenting as it does a variety of valley and mountain, inland and rocky sea coast scenery very seldom met with in the course of a single day's journey. The excursion as far as St. Johns is of course the same as that described in our account of the journey to Peel by road. At the railway station at St. Johns, cross the railway and turn to the right, passing along the base of Slieu Whallin

mountain, the stream coming down from Foxdale bounding the road. After a while this river is joined by that coming down from Glen Helen, and these two streams form the Neb river, at the mouth of which is the town of Peel. A little below the junction of the two rivers the road winds to the left, and soon afterwards the old church of the parish of Patrick is reached. This is an unpretending structure, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1715 by Bishop Wilson. Ascending the hill leading from the church we have on the right the high land surmounted by "Corrin's Folly," while in front is the Dalby hill, over which peeps the top of the Cronk-ny-Irey Lhaa mountain. We are now in the home of the Manx Fairies—Glen Rushen—and if the tourist enter into conversation with the cottagers he may glean many a tale of "fairy lore." A short distance from here is the village of Glen Meay, which, together with its waterfall and glen, we have described in the previous chapter. If the tourist has time he should not fail to visit the fall and walk down the glen to the sea shore. From here, too, South Barrule can be ascended; to do this is a pleasant journey up to the Glen Rushen, reputed to be home of the Phynod-deree. From the top of the glen a road may be taken which leads to Foxdale.

When at Glen Meay, if time will permit, the tourist should proceed to Niarbyl Point, which commands a magnificent stretch of rocky coast scenery. Resuming our journey at Glen Meay village, a steep hill is ascended, and from here the road runs along the side of Dalby mountain. If the day is at all clear, the Scotch and Irish coasts will be plainly visible from here. When we arrive at Dalby village we are only a short distance from the Niarbyl Point. The scene there is grand in the extreme. The rocks are worn into all sorts of hollows, into which the sea is continually roaring. Immediately to the left is Niarbyl Bay. Then comes the Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, rising to a height of nearly 1,500 feet. Further south the lonely creek of Fleshwick is visible, dominated over by the burly and precipitous headland of Bradda; and, further south again, loom the towering cliffs of the Calf, rising sheer from the water to a height of several hundreds of feet.

Leading from Dalby village a branch road to the right conducts to the Dalby Lhag (a steep glen), and then winds up Carran's Hill, and so on to the Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, near

the foot of which is an old treen chapel, said to be the burying place of the old kings of Man. If, however, the tourist is in a carriage, it is scarcely advisable to take this road, which is, in places, dangerously rough and steep. Keep the direct road, which ascends the hill, leaving the Dalby Lhag Glen on the right. A heavy pull up brings us to the Round Table, a stretch of breezy upland lying between the South Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa mountains. From here a fine view is had down Glen Rushen valley, with the Slieu Whallian, Greeba, Sartfell, and other mountains in the distance. At the top of the Round Table there are four roads—one leading, round Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, to Colby and Port Erin; a second, round by the South of Barrule mountain, and down to Grenaby, and thence to Ballasalla, and so on to Castletown or Douglas; and a third road leads down to Arbory, coming out on the main road near Arbory Parish Church. If the tourist follow our directions, however, he will take the fourth road, which leads along the western side of South Barrule, and on to Foxdale. The view commanded from this road is really magnificent. After a while we arrive at the main road leading from Castletown to Peel. Here is a choice of roads. If we turn to the left we descend the valley into St. John's. We can go round the north side of the Granite mountain, across the Eary and Dreem Lang, and down to Mount Murray; or we can descend towards St. Mark's and Castletown. We take the latter. After descending about a mile towards Castletown, we come to a road which leads to the left. This takes us to St. Mark's Church, parsonage, and village, standing on rising ground, commanding a view of wild heath land, covered with granite boulders. This spot is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Peveril of the Peak." He states that an old Danish fort, called the Black Fort, existed here. Little, if any traces of it now remain. A drive of a couple of miles or so brings us to Mount Murray, where we have another choice of roads. We can descend along the eastern side of the Slieu Chairn to the main road between Peel and Douglas at Crosby Station, or we can turn to the right, and get down to the same highway either at the road leading past the Braddan Vicarage, or at the Quarter Bridge; or, if we go still further, we can get home by the Castletown road, passing, through Kewagie village.

DOUGLAS TO GLEN HELEN AND RHENASS WATERFALLS.

This favourite place of resort for tourists and picnic parties, is situated on the high-road from Douglas or Peel, through St. John's to Ramsey. It is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Douglas, 2 miles from St. John's, $1\frac{1}{2}$ from Ballacrine, and about 4 miles from Peel. Access to it is easy from every part of the Island. First-rate macadamised roads, quite equal to the best in England, converge to Ballacrine from all parts, whence a short walk or drive of one-and-a-half miles, through a most beautiful country, will bring the visitor to the entrance of the Glen ; but the easiest mode of access is by rail to St. John's Station, from which omnibuses occasionally run to Glen Helen.



SWISS COTTAGE AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This beautiful glen was purchased some years ago by Mr Marsden, of Liskeard Castle, near Liverpool, and planted with upwards of one million trees. He also built the picturesque Swiss Cottage at the mouth of the Glen, and, as an approach to it, he threw over the river the suspension bridge which forms so conspicuous an object in the view from the road just before entering the Glen. Both the cottage and the suspension bridge are represented in our illustration. It is in honour of his daughter, Miss Helen Marsden, that this glen received the name of Glen Helen. It ultimately became the property of the Glen Helen Hotel and Estate Company, who, seeing how well fitted it was, by its extraordinary natural beauty, to become a popular place of resort, have converted it into a kind of public pleasure grounds, and it is now one of the most attractive and popular resorts in the whole Island. The Swiss Cottage is fitted up as an hotel, while the glen itself has been opened out in all directions. Walks have been formed in all parts of the glen, rustic bridges thrown across the streams wherever required; and summer houses erected wherever a cool shade is likely to be desired, or a beautiful view obtained. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Swiss Cottage the sloping banks are carefully levelled, and laid out partly as ornamental shrubberies and gardens, and partly as play-grounds, where the visitors may amuse themselves with lawn tennis, croquet, bowls, quoits, swings, &c.

As we have shown in the chapter headed "To Peel by Road," and "To Peel by Rail," to get to Glen Helen, if we go by road we proceed as far on the highway to Peel as the Ballacrairie Inn; or if we go by rail, we get off at the St. Johns station.

Quitting, at Ballacrairie, the highway from Douglas to Peel, we turn up a road to the right passing almost at once into the very heart of the high mountain system of the Isle of Man. This mountain system consists of two parallel ranges separated by long narrow winding valleys, of which that we are entering is one of the principal. Soon the sides of the valley begin to contract, and the hills to grow higher and bolder in their outlines, while through the openings in the hills or over the lower heights, we catch glimpses of the dark tops of the higher summits of the ranges of Slieu Whallian, South Barrule, and Greeba. About half a mile from Ballacrairie, the road descends a gentle declivity, at the

foot of which we come upon a small stream, which, after skirting the hills on the right, takes a sudden turn across the road and disappears down on opening to the left, coming out again at St. Johns, where, joining another stream from Foxdale, it turns westward to Peel. This stream is the Peel river, or Neb ; and with its winding course of nine or ten miles is one of the largest streams in the Island. It rises mainly along the western slopes of the Greeba range, the offshoots of which form the hills on our right, and after draining a rather complex system of mountain glens, including Glen Helen, with its various branches, flows into the sea at Peel. At present, shrunk by the summer drought, its waters scarcely cover half its broad pebbly bed, and it may seem to the visitor an insignificant little stream, but in winter or rainy weather it presents a very different appearance. Another half mile brings us to a bend in the road, where a small stream flowing down a beautiful little glen to the left runs into the main stream. From this spot there is a view of the lower half of the valley, backed in the distance by the dark, heather-clad top of Slieu Whallian. Beyond this point the appearance of the valley undergoes a decided change: it rapidly loses its gentler outlines, and assumes the more majestic features of a highland glen. On both sides the hills rise up steeply above the road in bold and often well-wooded buffs, while the river becomes more and more a mere mountain torrent, sometimes winding peacefully through narrow fields of ripening corn and waving grass, and at other times dashing noisily against the foot of the eastern hills. A mile through mountain scenery, as wild and rugged as any in the Island, brings us opposite the mouth of a lovely glen, deep and sheltered among lofty hills, covered with thick waving woods almost to their summits. Right in front, the river sweeping round the base of the southern hills, is crossed by the suspension bridge, while beyond, half buried amid masses of many-tinted foliage, gleam the quaint gables and chimneys of the prettiest and most romantic Alpine chalet ever seen out of sight of the Swiss mountains. This is Glen Helen ; and turning off the main road, which pursues its way towards Ramsey through a steep and narrow gorge in the western hills, we pass through an open gate to the door of the Swiss Cottage.

After passing through a gate on to an extensive lawn, aid out for croquet and other games, we proceed to the upper

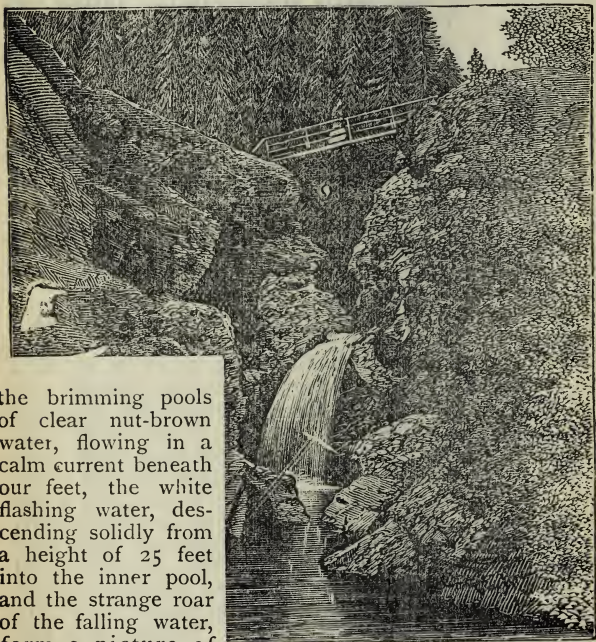
glens and the falls, there being several roads open to us. If we are lovers of the beautiful in nature and not pressed for time, we can climb the hill to the left by a zig-zag path through the fir wood, marked "Road to Pic-nic Hill." From its summit there is a splendid view of the lower half of the glen and the country beyond on all sides—the deep mountain glen gradually widening into the valley of the Peel river—the silvery little stream winding through the thick woods, the green sward below dotted with moving groups whose laughter chimes in faintly with the sylvan sounds around us. Right in front rises the steep hill known as Earey Veg, densely wooded along its lower ranges, and dark with heather and gorse about its summit. Further to the left is the Earey Moar, and beyond it rise the dark mountains of the Greeba range, ridge above ridge, until they culminate in the top of Greeba itself, nearly 1,600 feet above the sea. Turning to the right we look down the valley we have just passed through, shut in on one side by Earey Veg and other hills of the Greeba range, and on the other side by the high rocky hills of the western mountains, and see its river flowing peacefully along towards the distant Slieu Whallian, whose bluff head lifts itself above the lower ridges in the foreground. At the mouth of the glen a rocky projection of the western hills, called "The Craig," rears its gorse-covered head 400 or 500 feet above the road, overhanging the picturesque white gables of the Swiss Cottage, while between it and the hill on which we are standing a wild mountain gorge opens into the valley and pours its tributary streamlet into the main river just above the suspension bridge.

Quitting the brow of "The Pic-nic Hill," we have now a choice of roads before us. We may wander along the crest of the hill forming the northern side of the glen, and, after enjoying a breezy mountain walk of about a mile, descend again into the glen just above the falls; or we may follow a winding path through the wood, which, after a pleasant ramble among the fragrant fir trees, will bring us into the road leading to the lower glen about half-way to the falls. Or we may descend by the way we came up, and penetrate the glen from the lawn in front of the Swiss Cottage. Starting along the glen road from the lawn, we wander leisurely along it on our way to the falls. The walk through this part of the glen is very beautiful; the bright woods delicious with the warm

summer air and overflowing with the music of nature, the rustling of leaves, the murmur of rushing waters, the twittering of birds, the big trout leaping in the deep pools and quiet reaches of the river, and the speckled wagtails fluttering among the waterworn boulders ; while, along the paths on both sides of the glen, groups of visitors pass in and out among the trees, their gay parti-coloured clothes flashing in the sunlight, and their merry voices mingling sweetly with the woodland sounds around us ; while some of the disciples of old Isaac Walton may be seen fly fishing in the prettiest trout stream that the sportsman could desire.

After a while the glen rapidly narrows, and the river, leaving a narrow shelving bank on its further side, rushes noisily along the foot of the hill on this side. Rounding a projecting spur of the hill, we emerge from the wood ; and from this to the falls the road is almost free from trees, and lies along a steep gorse-covered hill sloping rapidly down to the river. A short distance further, and, turning a bend in the road, the descending waters become visible through the trees and bushes. Crossing the stream by an iron planked bridge, we find ourselves right in front of the lowest fall. At this point the glen divides into two branches, which run back into the mountains with a rapidly increasing slope, and down each runs a small stream, which, uniting just below the falls, form the Glen Helen river. Both these glens, together with the surrounding heights, are thickly wooded, and the scene in every direction is wild and forest-like. Right in the centre of the view, a huge craggy rock rears itself amid the clustering trees to the height of seventy to eighty feet above our heads ; while right and left of it are the mouths of the two secondary glens. On our left the hill rises perpendicularly, rock above rock, for a hundred feet or more, the upper part covered with clustering trees and bushes ; the lower half bare rock, smooth as a rounded pebbie out of the stream, and worn by the long continued action of the falling water into numerous fantastic shapes and hollows. Between these two rocks is a deep sloping fissure, across the top of which a bridge is thrown, resting firmly upon projecting ledges of the opposite cliffs, about fifty feet above the foot of the fall, and out of this fissure, about twenty-five feet below the bridge, the river, even in this dry weather a considerable stream of water, rushes and flings itself heavily into a deep double basin, hollowed by the falling water out of the rock at the

foot of the cliff. Standing on the bridge placed over the stream at the point where, already a moderately sized river, it emerges from the outermost of these basins, we obtain a splendid view of this, the lower Rhenass Fall. The high wooded cliff on the right, the precipitous hill-side on the left, half covered with dark fir woods, the half bare waterworn rock,



the brimming pools of clear nut-brown water, flowing in a calm current beneath our feet, the white flashing water, descending solidly from a height of 25 feet into the inner pool, and the strange roar of the falling water, form a picture of romantic beauty and interest which we

shall not easily forget. Seating ourselves on a rock at the brink of the outer pool, we may drink in the beauty of the scene—watch the changing hues of the falling waters, and mark the varying cadences in their hoarse roar and wonder what it must look like in winter, when the river, swollen with rain,

RHENASS LOWER FALL.

pours down from the mountains and dashes over the falls with a roar which can be heard at the Swiss Cottage, a mile away. By and by, we begin to speculate respecting the origin of the curious hollows and projections in the water-worn rock, and as we examine more closely the rocks on both sides of the fall and above it, we see more and more clearly that at some remote time the entire chasm below the bridge was a solid continuous rock, over which the river fell, and that it has been ever since slowly eating its way through more than half the cliff, and thus becoming a mere fragment of the original waterfall. From where we sit we can see the successive stages of the slow erosion both in the sides of fissure in the cliff out of which stream rushes, and also in the bare rock to the left of the fall. Thus, the river rushes out of the fissure in an oblong direction, causing the water to dash against the opposite rock to the left. This, we see clearly, has always been the case, and this unceasing action of the water upon the rock, would, in course of time, gradually wear away its substance, and form a hollow in it, deep or shallow according to the length of time the water continued to act upon it. Well, now, along the face of the rock against which the descending waters have always fallen, we can see a beautiful series of deep holes, hollowed by the stream as it fell from the different heights; the first, a little below the level of the bridge crossing the falls, showing that the river originally fell from a point considerably higher than the bridge, and the last is now in process of formation by the waters of the present fall. Than these nothing could be more distinctly marked and conclusive, and they furnish to everyone in the least conversant with such matters indubitable proofs that the fissures in the rock out of which the river issues have been formed by the slow action of the water itself, and that, originally, the river fell from a point considerably higher up the cliff than the level of the bridge over the fall. Such is the result of our observations from the foot of the lower, or, as it is usually called, "The Rhenass Fall," this branch of the stream being emphatically the main stream, and, consequently, the Rhenass river. Let us now mount to the top of the cliff, and see how appearances there harmonize with this conclusion.

To ascend to the top of the central cliff, we must climb a zig-zag path cut in the right flank, and, in so doing, we pass

through as lovely a bit of woodland as it is possible to imagine, forming a picture of natural beauty it would be difficult to equal. A few steps to the right, and we stand upon the bridge above the fall, and look down upon the swiftly gliding mass of water, leaping from beneath our feet to dash headlong into the heaving pool below. Turning round, the second fall is before us. The river, issuing out of the deep winding passage hollowed out of the rock by the stream, falls over a ledge, about 12 feet high, into a deep dark pool, 20 feet long, 12 feet wide, and probably 12 feet deep, polished by the water, and worn during its formation into curious bosses and hollows, like the rocks belonging to the first fall. From this basin the stream flows along a deep winding channel, worn in the rock, and bordered by high craggy banks covered with trees and bushes, to the top of the first fall. Above the second fall there are three others, smaller in almost every respect, of the respective heights of 12, 10, and 25 feet, all falling into deep waterworn basins, and connected with each other by deep winding channels hollowed by the stream out of the rock.

With a glance at the wild mountain valley above the falls, and its quiet river flowing smoothly along, beneath straggling rowan trees, and the distant mountains in the background, we turn away, and, mounting the wooded bank to the right, cross the summit of the rocky hill which divides the two upper glens from each other. Right on the top of this hill we pass a summer-house, fitted with rustic tables and seats for the accommodation of visitors. In its immediate neighbourhood, too, are many of the finest views in the entire glen, and right on the edge of the crag has been built a picturesque summer-house, commanding a magnificent view. A few yards from this, the path begins to descend into the more southerly of the upper glens, and, at the point where we begin to descend, we obtain a beautiful view of its wooded side. High rocky banks, covered with thick, waving woods of every variety of hue, rising precipitously from the narrow shelving bed, down which tumbles and rolls a merry, bubbling streamlet, whose waters now sparkle in the bright sunlight, and now hide behind their rocky banks or beneath the dark shade of the overhanging trees. Suspended high above the stream, a light rustic bridge connects the bank on which we stand with the opposite side of the glen, and leads to a picturesque hexagonal belvedere, perched on a steep bluff,

round whose rocky base the stream winds. We descend the bluff, and cross the stream by a second rustic bridge. Passing along through the woods by a path on the opposite bank, we emerge at length into the main glen at the foot of the lower falls. Or, if we have time to linger amid these beautiful scenes, instead of decending the bluff from "The Round House," as it is called, we may ascend the hill by one of the many paths open to us, and after traversing the wood on the south side of the glen, we emerge on to the main road at numerous points between this spot and the Swiss Cottage.

Having ascended the glen along its nothern side we should recommend the visitor, for the sake of variety, to return along its southern side; this can be done by taking the path through the trees along the left side of the river. We may leave this path at almost any point, to cross the river to its right bank, or mount the hill side; or we may keep to it until we come to the bowling alley and there cross the river to the Swiss Cottage. The appearance of the river bed from this path, especially in its upper part, is particularly interesting. We can here see how deeply the stream has eaten into the hard slate rock, plainly showing that, while the water was hard at work on the cliff at the falls, it was not idle in the glen itself. It is interesting also to notice the strange forms which the varying hardness of the rock has caused it to assume in its struggle with the devouring water. In many places, where the rock is of unusual hardness, as, for example, where it is largely composed of quartz, the stream has worn away the softer slate rock, and left the harder quartz sanding up in its course, leaving for itself only a narrow passage, just sufficient to allow the ordinary summer current to pass through. In winter and times of flood, the increased volume of the river, unable thus to escape, will dash over such a barrier, and form a rapid, or a small cascade. Wandering thus among the trees by the river's bank, we may gather rare plants or ferns. The flowering fern, which, in the Isle of Man, grows to a great size, is especially plentiful in this glen, and may be observed in many a sequestered nook on our way.

Since the property came into the possession of the Glen Helen and Estate Company, Limited, many improvements have been made. The Swiss Cottage has been altered into a first class hotel; the restaurant, a beautiful building of a

rustic character, and in harmony with the surrounding scenery, affording accommodation for dinners, luncheons, &c, has been erected; and this spot altogether is one of the most enjoyable resorts on the Island.

“LONG ROAD” FROM DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY.

From Douglas to Ballacraigne, 8 miles; Glen Helen and Rhenass, 10 miles; Kirk Michael Village, $14\frac{3}{4}$ miles; Ramsey, $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Douglas, 40 miles.

As an entire day should be devoted to this excursion, and as the journey is a long one (fully 40 miles, if continued on from Ramsey to Douglas), an early start is by all means recommended. There are two routes from Douglas to Ramsey and the north of the Island—one known as “The Long Road,” leading through or past the places at the head of this chapter; and the other known as “The Short Road,” leading through Onchan, Lonan, Laxey, and Maughold, the distance by the latter route is scarcely 16 miles. “The Long Road,” as an “outing,” and as an excursion, is decidedly the best, leading, as it does, through scenery of almost unsurpassed beauty. The first 10 miles of the journey—viz, from Douglas to Ballacraigne, and on to Glen Helen—have been described in our chapters “To Peel by Road” [page 124], and “To Glen Helen and Rhenass” [page 167]

Immediately after passing the entrance gates to Glen Helen the road winds up a lengthy and steep ascent for the space of a mile or more, at the commencement of which the scenery is scarcely equalled elsewhere in the Island. Crumbling crags are seen on all sides, and the brawling brook by the left makes itself heard, although it can only very seldom be seen. This is Craig Willie’s Hill, and the highest point is “Cronk-y-Voddey” (the hill of the Dog). The hill on the left is called “The Vaish,” and directly in the rear is Beary Mountain.

A little further north are a chapel-of-ease, parsonage, and small school-house. The chapel is known as “Cronk-e-Voddey,” and is a chapel-of-ease to the parish of German.

Passing over the brow of the hill, the view commands a wide expanse, with a glimpse of the distant sea, and now and then a glance of Scotland, who exhibits herself at her nearest point, the Mull of Galloway, distant some score of miles. Several neighbouring parishes of the Island are clearly discernible from this lofty elevation, and the adjacent mountains on the north-east are prominent objects of interest to the beholder. When descending this hill, a good view is had of Sartfell, Slieu-ny-Fraughane, and Slieu Curn mountains, and of a fine stretch of country to the north of the Island. Jurby Point is visible; and, over the sea, the Mourne Mountains (in Ireland) loom in the distance. On the left is Glen Mooar, in the upper part of which is the Spoot-y-Vane Waterfall (English, the White Cascade).

In a short distance, the hamlet of Baregarrow is reached, a place possessing peculiar interest for Dissenters from the fact that the great divine, John Wesley, stayed here for a period. Directly after leaving Baregarrow the highroad changes its characteristics by becoming almost level, and it continues so, pretty nearly right on to Ramsey. The view at this point is particularly pleasing, many of the nice little snug farms lying, as it were, in a dish in the mountains, and screened by the high land opposite from the shivering blasts of the sou'-west gales.

Immediately after passing Baregarrow is seen, close to the road, a notable mound, upon which is an observatory, and beyond that a flagstaff. This, and the little *recherché* domain adjoining, is known as Cronk-ne-Urleigh (or the Hill of the Eagle). It has been immemorably known as the original "Tynwald Hill" (or "Hill of Reneurling"), from the top of which new laws in ancient times were promulgated, and upon which were held the periodical visitations, in full state and style, of the King, Council, and Keys of the Island when under the dominant rule of the celebrated Stanley family, at and before the time of the Commonwealth of Great Britain. The residence attached hereto was erected early this century by a former bishop of the diocese (Cregeen). A little further on is a bye-road leading past several pretty homesteads, and continuing to the gorge in the mountains near thereto, wherein are the workings of an abandoned mine.

Immediately before entering Kirk Michael village, the first complete view of the Irish Sea is obtained. Both land and sea views hereabout are surpassingly fine. On the right

is "Erinville," the property of the Buchan family ; whilst opposite, at a little distance, is the lovely valley known as Glen Wyllin, beautifully planted with magnificent evergreens, spruce, firs, oaks, &c. This charming glen has been laid out as a pleasure resort, from plans prepared by Mr. J. T. Boyde, of Ramsey ; and being in close proximity to Kirk Michael station, and, therefore, easy of access both from Douglas and Ramsey, promises to be a favourite tour for visitors. The view of this little glen from the road is excellent ; but a closer inspection will amply compensate for the trouble. The stream is formed from two mountain torrents, which unite in the glen, one rising in the hill behind Cronk-ne-Urleigh, named Sartfell, and the other in Slieu-ne-Fraughane.

The Court House is the first building reached at Kirk Michael village, close to which is the Mitre Hotel, and a little further down the Northern Railway Hotel.

The episcopal village of Kirk Michael is well supplied with sundry shops, post-office, telegraph office, &c. The parish church, which was rebuilt in 1835, is one of the larges



MICHAEL CHURCH, WITH BISHOP WILSON'S TOMB.

in the Island. Several comfortable houses for the accommodation of visitors have recently been erected, and have been well patronised.

The only objects of interest in the village are the ancient monuments and crosses in the neighbourhood of the Church, and the last resting places of Bishops Wilson, Hildesley, and Cregeen. On the tombstone of the former prelate there is the following inscription :—

"SLEEPING IN JESUS, HERE LIETH THE BODY OF THOMAS WILSON, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF THIS ISLE, WHO DIED MARCH 17TH, 1755, AGED 93, IN THE 58TH YEAR OF HIS CONSECRATION. THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY HIS SON, THOMAS WILSON, D.D., A NATIVE OF THIS PARISH, WHO, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE EXPRESS COMMANDS OF HIS WORTHY FATHER, DECLINES GIVING HIM THE CHARACTER HE SO JUSTLY DESERVES. LET THIS ISLAND SPEAK THE REST."

There are several Runic monuments in the churchyard, on some of which inscriptions have been cut, while on others there are only rude carvings of animals. Some of them are decorated with different designs and ornamental forms, and the whole collection is amongst the most interesting to be found on the Island. Mr. Cumming says that there are no fewer than seven Runic monuments, or fragments of monuments, in or about the graveyard of Kirk Michael.

The tall monument on the right hand side at the entrance of the churchyard bears the following inscription in Runes, carved along the edge of the stone from the bottom upwards :—

"JUALFIR : SUNR : THURULFS : EINS : RAUTHA : RISTA : CRUS : THONO : AFT : FRITHU : MUTHUR : SINO :"

i.e., Joalf, the son of Thorolf the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida.

The cross, which was dug up more than one hundred years ago in the vicar's glebe, is beautifully carved with elaborate knot-work, and sculptured with various beasts of the chase and domestic animals.

On the north side of the gate, partly buried in the wall, is a cross bearing somewhat of the Irish character, with a harper, dog, stag, and two rudely carved human figures carrying weapons. The inscription is remarkable, and it contains only Celtic names, engraved in a dialect and character differing from the rest of the inscriptions now found in the Island.

The inscription is much worn, and in places somewhat uncertain, though the reading, perhaps, may be—

"NIAL : LUMKUN : RAISTI : CRUSS : THANA : FETIR : MAL : MURH : FUSTRA : SON : OK : DOTIR : DUGGALS : KONA : OS : ASTHISI : ATI :"

i.e., Neil Lumkin erected this cross to Malmor, (his) foster-son, and the daughter of Dugald the Keen, whom Athisi had (to wife.)

Professor Munch, of Christiana, reads *Mal* for *Nial*, and *Lufkals* for *Duggals*, and translates—"Mal Lumkun and the daughter of Lufkal the Keen, whom Athisi had to wife, raised this cross to Malmor his foster-father." It is said that a son of Niel, by name Malmor, together with his brother Duggal or Dugald, fell in the battle at Tynwald Hill, in 1238. We may believe that this monument is in some way connected with that event, and that Niel, the father of Malmor and Dugald, joined with the daughter of Dugald in erecting the cross to the memory of the slain.

On the south side of the gate, on the wall, is another beautiful cross, interesting from the circumstance that the maker's name is given, and the statement that he was the artist of most of the crosses of that era in Man. There are no figures on the cross, but some elaborate interlacings. The inscription, extremely plain, is—

"MAIL : BRIODI : SUNR : ATHAKANS : SMITH : RAISTI : CRUS : THANO : FUR : SALU : SINI : SIN : BRUKUIN : GAUT : GIRTHI : THANO : AUK : ALA : IMAUN :"

i.e., Malbrigid, son of Athakan (the) smith, erected this cross for his soul; but his kinsman Gaut made this (cross) and all in Man.

Several fragments of crosses are also built into the churchyard wall. One of them has simply the Runes—

"KRUS : THAN : AFTIR :"

i.e., this cross to. Another bears the inscription—

"SUAK : RISTI : CRUS : THNA : EFT : RUMCN :"

i.e., Suag erected this cross to Hromon; and, the other fragment, the letters NT

The first name, Suag, is uncertain, and may be Svig or Grim. We have the name Grim or Grims on the fragment of another beautifully carved cross in the vestry of the church, in an inscription the sole remains of which are—

"GRIMS : INS : SUARTA :"

i.e., Grims the Black. Near Bishop Wilson's tomb is a finely carved cross without inscription, but bearing four singular dragon-shaped animals, with knotted tails.

Kirk Michael has been for years past the favourite residence of retired gentlemen. The neighbourhood is remarkably healthy; the coast admits of excellent sea fishing and bathing; and the country is picturesque and romantic. In the village is a small school-house; and round the neighbourhood are several extensive landowners and tenant farmers.

The shore at Kirk Michael is approached by several interesting glens, through which small streams of water are constantly flowing, and in which trout of a fair size are frequently caught. The beach is mainly composed of fine sand and gravel, and is particularly favourable to sea bath-



BISHOP'S COURT.

ing. If such a beach were near to any populous place, its praises would be lauded throughout the land, and the really salubrious village would soon be full to overflowing with resident gentry, for it is proverbially known as the "Madeira" of the Island. After passing through the village, which is of considerable extent, the "Whitehouse," the residence of Mr. Mylchreest, the "Diamond King," is very observable, beauti-

fully embowered in timber of magnificent growth, and noticeable for its fields of great extent and fertile soil, which have been greatly enhanced in beauty by the wealthy proprietor.

Less than a mile further is "Bishop's Court," the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. It is plentifully surrounded by trees ; and the grounds are laid out with taste. The "palace" has no architectural pretensions, and the chapel, which is at the east end of the building, is comfortable, without any attempt at luxurious fittings or arrangement. The land surrounding the "Court" is very fertile. A small stream, flowing from the neighbourhood of Ballacooley, passes through the Bishop's demesne, and forms what is usually called the "Bishop's Glen." Speaking of Bishop's Court, Mr Cumming says :—We have historical evidence that it was the residence of Bishop Simon, the builder of the choir of Peel Cathedral, as early as 1230. It appears in Chaloner as in part a castellated building. It bore the name of Orry's Tower, and is said to have been surrounded by a moat. Considerable alterations have been made in it in modern times. The see having been vacant five years, Bishop Wilson, on his arrival, found the episcopal palace almost a ruin. One of his first works was the repair of the building. His own simple account of the place is : "A good house and chapel (if not stately yet convenient enough), large gardens and pleasant walks, sheltered with groves of fruit and forest trees." The avenue of elm-trees to the north of the palace is said to have been planted with his own hands. Walking in this avenue after evening prayers, in his 93rd year, on a damp day at the close of winter, he caught a cold which terminated in his death. His coffin was made from the trunk of a tree which he had set in the earlier days of his episcopacy. His memory is still held in great reverence, both on account of his singular and exalted piety, his earnest endeavours for the spiritual welfare of the people entrusted to his charge, and also for the great temporal and civil blessings which he conferred upon the Island during his episcopacy of more than 57 years. The Act of Settlement of 1703, which has been termed the Manx Magna Charta, was granted mainly through his interest with the Earl of Derby.

After leaving Bishop's Court, we proceed through a pleasing part of the Island to the village of Ballaugh, around which are several pretty residences. There is nothing

remarkably noticeable about the village itself, except the quaint beauties of its glen, which will amply repay a ramble, and a turn to the left at Ravensdale leads by a pleasant mountain walk into Sulby Glen.

Many years since, several fine specimens of the fossil elk of antediluvian antiquity were found in the bogs of Ballaugh, and huge trunks and roots of ebonised oak have been brought to light, which must have lain in their oozy beds probably for many thousands of years. In a marl pit on the farm of Ballaterson, in Ballaugh, was discovered the skeleton of the *Cervus Megaceros*, or the great elk. It was presented to the British Museum by the Duke of Athol. The marl pits are situated in depressions in the soil, usually "basin-shaped," and are generally, says Cumming, in the drift-gravel terrace which once connected the Isle of Man with the surrounding countries. They are overlaid with peat, in which are frequently found trunks of trees, and also stone axes and other relics of the ancient inhabitants of the Island.

A little beyond Ballaugh, a view is had on the right into Ravensdale, with Slieu Dhoo (the Black Mountain) at the head ; and, on the left, the eye ranges over a wide extent of land, spreading out as far as the Point of Ayre, the most prominent objects being Jurby, Ballaugh, Andreas, and St. Jude's. The road now winds through a well-wooded district, at the foot of Gob-e-Volley, which rises up to a considerable height on the right. About two miles from Ballaugh we reach Sulby Village, and close by is the entrance to the beautiful and picturesque Sulby Glen.

Continuing our journey towards Ramsey, half a mile's ride brings us towards Sulby Village ; and, while crossing the bridge going over the Sulby river, we get the first glimpse of Ramsey, and of a former windmill close to the town. A few yards beyond the bridge is the Ginger Hall Hotel. There is a bye-road here, on the right, leading, by way of the Claddagh, to Sulby Glen. The main road from Ginger Hall Hotel to Ramsey is through a richly cultivated country, the range of hills on the right being on the estate of Glentrammon (or the glen of the trammons, or elderberries, in the stem of which the fairies were said to dwell). In a short distance we come to a bye-road which leads to Lezayre Church, situated at the foot of the historic Sky Hill. On the opposite side of the road is Ballakillingham, one of the mansions of the Farrant family. Soon afterwards, North

Barrule and the Albert Tower appear in sight ; and immediately afterwards we get a view up Glen Aldyn, a road branching to the right leading to the beautiful villa of Milntown. We are now in what is called the Lezayre-road ; and, passing along between Albion and Lezayre-terraces, we enter Ramsey by way of Parliament-street.

In the Ramsey section of "The Popular Guide" will be found a full description of Ramsey and of the various objects of interest and excursions in the district. Our advice is that the tourist who has time at his disposal should make a stay in the town, and "do" the excursions we describe in that section.

Should the visitor, however, after a brief stay in Ramsey for refreshment, decide on proceeding straight on to Douglas, he will leave the town by the Waterloo-road, crossing the Ballure Bridge, with the mountain of North Barrule on the right, and with a magnificent view of the ever changing sea on the left. As we pass over Ballure Bridge, we get a peep up the lovely Ballure Glen, with trees and rocks completely ivy-clad. As the hill (Slieu Lewaigue) is ascended, we get a view of Ramsey bay, extending almost to the Point of Ayre ; and, if the weather is fine, the mountains of the south of Scotland and the Cumberland hills will be distinctly visible. About a mile from Ramsey, a road diverges to the left. This leads to Maughold Church, and to the creeks of Port-e-Vullen and Port Lewaigue. These creeks are separated by a bold promontory called Gob-na-Runnah. Off the headland is a sea-surrounded rock called the Stack Moar. At the top of Slieu Lewaigue a quiet rest, with most magnificent view, is afforded at the "Rest and be Thankful" Hotel.

Soon after leaving here, the road descends to a small village, with a mill and a Wesleyan Chapel. This hamlet is called The Coranny, or Cornay. Close to are Glen Mona and the Rhenab Waterfall ; and a little further on are Ballaglass Valley and Waterfall. On reaching the top of the hill from here, a view is had up the Cornay Glen and of North Barrule. High up the glen is the Slieu Choar mountain. We soon afterwards pass some granite quarries and the entrance to the Dhoon Glen. The road here takes a turn to the left. That to the right leads over the higher land, and joins the former road a little above Laxey. That to the left is, however, recommended for choice. A few miles further brings us to the entrance to the Laxey Glen.

The view turning round into the Laxey valley is very beautiful, the white cottages dotting both the precipitous sides of the glen, the giant waterwheel in the distance, the busy scene below on the washing floors of the Great Laxey Mine ; and away up the valley the mountains of Snaefell, Slieu Choar, and Pen-e-Phot—all combine to make a scene which, for picturesque beauty, could not be surpassed in the three kingdoms.

Laxey, and the road from Douglas to it, is described in full in the next chapter.

The views between Laxey and Onchan are really fine. On arriving at the latter village we have a choice of two roads to Douglas, one by the shore ; the other leading past the residence of the Governor, and on to higher Douglas.

VIA LAXEY.—THE “SHORT ROAD” TO RAMSEY.

Douglas to Laxey, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; Laxey to Ramsey, 8 miles ;
total, $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

This is a popular journey, but, as we said before, it scarcely equals in interest “The Long Road to Ramsey.” Our description will answer either for the shorter and more frequently made journey on this line, viz., that to Laxey, or, for the longer journey, that extending on from Laxey to Ramsey. Should the return journey from Ramsey to Douglas be made by “The Long Road,” our readers must then simply reverse the order of description given in the preceding chapter.

We leave Douglas either by the Shore Road and Burnt Mill Hill, or (if we reside in the upper part of the town) by the road leading past Glencrutchery and Government House. Both roads lead to Onchan Village, and have been described in the earlier portions of “The Popular Guide. Passing through Onchan Village (the church being on the right), we descend the White Bridge Hill, at the foot of which the White Bridge crosses the Growdale stream. It is from the upper portion of this stream that Douglas obtains its supply of water, pronounced unequalled for its purity. Ascending the hill on the other side, we come to the Halfway Houses (there are two).

Having passed the second Halfway House about half a mile we descend a steep hill to the junction of a narrow lane on our right hand, exactly opposite to the second mile-stone from Laxey (fifth from Douglas). Passing down the lane a few yards, a gate upon the right admits us to a field in which, within a few yards from us, stands a remarkable monument of antiquity, bearing the modern name of the "Cloven Stones." Probably it is one of the most ancient memorials of which Manxland can boast, pointing to the time before the Scandinavians and Norsemen had settled here. and when the Welsh were struggling for power in this Island. Here was constructed a cairn, said to mark the last resting place of a



CLOVEN STONES.

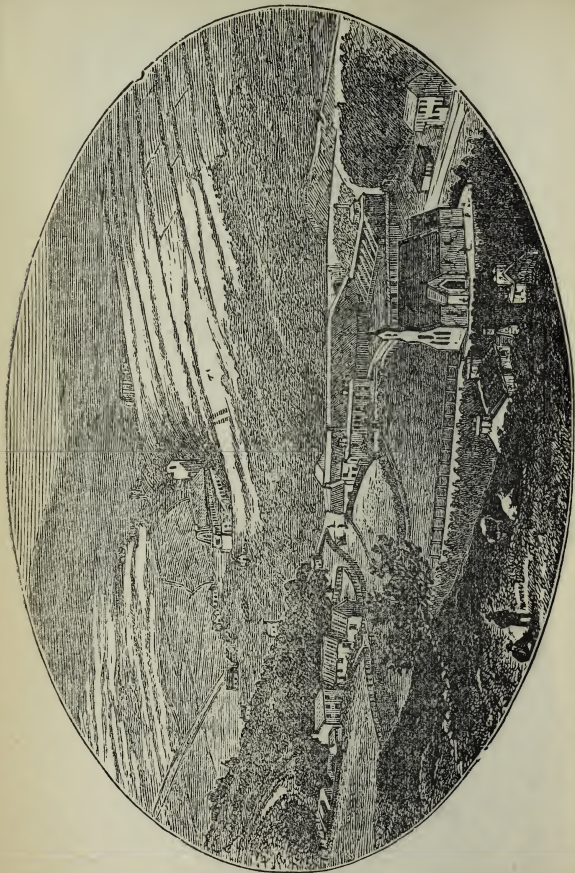
Welsh prince, who landed at Laxey, or Garwick, with the intention of conquering the Island, but met with a lasting peace in this sequestered spot. Much of the cairn has been destroyed during the long ages which have elapsed since its construction, and now the only interesting portions are two tall upright rocks, one of which has a large longitudinal fissure extending from the top almost to the ground.

In common with other cairns on the Island the Cloven Stones have their legends and traditions; one of these being that every time the split rock hears the sound of Kirk Lonan Church bell, the two sides clap together for joy. Although the joke is so perceptible (for stones can't hear), there are



LAXEY FROM THE NORTH

W. G. W. W. W. W. W.



LAXEY VILLAGE, FROM THE SOUTH.

people living in the parish who have carefully watched the rocks Sunday after Sunday in the vain hope of witnessing the extraordinary phenomenon. In Wood's "Isle of Man"

(1811) it is stated that he saw twelve stones here placed in an oval form, the two tall stones being situated at one end of the oval, facing N. N. E., and the mound on which all the stones stood was from 3 to 4ft. high. The centre of the mound had an excavation 7 ft. in length, and 3 ft. wide, for about one-third, and 2 ft. for the remainder. The stones are of hard clay schist. The same author relates the following legend connected with this cairn:—"The proprietor of the land on which they rest, being desirous of removing them (the stones), took some laboures to effect his purpose. Being arrived at the stones, and looking back, he saw his house on fire, and consequently returned in haste. Having arrived at home he found his house as it should be, but saw the Cloven Stones on fire. The man was too wise to disregard so clear an omen, and the stones have ever since remained undisturbed,"

Glen Gawne and Garwick should be visited by the tourist before passing on. The Glen itself is a good specimen of the smaller coast ravines for which the Island is so famous, and its pretty, brawling rivulet forms several fine cascades in its source to the sea. The glen opens on to a wild rocky creek under the nothern shoulder of Clay Head, from which some views are obtained of the rugged headland to the south, and of the high, precipitous coast of Laxey Bay to the north (as represented in our illustration p. 190), with the blue, sparkling sea in front, and, in clear weather, the Cumbrian Mountains in the distance. The cliffs around contain some fine sea-caves, one of which is especially interesting from its legendary connection with the unfortunate Duchess of Gloucester, who, it is said, took refuge in it in an attempt to escape from her cruel confinement in Peel Castle. Good roads have been made by the proprietors through the glen, and along the shore at the foot of the cliffs to the Duchess Eleanor's Cave.

Passing out of the glen, and climbing the Baldrine Hill, we obtain a fine view of Garwick Creek and Clay Head, and, in front, of Laxey Bay and village. We now follow the road until the steep descent is reached which leads to the village of Laxey proper, or, as it is now called, Old Laxey, a cluster of ancient-looking yet substantial buildings erected on the margin of the bay and at the mouth of the river. Laxey valley and village are considered to be beautiful, and certainly, from some points of observation, the view is extremely picturesque.



GARWICK BAY.

In the old Norse language, "Laxa" or "Laxvøe" signifies the Salmon River, and, in former times, the stream abounded with this fish, and even yet trout are occasionally caught in the bay, though the impurities washed down from the mines have poisoned the river, and rendered it uninhabitable by its former finny denizens. On the northern headland several extensive caverns may be visited by boat; and, on the beach, there is a fountain of spring water which bears the name of Lord Henry's Well.

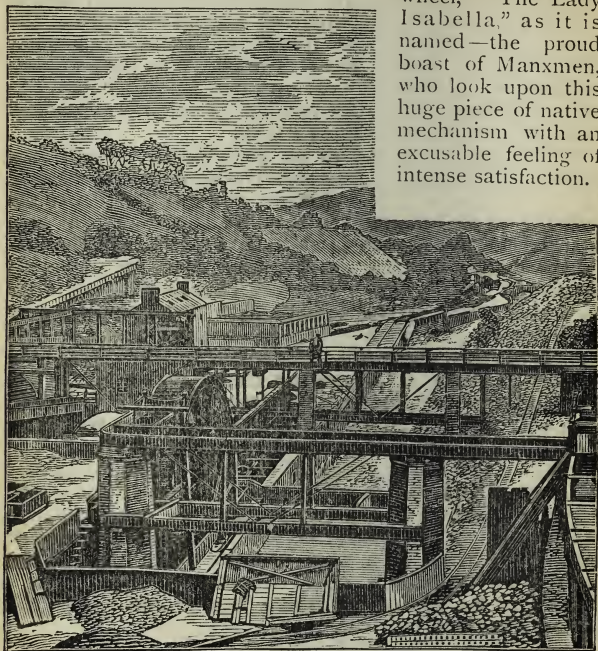
Further southward, but at no great distance, some very remarkable tortuous and convoluted rocks of evident volcanic origin will repay a visit, and prove of great interest to the geologist, more especially as they are surrounded by huge detached blocks of iron-stone which have rolled down the cliffs.

After visiting the pier, the tramway, used for conveying the stuff from the mines to the port, may be followed to the old bridge, which is said to have been first constructed by the Romans, and, from thence, a so-called Roman road ascends the precipitous hill, and is continued forward in the direction of Ramsey. Amongst a cluster of trees at the foot of this hill formerly stood the old tree oratory called Keeil Nicholas; and the Chibber Nicholas, or Saint Nicholas's Well, is still in use. Resuming the line of the tramway, and proceeding up the glen, some of the most delightful scenery in Lonan (the parish in which Laxey is situated) is spread before the eye. Two old paper-mills, now converted into woollen-mills on Mr. Ruskin's system, stand on the opposite bank of the river, at a good distance apart. Should the visitor wish to make a closer acquaintance with them, a footpath at the end of the Shore Inn, in old Laxey, will conduct him there.

Proceeding to the head of the glen, we arrive at the junction of two roads, between which, on an elevation thickly planted with firs, stands Christ Church, erected for the use of the miners, and, internally, one of the handsomest religious edifices in Man. Taking the road to the right, we soon reach the washing-floors connected with the Great Laxey Mines.

Following the road in the direction of "The Big Wheel," which we now see before us, we shall observe, on our right hand, the tramway running along the opposite side of the stream in the valley below, and entering a cavern-like opening in the brow of the opposite hill. Still further on, we cross the stream near a small weir and picturesque bridge, forming an excellent foreground to the view of the wheel

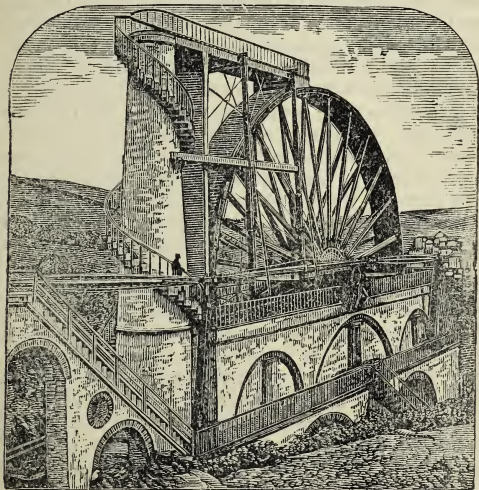
from this point. A few yards further, and we arrive at the wheel, "The Lady Isabella," as it is named—the proud boast of Manxmen, who look upon this huge piece of native mechanism with an excusable feeling of intense satisfaction.



LAXEY WASHING FLOORS.

Though the mines have been worked for some hundreds of years, it was not until modern times that their resources have been fully developed. On the 27th September, 1854, the Lady Isabella made her first turn, and since then has been almost constantly at work, being stopped only for the necessary painting, &c. The diameter of the wheel is 72 feet 6 inches ; breadth, 6 feet ; circumference, about 217 feet ; and the number of revolutions, two per minute when required, by which it raises over 250 gallons of water per minute, from a depth of fully 300 fathoms. The wheel

is an overshot, and is so truly set that not the slightest deflection can be detected. The water to supply the wheel is brought in pipes from reservoirs upon the mountains, and ascends through the circular white pillar to the top of the wheel; round this pillar there is a winding staircase, which the majority of visitors ascend, although a walk of a few yards up to the road will enable the beholder to enjoy the



GREAT LAXEY WHEEL.

scene equally well and with much less discomfort, as the wheel often produces giddiness, and even worse consequences. Some 600 hands are employed in these mines, raising large quantities of rich silver lead ore, about 500 tons per month of blende ore or black jack, and a variable quantity of copper.

From the mines a direct road of three or four miles' length will conduct us to the top of Snaefell, the highest mountain in Man, and the most central point of the British Islands, which attains an altitude of 2,034 feet; the view from the summit embracing an area of 3,000 square miles, within which are portions of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland

and the whole of Man. The visit to Snaefell, however, ought to be made a special occasion, and for this purpose it is best to remain all night at one of the inns in Laxey, and then ascend the mountain at an early hour in the morning. The less elevated, but more isolated, hill at the head of Glenroy, known as Cairn Gharjohl, is also deserving of a visit, and may be taken on the return from Snaefell. 2871104

Leaving the "big wheel," we again descend to the washing-floors, and here, turning to the right, soon reach the entrance to Laxey Glen Gardens. For this latest improvement to an already picturesque and delightful locality the public are indebted to Mr R. Williamson, merchant, of Laxey, the proprietor, who, at a great expense, has planted and beautified the grounds which form the entrance to Glenroy, and has so laid out the glen itself, in quiet shaded walks and sequestered nooks and corners, that there are few spots in the Island surpassing these grounds for picturesque beauty.

Passing through the gates our attention is immediately attracted by the ornamental flower beds, of varied design, which border the bifurcating paths leading to the right and left. Following one of these paths, which are all well gravelled with crushed Laxey stone, we gain a long open verandah, formed of green trellis work for the most part, but divided in front into arches of rustic woodwork, surmounted by a frieze of pinnacles of similar construction. A little beyond this we reach the refreshment room, a neat Swiss-like building, constructed chiefly of wood and glass. The interior is open to the roof, and is stained and varnished in a similar manner to that of the railway station at Douglas. Attached to the refreshment-room is a large hall, suitable for concerts, &c., which will accommodate 1,000 persons. Proceeding still further, we reach the curve of the road, and, seeing a light rustic arch a short distance away on our right, we cross over the green sward, and enter the more secluded and romantic portion of the grounds, of which we may almost say (quoting Beaumont and Fletcher):—

Here be woods as green
As any; air, likewise, as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Force of the curled stream, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any.
Here be all her delights, cold streams and wells,
Arbours overgrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt.

Here we find most picturesque walks and most sequestered seats, the most charming scenery, and, taken collectively, the most attractive portions of the grounds. Descending by a winding path, sheltered and o'erhung by luxuriant foliage of every shade of green, we reach the banks of the river in the very bottom of the glen, and here we find bowling alleys, swings for children, quoits, and other innocent attractions, all collected in a spacious level piece of ground. Crossing one of two bridges over the stream, we reach a more rugged piece of land, in which ferns and wild shrubs abound. A few turf-covered seats formed from the hollow of the hill of Grawe ; a rippling, swift-flowing "race" which supplies the neighbouring mill ; and a thickly wooded plantation of fir in our rear, all add peculiar charms to this extreme end of the gardens. But, beyond those, there are beauties untold. There, to our left, rises the majestic peak of Cairn Gharjohl, with the Runic cross, and the old, old graves of Glen Roy at its base. Yonder away is the estate of Ballaquine, with its old treen oratory, of which it is said, when a man would have removed it, "wheels of fire" rolled before his eyes, and made him desist. And then, if we rest ourselves in one of the grassy seats just alluded to, and look around we have the extensive and well wooded slopes, raising up towards Baldhoon, before us, a group of old thatched Manx cottages, with their little gardens and rustic outbuildings on our right, and, behind us, a noble plantation of flourishing pines bend their boughs to the wind, and whistle with the passing breeze. Then, retracing our steps and following the path near the bank of the river, we re-enter the artificial portion of the ground, and reach an admirable croquet and lawn tennis lawn of oval form, hollowed out from the side of the hill, as level as a billiard table, to say nothing of its green being more purely vernal. The slope of the hill rising from this ground has been well laid down with fresh sods, and the spectator, taking his seat here, can watch the players without the slightest obstruction. Then, beyond the croquet ground, we have more flower-beds, more shrubs, more seats, more picturesque views for the delighted eye to look upon in Laxey Glen Gardens ; but, when we have said this, we have by no means said all that may be said in their praise.

From the gardens we take a saunter, if time will permit, up the road leading past the end of the Working Men's Institute, and proceed to a narrow lane which will conduct

us into the secluded recesses of Glen Roy, a lovely sequestered dell, whose banks are luxuriant with wild flowers and ferns, and whose rippling stream is alive with trout.

Should the tourist return to Douglas, instead of going on to Ramsey, the return journey may be varied by taking a road to the left which will be seen just before the half-way house is reached. By this means the old parish church of Lonan and the beautiful creek of Growdale may be visited. The church is one of the smallest and most primitive in the Island. The roof has fallen in, and both the building and the graveyard have been sadly neglected. In the churchyard is a large "wheel cross," very like that in Braddan churchyard. Leaving the church, a steep hill leads to Growdale, which is well worth visiting, there being some magnificent rock scenery in the district. The road from Growdale joins the main road at Onchan, and, from here, the return to Douglas will not occupy many minutes.

Should we, instead of returning to Douglas, continue our course towards Ramsey, we return to the washing-floors, and, going up the hill, and passing the National School, soon arrive at the point where the old (not the oldest) road from Laxey to Ramsey crosses the modern one. Turning here to the left, and looking over the gardens on the same hand, a tall, rude, upright stone, about ten feet high, will attract attention, and may be visited by passing in front of the little cottages above. This is the supposed memorial of that wise Manx king, Orry, who gave laws to the Island, constructed the Tynwald Mount, and founded that old representative council, the House of Keys. The cairn, of late years, has been much damaged by the ignorant; but originally it consisted of a dome-shaped vault enclosing a kest-vaen, composed of large slabs of schist, placed parallel, but inclining towards each other at the upper edge. Inside were the bones and teeth of a horse, and perhaps some remains of the defunct king or warrior, whichever it might be, who was here laid to rest. A recent writer says:—

Among the numerous relics of the Danish period still existing in the Isle of Man, few are more interesting in themselves, or possess greater historical value, than that very remarkable monolith known as 'The King Orry Stone,' and the graves with which it is associated. This valuable relic of antiquity consists of a huge slab of stone placed at the head of one of a series of ancient graves, probably of the Danish period, situated on the slope of the hill above Laxey. Several of these graves are surrounded by remains of what

originally were circles of large upright stones, while the one to which "The King Orry Stone" is attached is claimed by tradition, and probably with historical truth, as King Orry's Grave. This relict is one of the completest of its kind, not only in the Island, but elsewhere, and, partly from its appearance and its traditionary name, and partly from its picturesque position on the hill side, from whence a glorious view of land and sea can be obtained, it is visited every year by thousands of summer tourists who flock to the Island. In fact, it shares with "The Big Wheel" and the romantic glen, the claim of attracting the immense crowds who annually visit Laxey.

Just at King Orry's Grave we have the choice of two roads, the road to the left, leading through King Orry's Grave, being the old road. This is very steep, and the tourist, even if we have a "trap," will have to walk a long way; but it affords a splendid view. The hill is called the Dreem-e-Jeskaig. The new road is that to the right. A fine view of the rocks to the north of Laxey Bay is obtained from here. This portion of what is called the new road from Laxey is cut out of the side of a hill, and the great difficulty of its construction is apparent at a glance. A few minutes walk brings us to a place where the old road, which we left at King Orry's Grave, joins the new road. On our right there is a sign-post indicating that the road to the right leads to the Dhoon Glen and Waterfall, a description of which will be found in the section "Excursions from Ramsey." A few yards further on, another sign-post indicates a second entrance to the Dhoon Glen. The road indicated by the post is a portion of the old road to Douglas, and pedestrians consider this one of the "short cuts" when walking to or from Ramsey. Another portion of the old coach-road appears a little further on. It branches off past a small farmhouse on the right of the road, and again joins the highway a short distance from the Dhoon Church. The Barony, the property of the Christian family, lies on the north side of this road. There are the ruins of a chapel and burial-ground on the east side of the old road. A few minutes' walk brings us to the Dhoon Church and Parsonage, a few scattered houses, and a public school (erected 1875) on our left, and a Primitive Methodist Chapel on the right hand side of the road, at the top of Corany Hill. At the foot of this steep hill there is a corn mill, and the stream which passes under the road at this place flows through the estate of Ballaglass, and forms the lovely Ballaglass Waterfall, a short distance further down the stream. After passing Cardle Voar Wesleyan Chapel,

which is built on the left side of the road, at the rise of the hill, we come to the front entrance to Ballaglass. Opposite the old Hibernia Inn there is a by-road, which leads to Ballaglass Waterfall, to Kirk Maughold, and to other parts of the parish. After ascending a somewhat steep hill, a stretch of level road intervenes before we arrive at the summit of the hill known as Slieu Lewaigue. As the descent of Slieu Lewaigue is made, the eye wanders over a tract of the most fruitful land in Maughold. If the day is clear, the opposite coast of Cumberland ought to be seen to advantage; and, from the bottom of the hill, the Scotch coast and the Point of Ayre Lighthouse are visible. A short run brings the visitor within sight of Ramsey, a good view of which is obtained after passing Folieu, a pretty residence on the right. The best view of the town, however, is obtained after passing a road on the right that leads to Port Lewaigue, Port-e-Vullen, and Maughold Church. At the turn at the foot of the next hill, the road crosses over Ballure Glen at the bridge, and at the next turning we come to two roads, the one on the left leading into Ramsey by Waterloo-road and into Parliament-street; the other, on to the New Promenade and along the shore.

OTHER ROUTES TO RAMSEY.

Besides the main roads—the “Long Road” and the Short Road,” which we have described in the previous chapter—there are other ways which are rapidly growing into favour. The principal of these are those *via* Kepple Gate and Snaefell, through Sulby Glen, to where it joins the “Long Road to Ramsey,” or that by way of West Baldwin and Injebreck. The grandest mountain drive in the Island, however, is unquestionably the latter. For this drive, the Peel road is taken as far as the turn of the road at Braddan Old Church. Keep to the right past the Cemetery and the Lunatic Asylum, and a little past the racecourse turn to the right (at Mount Rule). Mounting a short hill, there presently opens out one of the most magnificent views in the Island—that of the two Baldwins, East and West, encircled by mountains. The road takes us through West Baldwin to

Injebreck. Here a pleasant hour may be spent in beautiful gardens, and in "refreshing the inward man" at the hotel. From Injebreck proceed by the new road at the back of the hotel, to the mountain road. Turn to the right, and a short drive brings you to the Refreshment Hut at the base of the Snaefell mountain. This is one of the finest excursions on the Island—if not the very finest—embracing, as it does, some of its finest scenery—scenery almost equal to anything to be found in Wales, the Lake District, or in Scotland. One of the reasons of the growing popularity of this route is that it enables so much to be done in one day. Snaefell can be easily ascended from the Refreshment Hut; or, from here, pedestrians can walk right through the northern mountains to the top of North Barrule, and down to Ramsey. This road is not accessible for vehicles; but, as a mountain ramble, it has charms indescribable. Those in vehicles should be guided by the following instructions:—

After leaving Snaefell Mountain, about fifteen minutes' drive brings the visitor to the Corrody Gate, which is near the south entrance to Tholt-e-Will, and, as the drivers invariably ask their passengers to walk from here—the mountain road down into Sulby Glen being very steep—by going down through the above grounds, a walk of nearly a mile is avoided. This, in itself would be an advantage, were there no other attractions; but, entering the grounds, and descending by well-made and safe footpaths to the Olt (Fastness of the Mountain) Glen and Waterfalls, the visitor is struck with the wild and rugged grandeur of this glen, acknowledged to be unequalled in the Island.

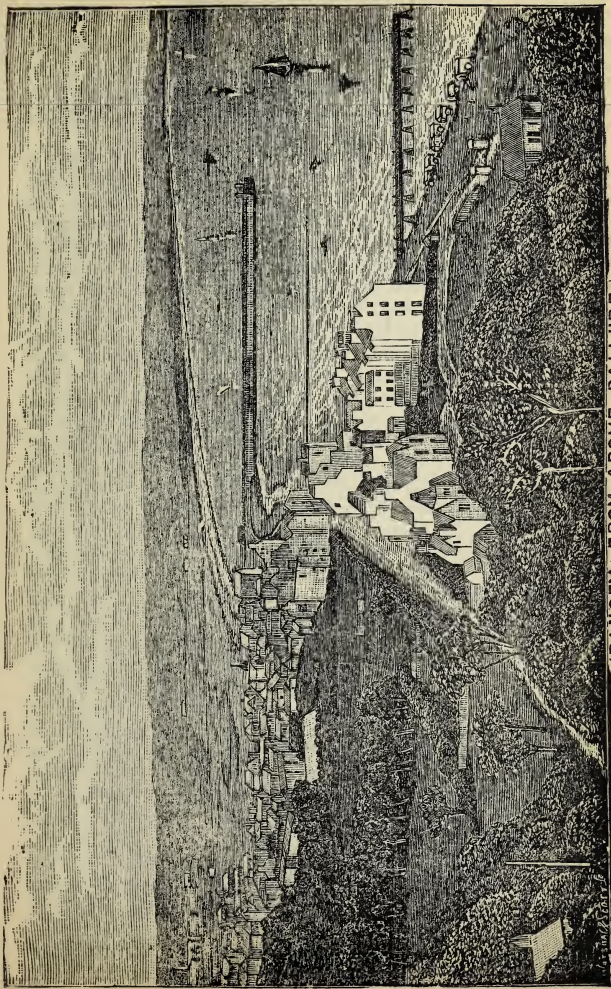
Crossing the large bridge thrown across the glen, and ascending the wood stairs, the visitor should then follow the path and sign-boards—the view of Sulby Glen all along being very fine—to Tholt-e-Will (Homestead of Will) Glen and Waterfalls, indicated by a large flag at the top, and, descending, will find himself almost in Fairyland, so sudden and marked is the contrast between this and the Olt Glen, these falls being almost hidden among the largest and finest ferns to be found on the Island, and, the glen being very thickly wooded, the branches in many places overhanging the falls. A path at the bottom leads to the lower entrance gate, where wait the conveyances.

Should the visitor have time to explore the grounds, hours may very pleasantly be spent in following the many paths

cut through the other beautiful parts of the woods and glen. Sulby Glen will be found fully described in Ramsey section.

RAMSEY.

Ramsey is a rising and improving watering-place. Any one who has not visited the town during an interval of half-a-dozen years would be at once convinced of the truth of this remark. On all sides would he see signs of improvement. A low-water landing-pier completed, a promenade, 800 yards yards in length, erected along the shore, old buildings demolished, and more substantial ones rising in their places, new streets opened out, and the surface of old ones improved, and the absence of offensive smells from defective drainage, are some amongst the many changes that would favourably impress the visitor. Comfortable lodging-houses have been erected on the Shore, in Waterloo-road, Ballure Mount, Stanley Mount, and in North Ramsey; and the hotels and inns have a smart and thriving appearance. Of the latter there are several to select from, notably the Mitre, in Parliament-street; the Albert, Prince of Wales Hotels, and Queen's, on the Shore; the Royal, in the Market-place; Commercial and Union, on the Quay; Stanley Inn, on the West Quay; and the Saddle, Crown, and Victoria Inns, in Parliament-street. The lodging-houses on the Shore are large and commodious, and will be found admirably adapted for families or parties of friends. The houses in Waterloo-road and Albert-street are well adapted for visitors, and, at the other end of the town, or North Ramsey, there are several excellent detached and semi-detached residences and terraces of houses on the Mooragh estate. The visitor ought to have no difficulty in settling down in comfortable quarters; after which a stroll on the shore will afford him an opportunity of inhaling the sea breeze, so pleasant and invigorating to those whose occupation confines them to the busy manufacturing town. Great improvement has been carried out in this part of the town. The old South Pier has been partially removed, and a more substantial structure erected of solid concrete. An open walk extends for a distance of 50 yards, and then there is a landing-pier, 121 yards in length, and 15 feet



RAMSEY FROM ABOVE BALLURE

G. H. P. 1866

wide, composed of concrete blocks. After a walk to the end of the pier and back, a stroll along the shore brings us to the New Lifeboat House, erected, in 1890, through the liberality of a private donor, who also presented the new boat the "Mary Isabella"

The old boat, the "Two Sisters," the hero of many a storm, finds a fitting home on the Mooragh Lake. There is a fine open space here, and, from this locality, the eye can wander along the entire length of the Promenade, which was commenced in the spring of 1874, and completed in October, 1875, at a cost of about £6,000. The sea-wall, which is five feet thick, is built of stone and concrete, upon a foundation of concrete blocks, which are laid to a depth of six feet below the surface. The inside of the wall is filled in with stones and sand, and the surface is paved with rough stones laid sideways. A smooth footpath, twelve feet wide, extends along the outer edge of the work, and forms a favourite promenade all the year round. The Prince of Wales and the Albert Hotels are situated on this portion of the shore, and further south the "Queen's" and several terraces of houses, the majority of which are used as lodging-houses. Opposite the slip leading to the shore, at the Old Cross, we have the New Approach Road, opened in 1875, in order to improve the communication between Waterloo-road and the shore. From the south end of the Promenade the Low-water Landing Pier was commenced in 1882, and opened for use in 1886. The total cost of this work, was about £45,000. From whatever part of the Promenade the visitor stands, an uninterrupted view of the whole bay may be obtained; but from the end of the South Pier the bay and the hills surrounding the town may be viewed to advantage. Maughold Head on the southern extremity of the bay, stands out in bold relief against the sky, and in the valley on the right lie the snug little hamlets—Port-e-Vullen and Port Lewaigue. The headland separating the two is called Table Point. Further inland, and rising to a considerable elevation, is the hill called Folieu; and North Barrule lies further west, looming over the town at an elevation of some 1,800 feet above the sea. Nearer the town is the lesser elevation of Lhergy Frissel (English, Frissel's Hill). The only vault in Ballure chapel yard contains the remains of the Frissel Family. The hill was named after them. It is on this hill Albert Tower is built; and,

again, looking further west, we have the heads of the Elfin Glen and Glen Aldyn. Sky Hill, the scene of a battle, completes the amphitheatre of hills surrounding the town, but further inland we catch a glimpse of the hill, Gobe-Volley, or mouth of the valley, in the parish of Lezayre. North Ramsey lies in the valley, and partially extends to the table land forming the parish of Bride. The eye now wanders along a coast bordered by gentle slopes, and over a district that seems admirably adopted for building purposes, an extension of the town in this direction having been effected. The portion of the North Shore called Mooragh, 17 acres in area, has been purchased by the Town Commissioners. It has been laid out in plots for building purposes, artificial lakes, terraces, and lawns. Neat villas are dotted here and there along the highway, but, after passing the Dog Mills, the coast becomes more precipitous, and finally terminates in the headland south of the Point of Ayre. The Point cannot be seen from the end of the Pier, but is visible from a short distance out at sea. The distance from Maughold Head to the Point of Ayre is about nine miles; the coast between the two headlands forms an almost perfect semicircle, and encloses Ramsey Bay, the largest on the coast. Good anchorage for vessels of every size can be secured in all parts of the bay, but especially in the southern half. It abounds in all kinds of fish—notably, cod, mackerel, plaice, whiting, gurnets, conger-eels, &c.—and, during the fine evenings in the summer months, it is a favourable resort of the visitors and townspeople, who often return with boats laden with a variety of fish. The whiting are caught most abundantly, and in better condition than at other times, in the months extending from April to July. Plaice and gurnet are caught at all times, and mackerel during July, August, and September. August is considered the best month, and it frequently happens that an amateur who has never handled a line before will return with three or four dozen of this kind of fish. Sailing boats are required for this pastime, and for this purpose there are several safe boats for hire always along the shore. Codfish and conger-eels are caught in deep water, principally about Maughold Head, and near Bahama Bank. The former is a pull of about four miles from the shore, and a fishing expedition to this locality will prove very interesting and enjoyable, as a safe landing can be effected, and the rocks and caves thoroughly explored; and,

at a few hundred yards distant out at sea, the rocky coast lying between Maughold Head and Laxey can be viewed to advantage. During the month of September and early in October capital sport is obtained with a strong rod and line, angling for codling and boggan from the rocks on the southern side of Ramsey Bay. A plain white fly is considered very killing, and frequently the fish bite pretty freely. In the month of October, during fine weather, quantities of fish are caught in this manner in the harbour, which, after heavy rains, is almost alive with salmon going up the river to spawn.

It would, however, be impossible to give more than a general outline of the different kinds of sport to be obtained in the bay. The visitor will find other amusements than those we have referred to, and the different boatmen are always willing to inform him how he can best enjoy himself at the particular season at which he visits the town.

Portions of Ramsey are very ancient. As the visitor rambles along some of the old streets, he will see styles of architecture (?) that carry him back to a period when an immense thickness of outer walls and a careful shutting out of the sun's rays were the fundamental principles upon which the builder wrought. The old streets, too, are very narrow, and the rough pavement anything but pleasant to walk upon. Maughold-street, College-street, and Queen-street are amongst the oldest thoroughfares, but the houses here are gradually giving place to more modern erections. The principal streets are wide, and a great improvement is yearly being effected in the paving of the surface and in the drainage. Parliament street is the principal place of business. The Post-office, Court-house, banks, and a number of large shops and offices are situated in this locality. The Market-place is close to the harbour, of which it at one time formed a portion. St. Paul's Church, built in 1822, enlarged in 1844, and greatly improved in 1874, stands on the north side of the Market-place. The Church of St. Olave's, built in 1861, is situated in North Ramsey, at the top of Bowring-road. There are also the Wesleyan Chapel in Waterloo-road, considerably enlarged in 1882; and the Primitive Methodist Chapel close by. The Presbyterians worship in their new church in Waterloo-road, and the Roman Catholics in a neat little chapel on the shore. The Seamen's Bethel is situated at the west end of Parliament-street. Amongst the public schools

we may notice the Grammar School, in Waterloo-road, built in 1864, and capable of accommodating 200 boys; the National Day and Sunday Schools, and the Infant Schools, in Church-street, certified to accommodate 690 children; and the Wesleyan Day and Sunday Schools in Albert-street, certified for about 500 children. Besides these, there are several private schools in different parts of the town. The Home for the Aged Poor is in Church-street, and the Church Institute, the gift of the late Mrs C. Hall, is in College-street. There is being constructed a swing bridge to communicate with North Ramsey and the Mooragh.

The population of Ramsey at the last census was 4,214. The management of the finances of the town is entrusted to a Board of Commissioners, who have full control over the lighting and cleansing of the streets and the drainage.

The erection of a low water landing pier, available for steamers at all states of the tide, has for many years been the all absorbing desire of the Ramsey people, and its commencement in 1882, and completion in 1886, were marked as red letter days in the history of the town. It is situated at the south end of the Promenade, and forms one of the finest marine promenades in the kingdom. It was constructed from plans prepared by Sir John Coode, C.E., at a cost of about £45,000. Of this sum £11,000 were provided by Ramsey, the remaining cost being defrayed out of the revenue of the Island. It has a total length of 2,300 feet, of which 2,160 feet, or 720 yards, form the pier itself, the remaining 140 feet projecting out seawards, and at the end of which the lighthouse is placed. There is a depth of about 15 feet at low water spring tides at the outer end of the pier, which is a semi-solid work about 280 feet in length, composed of immense greenheart piles, bound together by innumerable rods of wrought iron. There are wide flights of iron stairs at the landing berth, and a shelter house, with waiting and refreshment rooms for passengers. The open part of the pier is composed of wrought iron piles screwed into the clay to a depth of about 15 feet. The girders are built on the lattice principle, in spans of 40 feet each, and others of 20 feet each, which have been made to form the stiffening bays. These are 38 feet wide, and ornamental seats are arranged around them, with the addition of a glazed wind and weather screen at the centre bay. A small charge is made for admission, collected at two ornamental toll

houses at the shore end of the pier. A tramway runs along the centre of the work, from all parts of which a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be obtained, especially of the beautiful glen of Ballure and the towering highlands beyond. The view from the extreme end of the pier is charming, and one of which visitors and residents alike appear never to tire. As a means of improving the steam communication between Ramsey and other parts, its value cannot be over-estimated, and its erection is certainly one calculated to materially enhance the prosperity of the town. The pier was opened with great ceremony on the 22nd July, 1886, and, by permission of her Majesty, was christened the "Queen's Pier."

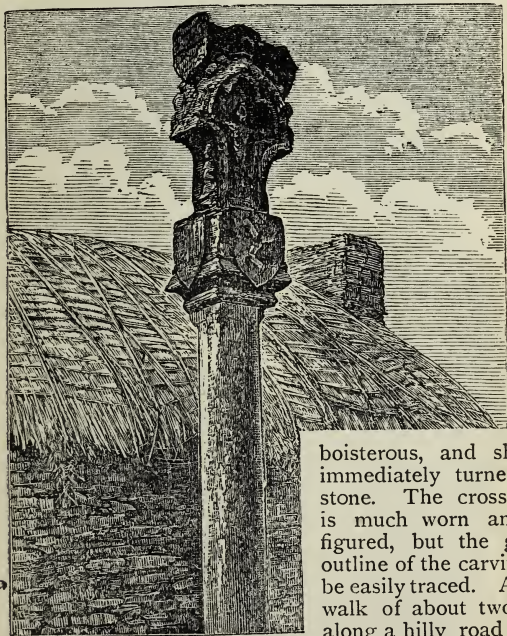
EXCURSIONS FROM RAMSEY.

In mapping out the different excursions that may be made from Ramsey, we have been very careful not to set down more work than a person in ordinary health ought to accomplish in a day of steady walking. In fact, a couple of the excursions may easily be taken in one day by many who are not easily fatigued. We shall also point out those excursions where conveyances have to be abandoned and pedestrianism brought to the fore, only premising that the visitor whose length of sojourn in this neighbourhood will permit him to adopt the latter in preference to the former more expeditious mode of locomotion will see more of the real character of the country than the one who follows the beaten and regular tracks. But to those whose time is limited, and who wish to see as much of the natural beauties of the north as they can, we would say that Sulby Glen, with the attractions of Tholt-e-Will; Glen Auldyn, with the Manx Niagara Waterfalls: and Dhoon Glen and Glen Mona should each be booked for a certain visit.

KIRK MAUGHOLD AND BALLAGLASS WATERFALL.

The village and church of Maughold, Maughold Head and Weil, and Ballaglass Waterfall can be visited easily in one day, either riding or walking. About three-quarters of a mile from Ramsey, on the high road to Douglas, there is a

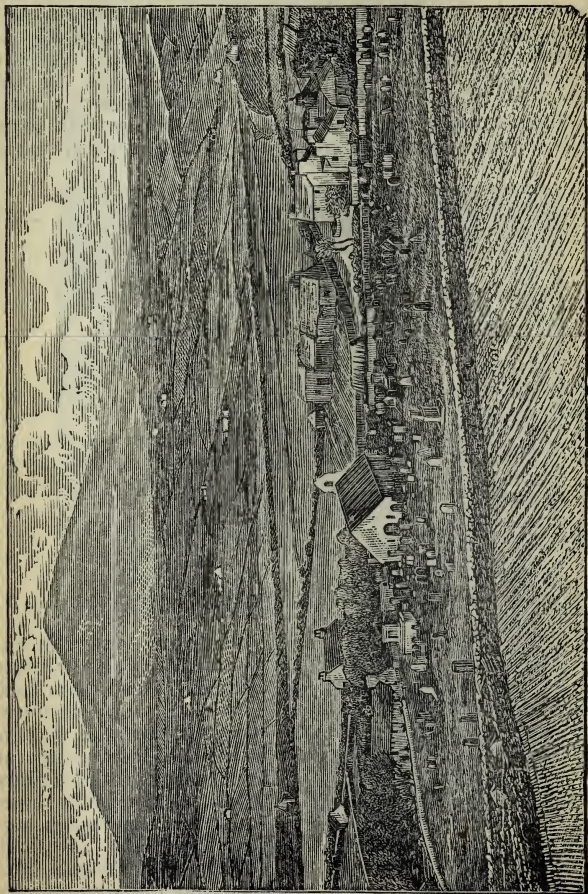
road branching off to the left and leading down towards the shore. At the foot of the hill lies the hamlet of Port Lewaigue, and, a short distance further on, that of Port-e-Vullen. Here are the remains of several mines. A little further on, we come to an old Runic Cross by the road side. One of the legends in connection with this cross is that an old woman, returning to the village with some balls of wool in her arms, cursed the wind, which was rather



ST. MAUGHOLD'S CROSS.

boisterous, and she was immediately turned into stone. The cross itself is much worn and disfigured, but the general outline of the carving can be easily traced. A sharp walk of about two miles along a hilly road brings us in sight of Kirk Maughold Church and

village. The church is a very ancient one, and is surrounded by an extensive churchyard. At the entrance to the yard there is a large cross, called St. Maughold's Cross. One side



MAUGHOLD VILLAGE, NORTH BARRULE IN BACKGROUND.

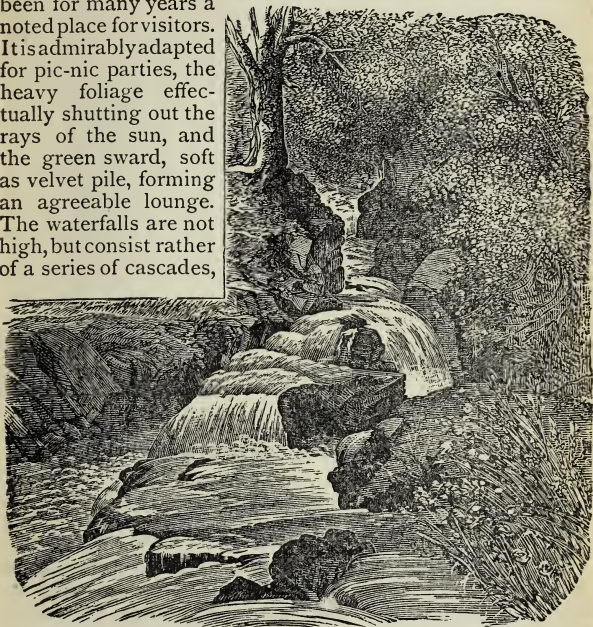
contains a carving of St. Maughold ; another, the Virgin and Child ; the third, the Crucifixion and the Manx arms ; and the fourth, that of a female figure. Many conjectures have been hazarded regarding the date of this remnant of antiquity, but no definite conclusion has been arrived at. The cross stands on a pedestal fixed to a block of stone. Our sketch represents the side on which the Crucifixion and the Manx arms. Close to the church are another cross and an ancient sun dial, and there are other objects of interest to the antiquary in the district. The walls of the church are of great thickness, and in the chancel windows are some specimens of tracery supposed to be the only ones on the Island. In the graveyard surrounding the church, large number of eminent Manx men and women are interred. The living is the gift of the Crown. There is a vicarage close to the church, and the surroundings of the sacred edifice has a very primitive aspect. The clerk's residence stands between the vicarage and the church. This post is worth about £120 per annum ; in fact it is the best situation of the kind on the Island. The clerk is elected to his office by all those parishioners who, to quote the old statue, "put out smoke"—*i.e.*, whose domicile, whether a mansion or a single room, has a chimney to it—a very peculiar qualification. After inspecting the church a walk to Maughold Head will amply repay the tourist for the slight deviation from the highroad. The well is not easily found ; and, as this is seldom omitted by tourists, it would be well to obtain plain directions from some one residing in the locality before proceeding on the search. No general directions on our part would serve the purpose. From the head, a magnificent view of the country and the Irish Sea is secured. Our sketch [p. 208] shows the inland view from this point.

The village and church of Maughold lie in the foreground, the highroad to Ramsey on the left, and a portion of the parish and Mount Barrule in the distance. An excellent view of Ramsey Bay, town and a portion of the North of the Island can be obtained from a part of the glebe situated to the south of the Vicarage ; and if the tourist obtain permission from the Vicar to cross the fields, he ought not to omit this. The sea view from Maughold Head is also very fine, and commands a large area. A striking legend in illustration of the peculiar sanctity said to attach to the Church of St Maughold is given in the *Chronicon Manniæ* :—

Somerled, Jarl of Argyle, had taken up arms against Godred Olaveson. A sea battle was fought between them on the eve of Epiphany, in 1156, with such doubtful success to either that the next morning they came to a compromise to divide between them the sovereignty of the isles. Under this compromise, Somerled acquired all the isles, excepting Man, south of the point of Ardamarchan. From that period the sovereignty of the isles ceased to be vested in one person. Somerled, however, was not content with this, and two years after, that is, in 1158, Somerled again, with a fleet of 53 ships, came to Man, where, encountering Godred, he defeated that prince, who then fled to the court of Norway to crave assistance. On the approach of Somerled to the Island on the second occasion, the Manx people conveyed their money and valuables to the sanctuary of St Maughold Church, in the hopes, says the chronicler, that the veneration due to St Machutus, added to the sanctity of the place, would secure everything within its precincts. After the battle, in which he was victorious, the fleet of Somerled lay at Ramsey, and one of his captains, Gil Colum, made a proposal to surprise the Church of St Maughold, and at least drive off the cattle which were grazing around the churchyard. Somerled, with much reluctance, consented to this proposal, pronouncing at the same time these words, "Let the affair rest between thee and St Machutus; let me and my troops be innocent; we claim no share in thy sacreligious booty." Gil Colum laid his plans accordingly, arranging with his three sons to effect the surprise at daybreak the following morning, but as he lay asleep in his tent at dead of night, St Machutus appeared to him arrayed in white linen, and holding a pastoral staff in his hand, with which he twice struck him in the heart. Awaking in great terror of mind, Gil Colum sent for the priests of the Church to receive his confession, but they had no words of comfort for the dying wretch. One of them even proceeded to pray that St Machutus would never withdraw his hand till he made an end of the impious man, and immediately he was attacked by a swarm of filthy monstrous flies, and about six in the morning he expired in great misery and torture. Somerled and his whole host were struck with such dismay upon the death of this man that as the tide floated their ships they weighed anchor, and with precipitancy returned home.

After examining the Well at the Head, about which various romances have been afloat, it will be necessary to retrace our steps to the Church, and there inquire for the road leading to Ballajora Chapel. A sharp walk, principally up hill, brings us to this building. The road here passes through the ancient Quakers' Burial Ground, and the road to the left leads to Ballaglass Glen and Waterfall. There are several bye-paths branching from this road; but, avoiding all, and keeping the valley in front in view, the tourist cannot miss the way. Conveyences to Ballaglass do not, as rule, go this way, but by the highroad to Douglas. The walk from Maughold Village to Ballaglass is the most fatiguing part of the journey, but capital bits of scenery are obtained

at intervals. Inquires on the way will prevent the tourist taking the wrong turn, and finding himself in some out-of-the-way portion of the parish. This glen and waterfall have been for many years a noted place for visitors. It is admirably adapted for pic-nic parties, the heavy foliage effectually shutting out the rays of the sun, and the green sward, soft as velvet pile, forming an agreeable lounge. The waterfalls are not high, but consist rather of a series of cascades,



BALLAGLASS WATERFALL.

and of rushing torrents through large fissures in the stones. We give a sketch of the upper portions of the glen and falls above. The river Renna, which forms the falls, flows into the sea a short distance from the mill. The pedestrian may walk along the path leading up the stream, and, passing the water wheel and lead mines, he will come out at Cornay Bridge on the Douglas highroad—at a point referred to in our description of the journey from Ramsey to Laxey [page 184]. The new Bellite Works are situated at the foot of

Cornay Glen. Another road leads from the glen to the highroad from the neighbourhood of the lead mines and water wheel. It is a small path along the border of one of the fields, forming a portion of the estate of Ballaglass, and brings the tourist into the bye-road leading to the farm. A turn to the left leads into the highroad some distance nearer to Ramsey than the Cornay Bridge. The highroad to Ramsey, available for vehicles, is at the Flower Mills in the glen, and runs along the side of the hill, joining the road opposite the Hibernian Inn. There is also another way of returning to old Ramsey, viz, by retracing our steps to Ballajora Chapel, and, instead of turning towards Kirk Maughold, by the way we came, keeping straight on the road along the side of the hill. This is a beautiful drive, and runs through the estate of Lewaigue, one of the most productive farms on the North of the Island, finally joining the highroad at the foot of Slieu Lewaigue. By taking this road the steep ascents and descents between the Hibernian and Folieu are avoided, and a capital view of the fruitful valley of Maughold is obtained along the whole route after leaving Ballajore. The distance from Ramsey to Kirk Maughold, Ballaglass, and back, is about 10 miles.

DHOON GLEN.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

These words may aptly be applied to this, one of the most beautiful of the glens of Mona. It is almost shut out from view on the shore side, and, although the tops of the trees are occasionally visible from the highroad, yet there is nothing to indicate the proximity of such beautiful scenery as this glen possesses. The head of the glen and the hotel are situated on the highroad, at some six and a half miles from Ramsey and two and a half from Laxey. A small charge is made for admission. A well wooded plantation at the head of the glen forms a capital place for large pic-nic parties, but more fascinating and charming situations will be found lower down. If viewed under favourable circumstances, on a bright clear day, the view from this spot is very pleasing. Lower down we come to a large water wheel, formerly used to pump the water out



DHOON FALLS.

of the lead mines then in operation. The first fall is about eighty feet, and after this the torrent takes another leap of between seventy and eighty feet. The total height of the fall is over a hundred and sixty feet. Our illustration of the waterfall is from a photograph by Mr Patterson, of Ramsey, and represents the whole of the second leap, and the greatest portion of the first leap. By traversing the path for a short distance towards the north of the glen, and turning to the right to the river, some capital views of the fall are obtained.

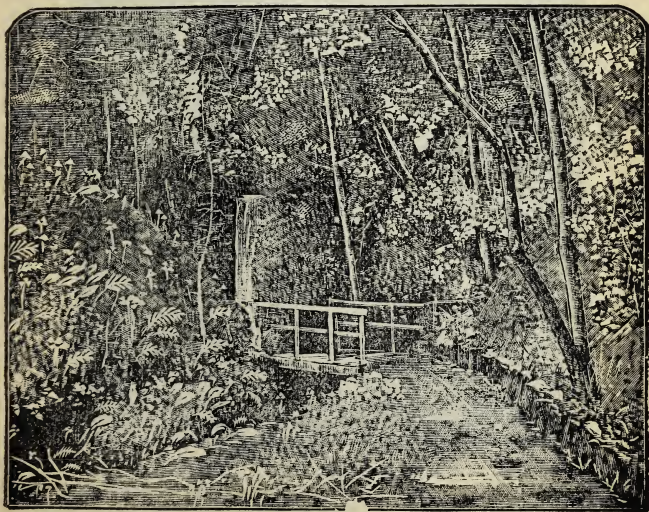
A few yards before this fall there is another smaller, but very romantically-situated one, and on the left-hand side of the glen, and close to the latter fall, a tunnel about 26 feet in height has been cut into the solid rock for a distance of hundreds of yards for purposes in connection with the mine higher up the glen. A little lower down the foliage is thick, specimens of ferns and wild flowers are very abundant, and along the bed of the river are numberless charming retreats for small pic-nic parties. A path has been cut from the bed of the river to the side of the hill which leads us down to the shore. As we walk along this elevated path, with the glen beneath, we observe a mountain torrent rushing down the hill on the opposite side. This is the equally charming Glen Callan, and, after resting on the beach, and partaking of refreshments at the restaurant that we are quickly approaching, the return by this glen will be a most agreeable change, and should not be omitted. At intervals, along the path we are traversing, seats have been erected for the benefit of the weary, and whilst looking around, or resting here, the barren and rocky nature of the land immediately above the glen is very apparent. Arrived at the shore we have a snug little bay, surrounded by rocks of every form. Safe boats can be hired, and the formation of the rocks and caves closely examined. From the beach, or from a distance out at sea, there is nothing to indicate the proximity of such a beautiful glen. The stream falls on to the beach from a fissure in the slight elevation that surrounds the "Bight of Dhoon," as it is now termed, or "Toftar Asmund," as it was formerly called.

As we retrace our steps up Glen Callan, its natural beauties are seen to great advantage, and a little climbing, in closely following the watercourse, opens out little bits of scenery that are delightful.

The Dhoon is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque and lovely glens which beautiful Mona contains. Waving trees and rippling streams, ivy-clad rocks and moss-lined recesses, warbling birds and chirping insects, add charms to this lovely retreat. The splendid waterfall is scarcely equalled by that of Spooyt-Vane on the opposite side of the Island. From the rustic bridge crossing the fall, about midway in its height, the view is sublimely grand, whether we look upwards at the wood-embosomed fall, or downwards towards the ocean.

GLEN MONA.

Amongst the many out-of-the-way nooks that have been "opened out" for the delight and enjoyment of visitors, during the past decade, none are more charming than the glen now known as Glen Mona, but to residents in the neighbourhood and older visitors, more familiarly recognised as "The Rhenab," or the "Barony." This delightful retreat



A PLEASANT RETREAT IN GLEN MONA.

has had a local reputation as a resort for lovers of the gentle art for years past, its very seclusion being one of its charms. The stream that runs through the glen has long been noted



THE IVY FALL, GLEN MONA.

for the quality as well as for the abundance of its fish, and expert anglers frequently return after a day's sport with quite as heavy a load of splendid trout as they can carry.

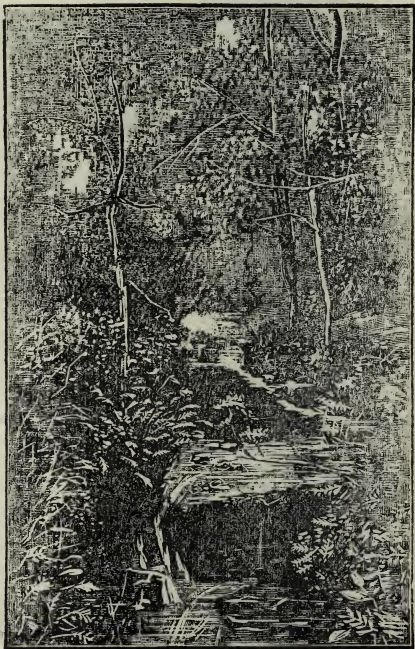
The principal entrance to the glen is near the Dhoon Church, about one mile before Dhoon Glen is reached on the journey from Ramsey. A large and comfortable hotel stands near the entrance on the highroad, and there is also a refreshment room in the lower portion of the glen near the sea. Descending the glen through a delightful labyrinth of vegetation and verdure, occasional glimpses are obtained of the highlands which are such a prominent characteristic of the parish of



A COOL CORNER IN GLEN MONA.

Maughold, and at every turn of the path, the Rhenab, as it rushes to the sea, forms a series of roaring cascades, or more

gently glides over or around huge boulders which some tremendous upheaval of nature has hurled into its course. Rustic bridges cross the stream, where the best views of the falls are obtained, and there is no lack of quiet nooks, where, on the verdant swards, the revelries of the pic-nic can be heartlly enjoyed. Both sides of the glen, especially the northern wood on which the Barony is situated, are well stocked with trees, but as the stream approaches the sea, the



A PEEP IN GLEN MONA.

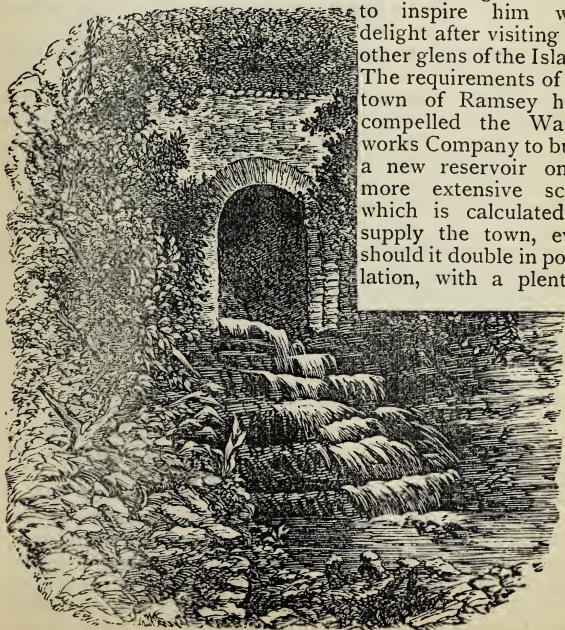
valley opens out and the trees are scanty. The beach is a very steep one, and for this reason was selected in 1885 as the spot where the new cable which connects the Island with

St. Bees Head, in Cumberland, enter the sea. A house for the telegraphing operator has been erected on the beach, and has been fitted with every convenience for a few days' residence in case of accident or injury to the cable. Here, also, are the new and extensive Bellite Works. The return to the highroad, if made by the south side of the glen, will open out very fine views of the northern mountain range, and afford, at intervals, excellent coigns of vantage whence to look down on the peaceful vale below.

NORTH BARRULE, BALLURE AND ELFIN GLENS.

The entrance to Ballure Glen is by a path close to Ballure Bridge, previously referred to. Unless the tourist follows the course of the stream he will see nothing calculated

to inspire him with delight after visiting the other glens of the Island. The requirements of the town of Ramsey have compelled the Water-works Company to build a new reservoir on a more extensive scale, which is calculated to supply the town, even should it double in population, with a plentiful

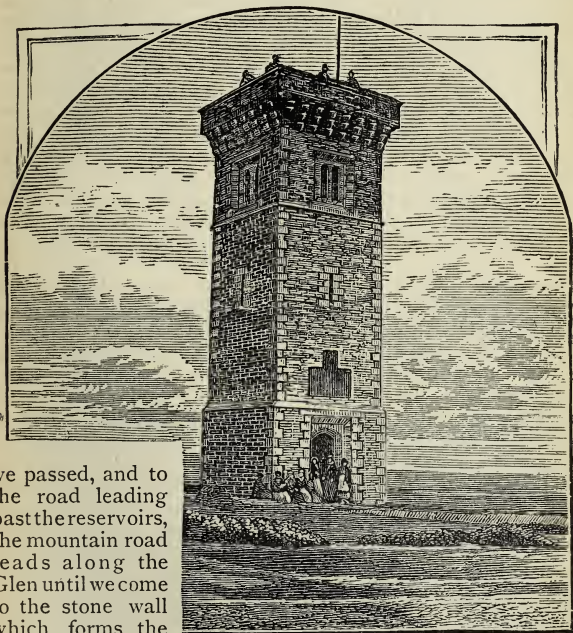


AT BALLURE.

supply of water during a drought of three months, and a portion of the upper fall has been converted into a sluice for the purpose of carrying away the overflow from the reservoirs. After passing the fall, we come to the three reservoirs, and beyond them the glen divides into two parts, in both of which there are numerous charmingly cool retreats, which are favourite resorts of pic-nic parties. The trees afford ample shade, and the view of Ramsey bay and landing pier is very picturesque. A well-formed path on the side of the Glen nearest the town will lead the tourist along the side of the hill and back into the highway. This is a very pleasant walk; but, if a visit to the Albert Tower is decided upon, it is easily reached from the neighbourhood of the reservoirs. A small cottage stands on the road above the reservoirs, and a bye-path running at the back of this cottage and across the fields leads over a stile, and thence along the side of the hedge to the farm-yard. From here the path to the Tower is easily distinguished.

Albert Tower was built by the inhabitants of Ramsey to commemorate an unexpected visit of the Prince Consort, in 1847. On that memorable occasion Queen Victoria's yacht anchored in the bay on its return from Scotland. Her Majesty remained on board, but the Prince Consort landed on the south shore, and, walking to Ballure Glen, was escorted up the side of the hill, and, from the summit, obtained a fine view of the surrounding country. He returned to the yacht remarkably well satisfied with his trip ashore. The Tower is built of granite, and access to the roof is obtained by means of a winding staircase inside the building. From the roof, which is protected by a battlement of stone, a capital view of the north of the Island is obtained. As we look due north, the parishes of Lezayre and Jurby, with Jurby Church in the distance, are on our left; the town lies immediately beneath us; and the parishes of Kirk Andreas and Kirk Bride further beyond. On a clear day the coast of Ireland is visible on the left (beyond Jurby parish), the Scotch coast due north, and the English coast and the hills of Cumberland on our right. It is rare that the state of the atmosphere allows a view of the three countries at one glance, but the Scotch and English coasts are almost always visible. The parish of Maughold lies to the extreme east, or almost behind us as we look towards the Point of Ayre, while Mount Barrule, to the south, is quite in our rear. From

Albert Tower the ascent to the summit of Barrule appears short and easy, and it may, with advantage, be made from here. Retracing our steps to the farmyard through which



ALBERT TOWER.

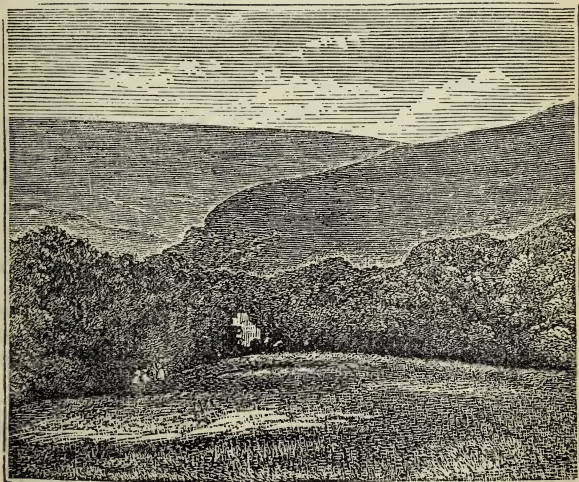
we passed, and to the road leading past the reservoirs, the mountain road leads along the Glen until we come to the stone wall which forms the boundary between the farms of Ballastole, Park Moar, &c., and the Common Lands. After climbing over this boundary wall, the real difficulties of the ascent present themselves, and care is required in order to avoid the bogs that are so prevalent immediately after crossing the boundary. With ordinary care, and a little perseverance, however, the top of North Barrule ought to be reached in half-an-hour to three-quarters after leaving the Tower.

From the summit of North Barrule a splendid view of the whole of the north and a portion of the south and centre of the Island is obtained, as well as an extensive panoramic view of the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Looking towards Ramsey, the eye wanders over a long stretch of well cultivated and fruitful land. Turning round, the direction of the range of hills which traverse the Island from north to south is easily traced. The round summit of Snaefell appears within a few miles to the south, and, in the far distance, glimpses of Douglas Bay and Landing Pier, and of Lonan, are obtained. Immediately below, still looking south, lies a valley almost enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills. Extensive mining works were formerly in full progress here, and the buildings still remain. Glen Aldyn lies to the west, and the little views that are obtainable of this glen from our coign of vantage are very pleasing. The descent may be made either by way of Elfin Glen or by Glen Aldyn. The former is preferable, as there is no regular path by the latter, Glen Aldyn is well worthy of a few hours being set apart for its inspection alone. In descending by way of Elfin Glen, we will suppose the tourist is looking towards Ramsey. A short distance below him, and far from the boundary wall previously referred to, there is a farm-house, past which a road leads direct to Elfin Glen. Keeping this farm-house in view as we descend from the summit, a footpath leads us along the eastern boundary of one of the fields to it, which is called Park Moar. After passing the farm-house, the road turns to the right, but this leads to the Tower and not to the Glen. The narrow path to the left leads to Elfin Glen, down which a stroll would prove highly interesting. It is a small glen, but well wooded, and the walks, being shaded by trees, afford a cool retreat after toiling under the heat of the sun. The path down the Glen joins a road to the Tower at a gate leading into a field, and finally joins the road that leads round Cloughbane and to the stone quarry, whence a direct walk of about a mile brings us to Waterloo-road.

GLEN ALDYN, "MANX NIAGARA," CLAUGHBANE, BALLURE CHAPEL.

About half a mile on the highway to Peel, a road on the left leads to Glen Aldyn (Manx Niagara) [see illustration page 104]. The glen is larger than the Dhoon or Ballaglass,

and, as it is within easy walking distance of Ramsey, has always been a favourite resort both of tourists and visitors. It is well sheltered by hills, and the air of the glen is generally balmier than that of the surrounding district. The "Manx Niagara Waterfall," which is situated at the head of the "Fern Glen," has latterly risen in public favour. The entrance to this charming retreat is on the left side of the principal glen, and about half a mile from the high road. Fern Glen is easily approached by taking the road to the left just before reaching the wooden bridge. Its natural great beauties of wood and water, dingles and dells, are enhanced by thousands of young trees—pines, firs, &c.—specially planted. The views from the top of the glen are difficult to surpass. In fact, no visitor has properly "done" Ramsey and the North who has not seen this pretty glen, luxuriant in ferns. The road leads to the new mountain road, and through this glen it has been proposed to carry



A NOOK IN GLEN ALDYN.

on the road, so as to open out direct communication between the north of the Island and Douglas by way of the mountain

road. North Barrule can easily be reached from the head of the glen by turning to the left, and there is a small path on the right leading to Sulby Glen. There is a slate quarry at the top of the glen. The river formerly abounded with trout, but latterly they have become very scarce. In the spring of the year they are rather plentiful, and as the distance from Ramsey is not very great, a few hours at this sport will prove very enjoyable. The river is rather narrow, and generally so shaded by low overhanging trees, that fly-fishing is impossible, except in the lower portions of the stream, or immediately after entering the glen. There are, however, several good runs, and a lively worm may prove effective, and some capital sport be obtained.

A few hundred yards after entering the glen from the highroad, we come to a lane on the left-hand side. This leads to Claughbane-road. A short distance up the lane there is a gate, then a footpath, running along the side of several fields, and finally leading to a farm-house. Approaching the farm-house, we see a valley along the hills on our right ; this is called the "Nut Glen," on account of the large quantities of nuts growing there. A path along the hedge leads to it, and a short visit will prove interesting. Passing through the farm-yard, the path still leads through the fields, through a style, along another field, and finally joins the Claughbane-road, a short distance above Claughbane house. From this point the road turning to the right runs under an avenue of fine trees, and this locality, viewed in early spring or autumn, before noon or before sunset, is really charming. "Round Claughbane," as it is termed, is a favourite walk of the inhabitants, whom one meets in numbers in fine weather during the summer evenings. After emerging from beneath the avenue of trees, we pass a large stone quarry. The stone is used for building purposes throughout the north of the Island, and has been worked for many years. It was used in the construction of the New Promenade at Ramsey. A short distance after passing the quarry, the road on the right leads to Albert Tower, Elfin Glen, and North Barrule ; and the one on the left to Ramsey, by way of the Parsonage-road. But keeping a direct course, we have, from a short distance further on, the best view of Ramsey and surrounding country, and a portion of the bay. At intervals between this point and where we again enter the highway to Douglas, we have

several good views of the country on our left, whilst on our right "Lhergy Frissel," clothed with verdure and forest trees, rises abruptly.

As we return to Ramsey, after joining the highway, Ballure Chapel lies in a field on our left. This is sometimes called the "Old Chapel," and well worthy is it of that title, for although the present building is not very ancient, yet upon the site a chapel has existed far beyond any reliable recorded time. It was in existence prior to the year 1611, for, in Speed's History, first published in that year, it was referred to as "St. Catherine's Chappel." "Bishop Parr, who was consecrated A.D. 1635, rebuilt Ramsey Church, probably in 1639 and 1640. Richard Parr, a native of Lancashire, was sometime fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, and afterwards rector of Eccleston, in the county of Lancaster. He was an excellent prelate, and the last who held the see previous to the Civil War, during which unhappy period a vacancy took place of above eighteen years. Dr. Parr rebuilt Ramsey Church, and was eminent as a preacher. He was consecrated in 1635, and dying in 1643, was buried at St. German's." (*Butler's Life of Bishop Hildesley*).—"Richard Parr, Bishop of Sodor and Man, was first driven out of a rectory in Lancashire (Eccleston), and then from his see, which was sequestered in 1643. He died in the same year."—(*Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*.)

From manuscripts in possession of the Chaplain of Ramsey, we have been able to gather the following extracts from the "Book of Causes, Ano. Dni. 1641," relating to this chapel:—

That ye inhabitants of Ramsey and ye neighbours about ye Chappel of Ballure may give God his due worship and service; wee have for that purpose sworne two chappell wardens, Henry Chrystian and Ffard Ffoxe, whose office is to have speciall care of God's public worship, p^esentinge, by virtue of their oath, all such ye inhabitants of Ramsey and other neighbours about ye chappell as shall absent yemselves without iust (just) cause. Where wee will and require yem to serve God, except it be at solemne feasts and Comunion days, at wch tymes wee will yem to goe to ye mother church, but att all other times duely to com to ye chappell, made wth great cost soe readie to yeir hands. These are further to require all such who are thus bound to repaire to ye chappell for ye exercise of true religion and to beg God's blessinges with cheerfulness to pay ye readers wages, for wch they may exp^{***} double blessinge from God to whose blessed pt^{****} and mercele in Christ I leave you all and rest.

+ + Rⁱ. SOD :

Bps. Court Ffeb. ye 15th 1640.

1706.—The chappell at Ramsea rebuilt, to which I gave five pounds.—*Bp. Wilson's Memorandum Book.*

From the Book of Causes (1712) we gather that James F. Knipe, reader at Ramsey Chapel, presented a petition to "Ye Rit Revd. Thos: Ld. Bip. ; ye Revd. Samuel Wattleworth, Archdeacon, ye Revd. Robert Parr and John Curghey, Vicar-General,*** 'to appoint and authorise fit persons to assess ye inhabitatas of Ramsey, and Trin of Ballure, to keep ye said chapel in repair as formerly, and also to inspect and have power to levy, or take what is and shall fall yearly due to ye Reader, according to their voluntary subscriptions, yt all things may be done decently and in order."

Captain Wattleworth and William Christian were appointed, in response to this petition, at a Court held at "Lezaire, June 6, 1712," and all persons indebted to Mr Knipe were ordered to pay within 14 days, "wch if they neglect to pay, he is to commit them to St. Germain's prison, and if ye Sumner be disobeyed he is to desire ye assistance of a soldier or soldiers from ye garrison of Peele and fort of Ramsey, yearly as there shall be occasion." It is supposed that the restored chapel was consecrated by Bp Wilson in 1747, but, as the ste was a sacred one before, this is doubted by some authorities.

The "Trin of Ballure," referred to above, comprised, according to the Setting Quest Books, the four adjoining quarterlands of Balure, Ballastole, Ballacowle, and Clenaige, the latter of which has been divided, the one-half being attached to Milntown and the other now called Claughbane.

The chapel of Ballure was a ruin in 1849, and in that year an effort was made to repair it, which was successful. Above £320 were raised by subscriptions and offertories in St. Paul's Church, and the chapel was completely restored. A baptismal font of Caen stone was placed in the chapel in 1867. A small burial ground surrounds the chapel.

In the burial ground attached to the chapel there are several ancient tombstones. One of them standing against the boundary wall near the west gable, bears the following quaint inscription :—

Justly respected are interred here the remains of Anne Stowell, alias Brown, wife of Thomas Stowell, who died on the 17th day of July, 1783, aged 44 years, and was the mother of 15 sons and one daughter.

May they like her their time emply,
And meet her in the realms of joy

KIRK BRIDE. POINT OF AYRE.

These places may be visited easily in one day by the pedestrian. Pleasure parties frequently go to the Point in conveyances, and have pic-nics on the shore.

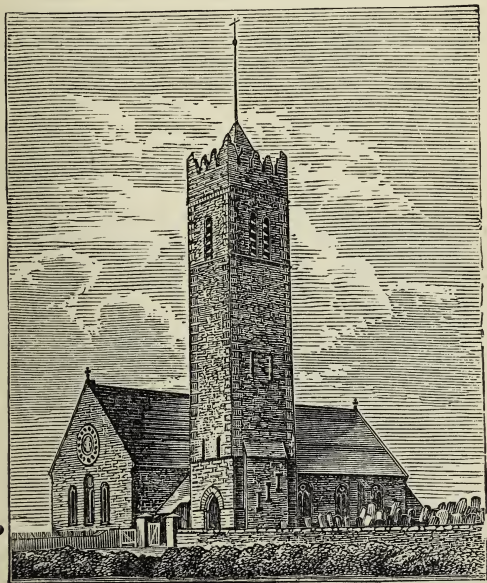
Kirk Bride is about four miles from Ramsey, and the Point is about three miles beyond. At the west end of Parliament-street, a road, branching to the right from the highway to Peel, leads over "The Bridge" and up Bowring-road. At the top of this road we pass St. Olive's Church, and, continuing in the same direction, the road winds a little, and, in a few minutes, we come to another good road, branching off to the right. This is Bride road, and leads direct to the village. Good views of Ramsey are obtained from different points on this road, as well as of Barrule, Snaefell, &c. At the bottom of a steep hill, in the village, stands the parish church, dedicated to St. Bridget. In the churchyard are two Runic crosses. The present church was commenced in 1869. The tower was built in 1875. On an eminence at Shellag, is a stone circle, called Cronk-ny-Vowlan, with an internal tumulus. From here a fine view of the Scottish coast and Cumberland mountains is obtained. The road to the right to the church leads to the Point of Ayre Lighthouse, which is reached after passing through an alternately fruitful and barren district. The lighthouse is built of stone, and is 159 feet high. The lights are reached by means of a winding staircase, which is firmly built and well protected against any accident happening to visitors by falling over, &c. The light is a revolving one, and shows a red and white light alternately by means of clockwork. An iron balcony runs round the house on the outside, and from this position a magnificent view of the mountains in the south of Scotland is obtained, and, if the weather is clear, an equally good view of those of Cumberland and of the east coast of Ireland, as well as a large portion of the south of the Island. This is, in fact, one of those views that ought not to be missed. A dwelling-house is attached to the lighthouse for the use of the families of the men in charge of the lamps. There is accommodation for pic-nic parties either on the soft sward by which the district is surrounded, or on the shingle on the shore. A smaller lighthouse was erected in 1890, about 500 yards seawards from the old one, and just on the verge of the coast. This was found necessary, in conse-

quence of the manner in which the shingle is accumulating. A fog signal has also been attached. It is about this place that two tides, running on each side of the Island, meet, and form the troubled water, called by the natives "The Streeus" (from a Manx word signifying "strife" or "contention"). In stormy weather this portion of the coast is dangerous to small craft. The formation of the coast is peculiar. Stones of all sizes, rubbed smooth and round by the constant action of the waters, form terraces along the shore, one above the other, as they have been left by each succeeding tide. Ever varying and changing, they form a treacherous footing, and contrast strongly with the beautiful greensward a few yards inshore, composed of a soft and yielding grass, which thrives under the showers of salt spray, and amidst which are tiny flowers of almost every hue, the whole forming a most agreeable soft lounge, only to be appreciated by those who have enjoyed it after a walk from Ramsey. Returning to Ramsey by the same road that we came, we shall notice a road, branching off to the left, at the top of the hill, after passing the Parish Church. This road leads direct to the village of Andreas, and passes through a fertile district. From different points in this road, good views of Snaefell, Barrule, Pen-y-Phot, and the Sulby and Ballaugh districts are obtained, as well as Albert Tower, Folieu, and the highlands above Ramsey. It is about four-and-a-half miles from Andreas to Ramsey.

KIRK ANDREAS, JURBY, AND ST. JUDE'S.

If, instead of entering Andreas by way of Kirk Bride, as described in the previous chapter, it is decided to make Ramsey the starting point, the road through North Ramsey must be taken, and, instead of turning into the road to the right leading to Kirk Bride, keep straight ahead, and in a few minutes we come to a portion of the road that bears signs of having recently undergone considerable alterations. This is called the Dhoor Hill, and was formerly rather steep. In the course of the excavations, in 1872, the workmen came across several cinerary urns, which were broken by them. The ashes of supposed human remains were found inside them. In fact, the parish of Andreas appears to have been, in ancient times, the centre of a large population, or at least an important military centre. In the course of severa

excavations which have taken place in this locality, many coins, urns, &c., have been discovered. In 1874 several ancient coins were discovered near the churchyard. The tower of the church is visible after passing the Dhoor, and the road to the village passes through a well cultivated tract. Less than a mile past the Dhoor Hill, there are four cross roads. The one to the right leads to Kirk Bride road, the one to the left to Kerrowgarrow, and the one in front direct to Kirk Andreas. If the turn to the left is taken, the fort of Ballachurry may be inspected, and then the highway



ANDREAS CHURCH.

to Andreas, *via* Ballavarry, leads direct into the village ; or, if the direct road to Andreas be continued, the fort is visited on the return journey. This fort, which is supposed by some to have been constructed during the Civil Wars, either by

the Roundheads or by the Earl of Derby, has more the appearance of a fortified camp. It is almost square, and, with the rampart and fosse, occupies above half an acre. The rampart is 12 feet high, and the internal surface is much lower than the level of the ground outside the fort. There are bastions at each corner, and the whole structure has the appearance of having been raised with considerable care and skill. The Church of Kirk Andreas is dedicated to St. Andrew. The present structure is modern. The tower, shown in our illustration [page 229], was finished in 1872. It is visible from all parts of the North of the Island. In the interior of the church there is a marble font, once the property of Philip I. of France. There is a runic monument in the churchyard, on which representations of horses, boars, goats, birds, and a man on horseback have been carved. There is an inscription on the edge, which runs as follows:—"Sont : Ulf : ein : suarti : raisti : krus : thona : aftir : Arin : Biaurg : Ruinu : sini :" which signifies that "Sont Ulf. the Black' raised the cross for Arinbjörg, his wife." There is another Runic monument outside the church gates. The rectory is situated a short distance from the church. The living is generally held by the Archdeacon of the Diocese, and is in the gift of the Crown. Mr Cumming states that:—

In the ancient maps of the Island we have three lakes occupying different parts of the great Curragh. One, the Malar Lough, received the waters of the Sulby River, which flowed out again into Ramsey Bay. Another was in Ballaugh (Balla-lough, the Village of the Lake), and flowed out to the sea by Kallahane. The other was in Andreas, giving out its waters northward by the Lhane Mooar, where King Orry is said to have landed. The name *Lhane* seems to be derived from the Celtic *glan* or *lan*, "a seashore, or margin of a stream. In the *Chronicon Manniæ* and more recent documents we have mention made of the Lake Mirescough, or Myreshaw, one half of the fishery of which was granted to Huan (or John) Hesketh, Bishop of Man, by Thomas, Earl of Derby, in 1505. There were three islands in this lake, and in 1176 Godred Olaveson granted one of them to Sylvanus, Abbot of Rievale (on which to build a monastery), in expiation for his having married Fingala, daughter of Muirthead, King of Ireland, without the proper rites of the Church. In after times this was transferred to the Abbey of Rushen. It seems most probable that the Malar Lough was a part of the older lake of Myreshaw, as the limits of the Church lands, given in the *Chronicon*, are stated to "descend by the Sulby River to the wood of Myreshaw," and, in the old maps, the Sulby River is represented as running into the Malar Lough. One of the islands in the lake was used as a state prison, mentioned in the *Rushen Chronicle*.

In the parish of Andreas are several tumuli. One called Cronk-ny-Dooiney (Man Hill) is at the foot of Cronk-Narraishage (the Hill o

the Watch-by-day). Another, called Cronk Ain, is at Regaby, not far from Cronk Aust. A third at Ballavarry, not far from Andreas Church.

Jurby is situated about four miles from Andreas Village, in a westerly direction. The Parish Church, dedicated to St. Patrick, stands on elevated land near the sea. The cod fishery is somewhat extensively followed by the inhabitants along this coast, and from a part called the "Lhen Moar," a little to the north of Jurby Head, excellent fish are procured. They are immediately cleaned and salted by the fishermen, and partially dried ; but whether it is the quality of the fish, or any peculiarity in their modest curing, that has made them famous, is uncertain, but their fame is great. Near the entrance to the church is a large Runic Cross, and in the interior of the church there are two Runic Monuments. On the estate of the West Nappin there are the remains of a Treen Chapel.

Leaving Jurby Church, and taking the road past Ballamona, we come to what is called Sandy Gate. The road to the east leads direct to four cross roads, the right-hand



BALLAUGH OLD CHURCH.

one going to Sulby Bridge, the left to Kirk Andreas, and the one in front to St. Jude's, and thence to Ramsey. Following this road we shortly come to the parsonage house, then to the school and church. The church is a chapel-of-ease in connection with Andreas Parish Church, and the living is in the gift of the rector of that parish. As we walk along this road, we get, on the right, pretty views of the hills and glens from Maughold Head. Shortly after leaving the church, we pass under a number of fine trees on the estate of Ballachurry, on which the fort is situated. A walk of about two miles brings us in sight of Ramsey, and we join the Bowring-road opposite St. Olave's Church.

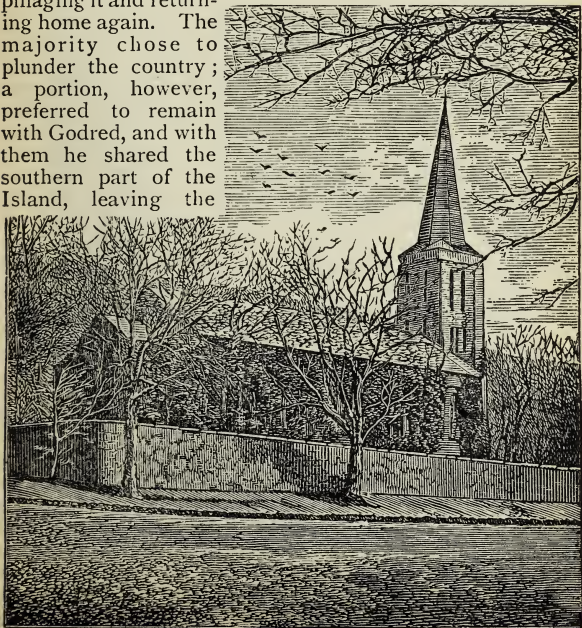
This excursion may be varied according to circumstances. A walk or drive from Romsey, by way of Bowring-Road and along the road opposite to St. Olave's Church, to St. Jude's, and at the four cross roads immediately past the church taking the turn to the left, to Sulby Bridge, and back to Ramsey, through to Lezayre, is about nine miles.

Ballaugh old church and village may be visited from Jurby by taking the road to the right, leading, south instead of going to the left, past Ballamoar, to the Sandy Gate. Ballaugh old Church is a ruin, covered with ivy [see illustration page 231]. There is a Runic cross in the churchyard. The new parish church is situated a little further on in the same road. The distance from Ballaugh to Ramsey is about seven miles, and the road is level and good.

SULBY GLEN, SNAEFELL, DRUIDALE, AND BALLAUGH GLEN.

This excursion will prove one of the most interesting and enjoyable on the Island. To accomplish it comfortably in one day, the train, as far as Sulby Glen, will have to be called into requisition. Having booked a seat as far as the Sulby Glen Station, we can at leisure inspect the country through which we pass. After leaving Ramsey, we have a good view of North Barrule on our left, and immediately afterwards pass the estate of Milntown and the entrance to Glen Aldyn. Emerging from beneath the trees, the well-wooded hill on our left is Skye Hill. The approach to the summit of this hill will be observed past the bend in the road. A walk to the summit in the early morn or in the cool evening, will prove a delightful one. The path leads through a thick plantation until an open space is reached, whence a

good view of the country we have already described, together with Lezayre Church, is obtained. This hill is noted in Manx history as the spot whereon Godred, son of Harold the Black, of Iceland, defeated the Manx, and thereby won for himself the sovereignty of the Island. Godred had on two former occasions endeavoured to possess himself of the crown of the Island, but had both times been repulsed. Once more he got together a large armament, and, coming by night to the harbour of Ramsey, he managed to land and conceal a body of men at Scacafel. At sunrise, the Manx attacked Godred with considerable fury, but, in the heat of the engagement, the 300 men rushed from their ambuscade, terribly galled the Manx in the rear, and put them to rout with great slaughter. Godred gave his troops the option of dividing the Island amongst them for an inheritance, or of pillaging it and returning home again. The majority chose to plunder the country; a portion, however, preferred to remain with Godred, and with them he shared the southern part of the Island, leaving the



LEZAYRE CHURCH.

northern to the natives, on the condition that no one should attempt the establishment of an hereditary claim to any part. The property of the whole Island and its revenues thus became vested in the sovereign ; nor till the law called the Act of Settlement (or the Manx Magna Charta) was passed, in 1704, did the people acquire a valid title to their estates.

A few hundred yards past the foot of Skye Hill, a gate on the right leads to Ballakillingan. This mansion is surrounded by high trees, which afford shelter to hundreds of rooks, whose incessant cawing at the close of a summer evening is something not easily forgotten. Lezayre Church, and the churchyard and vicarage, lie on the left side of the road, a little further on. The church, which is quite modern, and of which we give a sketch [page 233], is dedicated to the Holy Trinity,

The lower and west porch is almost covered with ivy, and there are several fine walnut trees around the church. For the next couple of miles, the road presents no objects of interest beyond the views that are afforded, at different points, of the northern parishes of the Island. After ascending a slight hill, the road again descends ; and close to the foot, running to the left past the Ginger Hill Hotel, there is a road that leads across country, and through the river, to Sulby Glen. The road is available for vehicles when the river is not flooded ; and it is frequently taken by anglers and pedestrians, as it is a short cut to the glen. The highway, however, passes over Sulby Bridge. The road directly in front leads to the four cross roads at St. Jude's ; but, by a sharp turn to the left and a level run of half a mile, the entrance to Sulby Glen is reached. Snæfell can be ascended from here, but as this mountain is so easy of ascent from different parts, this trip becomes purely a matter of choice. Pleasure excursions can be made from here to Sulby Glen, Druidale, Ballaugh, and other places of interest.

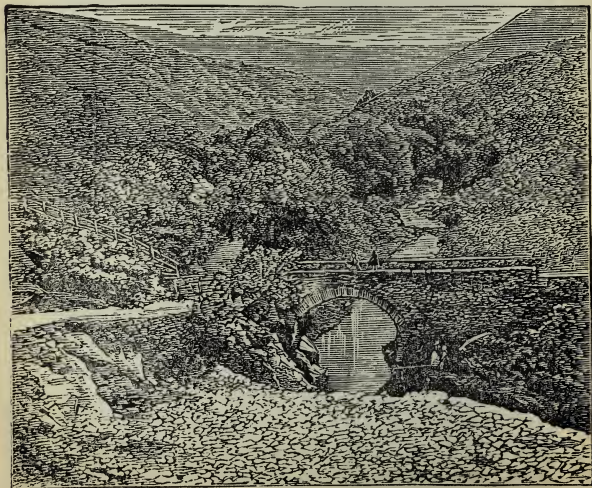
The entrance to Sulby Glen is almost directly opposite the Sulby Glen Hotel. At the entrance of the glen, a singular pile of rock, called "Cronk-y-Samarck" (the Hill of the Shamrock) stands out like a sentinel to guard the mouth of this romantic ravine. For about half a mile up the glen there are several cottages, and a cluster of them, in one portion, has all the appearance of a small village. Soon after passing here, the road becomes more lonely and the

scenery wilder. The Starch Works passed, we have a good view of the glen and the hills towering above. The river is wide in this part, and anglers consider this locality a good spot for fly-fishing. The road rises here, and, turning at the foot of the hill called Mount Carran, we have a splendid view of the glen, which assumes a more romantic aspect as we ascend. The river rushes along in its tortuous course, now forming deep pools, and anon falling over huge stones, or



ALT WATERFALL.

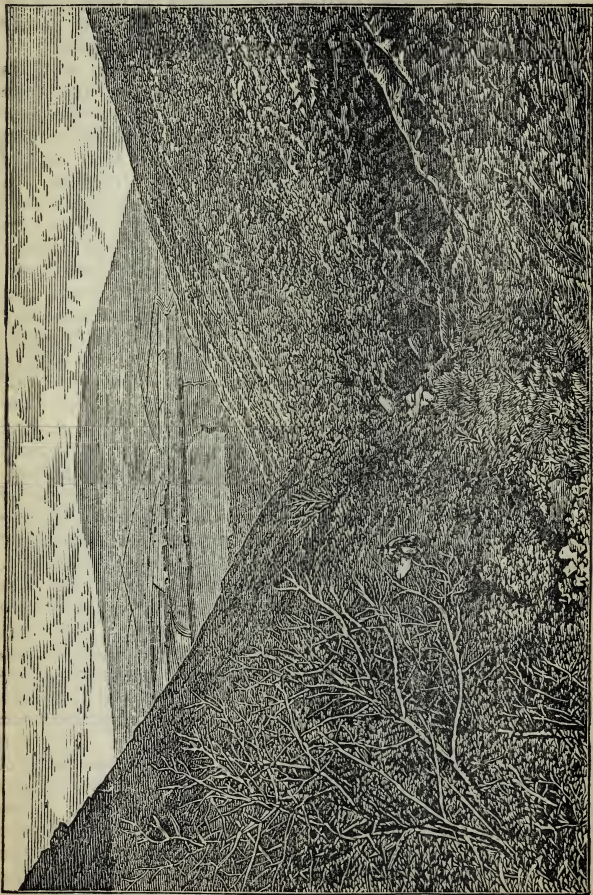
through fissures in the rocks. The row of cottages amidst the solitude was formerly inhabited by the miners engaged in the Slate Quarry on the left side of the glen [see page 116]. Our first sketch of the glen is taken from this locality. Shortly afterwards the river is more completely shrouded with trees, and a sharp turn at the head of a somewhat steep ascent, brings us in sight of Tholt-e-Will, a delightful retreat. The Alt waterfalls should not be omitted from this excursion; in fact, there is sufficient of interest in this locality to occupy several hours. A comfortable hotel and restaurant have been erected at the entrance to Tholt-e-Will, and at the farm-house situated on the hill above—a delightful and bracing retreat amidst the wildest of mountain scenery, yearly increasing in popularity. The views up the valley, and away to the summit of Snaefell, or down to the well-wooded and snugly sheltered vale below, are amongst the delightful visions of a holiday ramble. The Alt abounds with fine trout, and, being well preserved, affords ample sport for the angler. The walks through the glens have been



SULBY GLEN (LOWER PORTION)

so arranged as to afford excellent views of the falls, and the enjoyment to the casual visitor even, cannot be measured by the hour ; for a day spent in this locality will afford barely sufficient time to see all that is to be seen and enjoyed.

Snaefell may be ascended from here. To do so it is necessary to cross the bridge opposite the chapel, and take the path to the right. This path leads direct to the new mountain road which runs along the foot of Snaefell. The decent may, with advantage, be made on the west side of the mountain, and the glen re-joined below Druidale. If, however, this ascent is left for another occasion, the direct road past the chapel must be followed, and a little further on another chapel is reached. It is attached to the Parish Church of Lezayre, and services are occasionally held here. After passing this point some excellent scenery abounds, and a bridle path running along the stream, and occasionally diverging for some distance, brings the tourist to a footbridge. The farm buildings of Druidale are situated on the side of the hill to our right as we ascend the glen. The ascent of Snaefell through one of the dells to the left is easily accomplished. As we proceed up the glen the river forms several beautiful cascades, and solitude reigns supreme. In a field to the left, opposite Druidale, there is a graveyard, supposed to be a burial place of the Quakers. It is on the estate of the Crammagh. There is an old well—St. Michael's Well—near Druidale. Several mountain torrents join the river about this portion of its course, and trout are very plentiful. This may be considered the head of the glen, for the country immediately opens out, and, further on, a bridge crossing the stream indicates our turning point. Our road now lies to the right, and, gradually nearing Druidale House, we have mountain scenery in all its grandeur—Snaefell, Penny-Phot, Greeba, Injebreck, &c. A few inquiries at Druidale will be found advantageous, as the mountain roads here are numerous, and lead to Sulby, Rhenass, Peel, &c. The one to Ballaugh Glen runs in a northerly direction, almost parallel with Sulby Glen. It is level for a considerable distance, and passes through land covered with heather. A road to the right leads to Sulby, but the road to Ballaugh Glen still runs northerly, and in a few minutes we reach the head of the glen, and a fine view of land and sea is laid before us. The hills called Slieu Dhoo and Slieu Cairn form the highlands on our left, and, in the valley beneath us, Ravensdale nestles



SULBY GLEN (UPPER PORTION).

amidst the trees, a perfect picture. The sea view represents the coast of Jurby. After descending the steep hill above Ravensdale House, the road turns to the left, and joins a wide road running at right angles to it. Our way lies to the right, and a short walk along a country lane brings us out into the highway to Peel, at Ballaugh Bridge. If time allows, the old church at Ballaugh—referred to in the excursion to Jurby—can be visited [see page 231]. The road to it is opposite the entrance to Ballaugh Glen.

DOUGLAS TO THE SOUTH OF THE ISLAND (BY ROAD).

Distance by Road :—Ballasalla, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; Port Erin, $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; Port St. Mary, 15 miles ; Castletown, 19 miles ; back to Douglas, $28\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

Distance by Train :—Ballasalla, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; Castletown, 10 miles ; Port St. Mary, $14\frac{3}{4}$ miles ; Port Erin, $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Crossing the bridge at the head of the harbour at Douglas, we enter the Castletown-road, having the Nunnery Castle and Grounds on our right, and the green slopes of the Nunnery Howe to our left. At the top of Kewagigue Hill, we have a choice of two routes—the Old Castletown-road and the New. The former keeps nearer to the coast-line, and, though the gradients are steeper, the district through which it passes is more varied and picturesque, and it affords finer views of the southern district, and better opportunities of diverging to the coast. The new road descends the hill under the railway bridge, passes through Kewagigue Village, and then climbs Middle Hill and Mount Murray.

The historically interesting Mount Murray Estate is situated on the Castletown road, about 4 miles from Douglas. It was the home of the Murrays when the "Right Honourable Lord Henry Murray," the fifth son of the Duke of Athol, was the Governor of the Island, to whose memory a monument is erected in Kirk Braddan. A stone which was inserted in the walls of the mansion, and which still remains, records that "this estate, by ye Hon.^{ble} Worthy Governor Murray, was called Moor Hall, November 1, 1736," at which date, no doubt, it was the home of hospitality, ease, and elegance ; but, like many other estates, since that period it has passed

through various changes, and, in recent years, long wanted an occupant to preserve it from decay and ruin. This is all the more astonishing from the fact that the estate is situated in the midst of one of the most charming landscapes of which the Island can boast. From the grounds a considerable view, including the chief mountain scenery of the Island, is obtained. From the upper portion of the estate, Castletown and Port Erin, with the intervening country, are spread before the eye like a charming scene in a panorama. Near the estate is the famous Glen Darragh and some Druidical stone circles, which, according to Dr. Cumming, are the burying-places of the British or Scandinavians who first settled on the Island. Mount Murray was, a few years ago, purchased by Mr. S. H. Marsden, under whose direction artistic workmen from England effected such important changes in the mansion that if any of its former occupants were again permitted to "walk this earth," they would not be able to recognise it. Passing the lodge at the chief entrance, the visitor cannot but be delighted in going through a grand avenue of trees which spread over several acres, and which are only a portion of the almost countless trees which ornament every part of the estate, and which afford delightfully cool retreats on the hottest summer days. The carriage drive leads to the door of the mansion, and is then continued to the second entrance, which abuts upon the Castletown road. The building, without being taken down, has been so changed in its outward features that it is essentially a new structure. A tower, which has been added to the front portion of the house, serves the double purpose of a prominent ornament and an opportunity of viewing, from its summit, one of the grandest scenes conceivable. The walls of the hall and staircase, in common with the rooms throughout the mansion, are most tastefully decorated, without the slightest approach to glare or meretricious ornamentation. The chief and most interesting features of the Mount Murray Hotel, however, are the grounds, the gardens, and the fields belonging to the estate—about fifty acres in extent. These, as they become known, must attract many visitors, especially picnic parties desirous of needed convenience for *al fresco* entertainments and the retirement which makes life for a few hours "under the greenwood" so enjoyable. It would certainly be difficult to create, not to say select, a more appropriate or desirable place to visit, as all needed refresh-

ment accommodation can be obtained, and the usual out-of-door sports and amusements indulged in without let or hindrance. The property has been purchased by the Mount Murray Hotel Company, by whom it has been still further beautified.

A little beyond Mount Murray Hotel the prospect to the south is very fine. At the foot of the descent beyond Mount Murray we cross the Santon burn by the Ballalonney Bridge ("The Fairies' Bridge"), and, nearer Ballasalla, we have a closer and more detailed view of the South, including the whole coastline from Cass-na-Awin to the Calf, and, inland, round by the Mull Hills, Bradda, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule, with the square keep of Castle Rushen, and the houses of the town clustering about it in the centre, and King William's College to the left. The district beyond, and the various objects of interest in it, are fully described in this Guide's section relating to the south.

Should the route indicated at the head of this chapter be taken, we turn to the right through the village; and, leaving Rushen Abbey on the right hand, pass over the river Silverburn. If time will permit, Rushen Abbey, a full description of which we give hereafter, should be inspected. Soon after leaving Ballasalla, we pass some important limekilns. In Arbory, at a little over two miles from Ballasalla, the old friary of Bimaken, said to have been founded in 1373, is passed. All that is left of the old building has been converted into a barn. A little beyond this, on the right hand side of the road, is the parish church of Arbory. Less than a mile further on is the King Orry Tavern. The road then passes through Colby village and over the Colby river. There are two or three lead mines close too, on the right, at the foot of the Carnane hill. Shortly afterwards we have Bradda Head in view in front, surmounted by the Milner Memorial Tower. Rushen parish church is then passed, and a short drive brings us to Port Erin.

In starting on the return journey from Port Erin, we proceed towards Port St. Mary, which should be visited if the tourist has time. A pleasant drive along Poolvash Bay, &c., brings us to Castletown. The road from Douglas to this town has been described.

DOUGLAS TO THE SOUTH (BY RAIL).

As shown in our chapter headed "How to Use the Manx Railways" [page 106], the Island can be completely inspected by a judicious blending of rail and road. All we have to do here is to state, briefly, the principal features of the journey by rail from Douglas to the south of the Island, leaving the tourist to refer, for further details, to the chapter alluded to. A very short distance out of Douglas, the line turns to the left and crosses the combined river Dhoo-Glass, affording a pleasant peep up and down the Nunnery Grounds. After passing through a deep cutting, the train emerges on to the green slopes at Kewagie, close to which is the Hospital for Infectious Diseases. On the left is the Carnane Hill, commanding a magnificent view of the Braddan valley ; and, on the right, the east side of the Manx mountain range is seen, the most important mountains, from this point of view, being Colden, Garraghan, Pen-y-Phot, and Snaefell. At Oakhill we pass through a deep, rocky cutting, and, on reaching the top of the hill, we get a fine view of the magnificent rock scenery at and about Santon Head and Port Soderick [see pages 76 and 77], exactly three miles from Douglas. For some distance from here the line runs through Crogga Glen ; one of the prettiest views on the line. Soon afterwards the sea again comes into view. On the left is Greenwick Glen, and, on the right, the mountains of South Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa. After passing Santon Station, which is five-and-a-half miles from Douglas, the line passes over a steep embankment, surmounting a bridge which crosses the Santon burn. On the left is Ballaloney, or Fairy Bridge. A little beyond this we come to the top of the hill looking down into the southern plain of the Island, and commanding an expansive view. King William's College, Castletown, Langness, and Derbyhaven Bay appear on the left ; while on the right are Bradda Head, the Carnane, the Mull Hills, Bradda, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule. We next stop at Ballasalla Station, which is eight-and-a-half miles from Douglas. It is at this station we have to alight to visit Rushen Abbey, the Crossag Bridge, Silverdale, &c. A mile and a half from here is Castletown ; and a twenty minutes' ride from there lands us at Port Erin, the southern terminus of the railway.

For further information respecting the places incidentally alluded to in the preceding accounts of the journeys to the

south of the Island by road and rail, we must refer the tourist to the succeeding chapter.

THE SOUTH OF THE ISLAND.

The southern district of the Isle of Man, which, in this work, we may consider as that part of the Island lying south of a line extending from Dalby Point to Cass-na-Awin Head, and including the important parishes of Rushen, Arbory, Malew, and part of Patrick, is undoubtedly, in many respects, the most interesting part of the Island. Within an area of about fifty square miles it contains a greater variety of scenery than is to be found within the same space in any other part of the country—than, probably, any other part of the British Islands—from the flat, steppe-like country round Castletown, to the rocky grandeur of the tremendous precipices of the south-western coast; from the fertile woodlands of Ballasalla, to the barren wilds of the Mull Hills. Nor is mere diversity of scenery its only attraction. During the greater part of the existence of the Island as a semi-independent kingdom, the chief seat of its government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, was within this district; and hence, every part of it is crowded with historical sites and remains, so that it is almost impossible to tread a step within its boundary without exposing to view some fresh relic of the ancient glory of the kingdom of Man—some spot made famous in its story by noble deeds or bitter suffering. Nor are its scientific features less interesting. Within its limits are found all the different varieties of rock existing in the Island, and that under the most interesting conditions. From Cass-na-Awin Head to Perwick, along the southern coast, and inland to the foot of Barrule, the carboniferous limestones are developed in great perfection; while, along the west and south shores of Langness, and in a few other places, the old red sandstones and conglomerates are very fairly exposed. Elsewhere, the clay slates and schists are found in great variety; while, in all directions, throughout the entire district, run volcanic cracks and dykes, and other marks of igneous action, highly suggestive of the agencies employed in the formation of the Island, and of the circumstances attending their operation. To the naturalist and the botanist, too, it is peculiarly interesting, as, in many

of the remoter parts of the district, there still linger plants and animals not found, or found very rarely, in other parts of the British Island. Amongst its mountainous cliffs, the hawk and the falcon may be seen ; and the puffin, and the stormy petrel, the guillemot and the diver breed in countless numbers upon its inaccessible rocks ; while on the face of its precipices grow the samphire and the sea-kale, and in its deep, sheltered ravines and damp sea-caves are found the stately osmunda and the beautiful maiden-hair. Altogether, this portion of the Island is one in which the visitor, whether tourist or scientific investigator, may find ample employment for a lengthened visit, and that, too, in its most agreeable and profitable form.

This division of the Island, physically, consists of two mountain regions, separated from each other by a low, and, in parts, undulating plain of great fertility. The most southern of these mountain districts comprehends the Mull Hills, a mass of rocky waterworn hills, the highest summit of which is about 500 feet above the sea, and presents on every side, except the north-east, a perpendicular descent into the sea. At the south-western extremity they terminate abruptly in the huge rock of Spanish Head. The north mountain district consists of the southern portion of the great central range which traverses obliquely the entire country from Maughold Head to the Calf, forming the backbone of the Island. It consists of a single range of mountains, culminating in South Barrule. Between the two, and skirting for some distance the eastern foot of the mountains, lies an extensive tract of low, almost level, land, the highest point of which does not exceed 100 feet above the sea level. This flat district was until comparatively recent times a narrow strait between the two seas, the outlet on the west being Port Erin, and, earlier, Fleshwick. Upon its fertile sands and gravel now stand Port Erin, Port St. Mary, Castletown, Derbyhaven, and Ballasalla, besides many a hamlet of less importance. The two mountain districts are very similar in the character of their scenery and outlines, consisting of a succession of barren, treeless wastes, covered with a luxuriant growth of gorse and heather, whose yellow and purple flowers in summer give a glorious colouring to the otherwise dark and gloomy mountain sides. The upland regions afford pasture to great numbers of a small and hardy breed of sheep, whose flesh, though not so fat or highly fed as most of the English breeds,

is of an exquisite flavour. The lower slopes of the mountains, and the deep picturesque glens lying between their long projecting spurs, are, on the whole, carefully cultivated, and are divided into large irregular fields by stone fences, or by the high earthen banks so characteristic of old-fashioned Manx farming, while numerous farmsteads and cottages dot the hill sides, at times far above the line of cultivation, their white walls glittering in the sun, or their uncurtained windows twinkling like so many stars in the darkness of the night. The upland regions are covered in all directions by numerous good roads, often at a considerable elevation above the sea, and a walk across them is both pleasant and healthful : the fresh breeze blowing from the sea, the sweet smell of the heather, and the beautiful and expansive views of land and sea which are obtained from them, make a mountain ramble in the Isle of Man a present delight and a memory never to be forgotten. We cannot too strongly urge our readers to accompany us in some of the mountain excursions we shall



BALLASALLA.

shortly describe. One ramble along the high mountain roads, for healthy enjoyment, for the novelty and beauty of the scenery, and for the glorious glimpses obtained of the Island and its surrounding seas, is worth a dozen of the tamer and more hackneyed walks in the lowlands; and whoever leaves the Island without having seen something of its mountain scenery has left unexplored and unseen its most charming scenes.

Beginning our southern rambles from the centrally situated village of Ballasalla, we have a most bewildering choice of routes before us. We may turn inland, and take our first stroll by the clear waters of the Silverburn, and amid the remains of the ancient abbey of St. Mary muse upon the departed glories of the past, which its broken fragments so vividly recall; or we may wander further up the valley, in the footsteps of Julian Peveril, and explore the romantic recesses around St. Mark's, and, among the lower slopes of Barrule and Cordeman, prepare ourselves for our higher mountain climbs, later on; or we may follow the course of the western branch of the stream, past Athol-bridge and Grenaby, and mounting the Round Table, the high plateau between South Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, descend into Glen Rushen, and return by Foxdale and St. Mark's; or, turning west, we may proceed to Dalby and the Niarbyl, returning by Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa to Port Erin—both glorious mountain rambles. or, lastly, we may turn eastward, towards the Stantonburn, and explore our way round the coast to Castletown and Langness. We shall follow the latter course, as being the most generally convenient, reserving the others for some of our later rambles.

Passing through Ballasalla, and following the Douglas road for about half a mile up the hill, we come to a bye-road striking to the east, and, turning down it, a short walk over a low rounded hill, the Brough, brings us into the valley of the Stantonburn, about a quarter of a mile from its outlet into the sea. Following the course of the stream, this glen, one of the least known, but undoubtedly one of the most picturesque and romantic, of Manx glens, we emerge on to the shore through a wild gorge between two high rocky headlands; the one to the left a craggy cliff of claret-coloured clay schists, disturbed and contorted in an extraordinary manner by volcanic action, and pierced by several beautiful waterworn

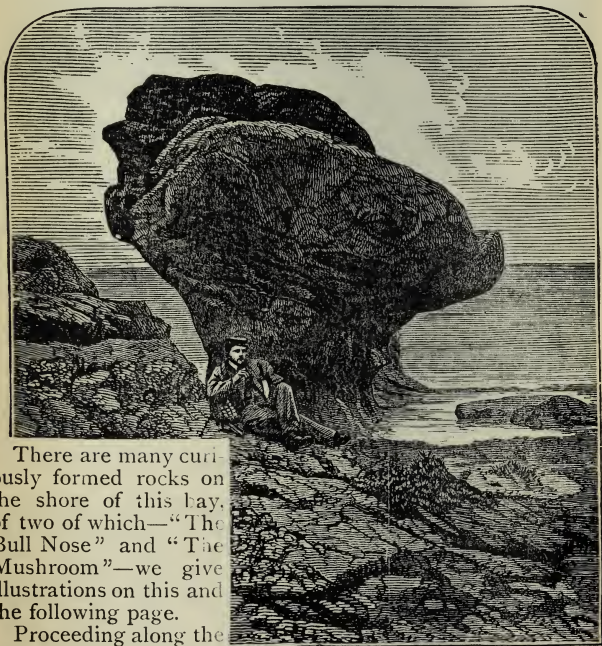
arches, opening with a little cave beyond. The summit of this cliff is crowned by the remains of an ancient earthwork, probably of the British period. The headland to the right (Cass-na-Awin Head) is formed by a huge mass of dark limestone, containing fossils, the base of which is hollowed



ROCKS AT CASS-NA-AWIN.

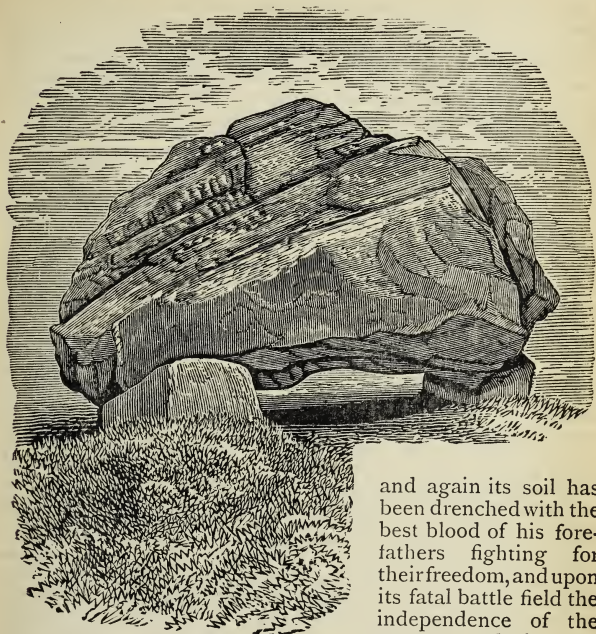
into several waterworn caves. This headland is the most northern point at which the limestone is found along this coast; its most southern point being at Perwick, west of Port St. Mary. The view up the glen of the Santonburn from this point is very beautiful. Before leaving this interesting locality, our geological friends should notice some very curious impressions in the slate rocks on both sides of the stream, at the mouth of the glen, as shown in the illustration on this page. They are of an oval form and of various sizes, but usually about nine or ten inches long, by five or six inches wide. They appear to be indentations made in the substance of the rock, when, during the

Cambrian Age, it existed as a vast flat muddy beach. There appears also to be a species of order in the manner in which they occur on the face of the rock, and their track (that is, the direction in which they succeed each other) is parallel to the ripple marks which cover these rocks, that is to say, they were formed along the margin of the Cambrian Sea. Altogether they bear an extraordinary resemblance to the reptilian footprints which are found in certain later rocks.



There are many curiously formed rocks on the shore of this bay, of two of which—"The Bull Nose" and "The Mushroom"—we give illustrations on this and the following page.

Proceeding along the coast in a south-west-erly direction, a walk of "BULL NOSE" ROCK AT CASS-NA-AWIN. about half-a-mile brings us to the historic site of Ronalds-way, the northern extremity of Derbyhaven. To the true-hearted Manxman this is almost sacred ground. Again.



"MUSHROOM ROCK," CASS-NA-AWIN.

and again its soil has been drenched with the best blood of his forefathers fighting for their freedom, and upon its fatal battle field the independence of the country sank for ever before the overwhelming power of Scotland. But, above all, it is endeared to him as the home of the patriot martyr of Mona, William Christian, "the fair-haired Illiam Dhone." This story is thus told :—

This unfortunate individual was the son of Ewan Christian, of Ronaldsway, and belonged to an ancient and influential Manx family. Early received into the service of the great Earl of Derby, he acquired such influence over him, by his talents and conduct, that he was appointed Receiver-General in 1648, and, on the Earl's departure for England, in 1651, to assist the young King Charles II. in his attempt to regain his father's crown, he left him in command of the Insular militia during his absence, and placed his wife and children in his especial charge. But, though he was thus the honoured and trusted servant of the Earl, he by no means shared in his persistent and arbitrary attempts to extend and strengthen the royal authority,

from which indeed his father and other prominent members of his family had suffered severely, both in person and estate; on the contrary, his sympathies were entirely with the people in their struggle with the king for the preservation of their ancient and undoubted liberties and possessions. In consequence of these tyrannical proceedings, discontent was universal throughout the Island, and several attempts at resistance occurred, which the Earl, by skilful and vigorous measures, suppressed. But, after his departure, the popular discontent rapidly gathered to a head, and, on the arrival the news of his execution at Bolton, it burst out in a general insurrection. With this rising Christian was more or less connected, but to what extent is unknown. That, either from want of ability or inclination, he did nothing effectual towards its suppression is plain; indeed, it is stated that, so far from opposing the rising, when it had become general he presented the demands of the insurgents to the widowed Countess, and used his influence and authority to procure her acceptance of them. The high-spirited lady, unable to resist, was obliged to yield; but she appears to have regarded Christian as the ringleader of the rebellion—a belief in which she was, unfortunately, confirmed by succeeding events. After the execution of the Earl, his estates were sequestered by the Parliament, and a strong body of troops, under the command of Colonel Duckenfield, sailed from Chester to reduce the Island. On nearing Douglas he entered into communication with the insurgents, who offered to surrender the Island, without resistance on the sole guarantee of their ancient lands and liberties. Landing in Ramsey Bay, the entire Island, together with the persons of the Countess and her family, was surrendered without resistance to the Parliamentary forces in virtue of this capitulation. The Countess was closely confined in Castle Rushen until the restoration. In these transactions, the name of William Christian does not directly appear, but it is highly probable that he approved of them all, except, perhaps, the unnecessary rigour exercised towards the unfortunate Countess of Derby, whose partizans do not scruple to say, in extenuation of his subsequent execution, that he was the instigator of them all; that he treacherously seized the Countess at midnight, and surrendered her, together with Castle Rushen, to the Parliamentary commander. But of this we have no proof, and as his written defence, given in to the Court which tried him, was suppressed (a suspicious proceeding, for why should his statement be kept back, unless it told against his accusers?), it is now impossible to determine what amount of truth there may be in this charge, or how far he was actually implicated in these transactions. Under the administration of Lord Fairfax, to whom the Parliament granted the Island, Christian retained his office of Receiver-General, and in 1656 he was appointed Governor, which office he held, in addition to that of Receiver-General, until 1658, when he was superseded by James Challoner, who had previously been one of the commissioners, appointed by Lord Fairfax, to administer the Island on its cession by the Parliament. Soon after, some irregularities in his accounts as Receiver-General being discovered, his estates in the Island were sequestered, and his brother John was imprisoned for having assisted him to leave the Island. At the Restoration he was living in England, but,

trusting to the Act of Indemnity, he returned to the Island, when he was seized by order of Charles, eighth Earl of Derby, and, after a mock trial, was condemned, and executed as a traitor on January 2, 1663. Respecting the character of this unfortunate man, great difference of opinion naturally exists. The partizans of the Derby family have represented him as a traitor of the deepest dye, who richly deserved the punishment he received; but the people for whom he turned a traitor, if he was a traitor, and for whom he, in effect, suffered at Hango Hill, have always regarded him as a true-hearted patriot, who, though the trusted official of the tyrannising sovereign, refused to be the instrument of the destruction of his country's liberties, and who gave his life a sacrifice for the people's rights, and in their hearts his memory is still fondly cherished as one who died for his country. The records of those times are both fragmentary and confused, and while the accusations of his enemies were recorded against him, his own defence was carefully suppressed, and his memory was thus left unvindicated, save by the grateful love of his countrymen—a love which has remained unchanged and undiminished until this day. On his execution his estate was confiscated, but by an order of King Charles II. it was restored to his son, and, we believe, still continues in his family.

On the level country in the neighbourhood of this spot, numerous battles, important in the history of the Island, have been fought. The most important was that fought, in 1270, between the Manx, under Ivar, regent of the kingdom, and the Scots, under Stewart and Comyne. After a hotly contested battle, in which the Manx fought with the energy of despair, they were totally defeated with a loss of 537 killed, including their leader; and, incapable of further resistance, the entire Island fell into the hands of the Scots, by whom it was retained as a subject province until about 1290, when it was taken possession of, by Edward I., as a fief of the English Crown. This battle finally decided the fate of the Island; henceforth its "independence" was but a shadow of the old reality, and its "kings" were but governors for the more powerful kings who reigned beyond the sea.

The district round Derbyhaven is especially interesting, and the views, from many points, are extensive and remarkably fine. Derbyhaven is undoubtedly the finest natural harbour in the Island, being protected on all sides by the land, except to the north-east. In former times the port of Derbyhaven was of much greater importance than it is at present, a large portion of the trade of the Island being once carried on in it, and, for its defence, a circular fort, of great strength, was built on St. Michael's Isle, by Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, or, as others think, by James, seventh Earl of Derby,

in 1650. A turret has been erected on top of the east wall, in which, during the fishing season, a light is kept burning from sunset to sunrise. This harbour is now chiefly used by a portion of the southern division of the Manx fishing fleet, many of the boats being laid up in it during the winter. To protect these and other small craft using the bay, a substantial breakwater, 275 yards in length, has been built upon a tidal rock in the centre of the bay. Within the limited area of Davenhaven almost every species of rock existing in the Island is found *in situ*. Along the eastern shore, from St. Michael's Isle, the clay slates are found in several varieties, and, from the modifications resulting from volcanic action, under very interesting conditions. Next, as we round the southern corner of the bay, we have the old red conglomerate; and, lastly, the lower limestones and shales, which are continued a'long the coast to Cass-na-Awin Head. In the two opposite corners of the bay we have the boulder clay resting upon these sub-rocks, and the upper sand and gravel of the recent period form the



DERBYHAVEN.

superficial covering along the rest of the bay. To the fossil-collector, the north corner of the bay, near Ronaldsway, where the small stream flows into the sea, is especially attractive. Here, with a good heavy hammer, he can easily make a good collection of the characteristic species of the lower limestone rocks, including a series of fine corals and brachiopods. It may be interesting to know that, though no coal has yet been found in the Island, its proximity to the coal-bearing rocks of England and Wales, and the remarkable appearance of the rocks in various parts of the Island, have repeatedly led to the belief that the valuable mineral existed in this country, and might be found by a proper search. Accordingly, mining operations have several times been commenced, and, on one occasion, during the formation of the railway from Douglas to Peel, it was actually announced as discovered. The supposed discovery proved, on examination, to be a vein of blende, which bears a superficial resemblance to a seam of coal. Derbyhaven, from its geological formation, has long been regarded as a promising locality by the coal-seekers, and, on one occasion, an extensive search was carried on for some time within its area, and borings made to a considerable depth, but with no practical result.

From Derbyhaven the tourist has two courses open to him; he may turn to the right and make straight for Castletown, a distance of about a mile and a half; or he may keep to the left along the shore and make the tour of Langness. The latter course, if the entire circuit of the peninsula is performed, will involve a walk of about seven miles; but the character of the scenery through which he will pass is so interesting, that none should miss the walk if they can possibly spare the time for it. St. Michael's Isle, which forms the south-east corner of Derbyhaven Bay, is connected with the mainland by a substantial causeway. It contains, on its southern side, ruins of a small chapel of great antiquity. Its workmanship is of the rudest description, being built of small unwrought fragments of slate rock, and there is no mark of a tool on any part of it, except on the coping stone of the west gable. Under the east window there are the remains of a stone altar, "and at the same end in the north corner, three stone steps which may have served as an ambo, or pulpit." The age of this building is unknown, but it has been thought to belong to the fifth or sixth century—a conclusion by no means extravagant, for it is asserted that chapels were erected by

St. Germanus upon three quarterlands about the middle of the fifth century, and the ruins of several of these treen chapels still remaining in different parts of the Island. This ancient chapel is surrounded by a burial ground of considerable extent, in which Roman Catholics were frequently interred. The place is wild and bare, even now amid the warmth of summer ; and in winter, when the storm winds shriek across the heavy seas, driving before them the blinding rain, and the waves dash heavily upon the rocks, sending their white spray over the entire islet, it must be bleak and desolate beyond expression. The islet appears to have been of considerable importance in former times, and was, according to Camden, the ancient Sodor : in this, however, he seems to have been mistaken.

At the north end of the islet, opposite to Ronaldsway, is a circular embattled fort. Over the doorway is a stone tablet, bearing an earl's coronet and a date only partially decipherable, but which is probably 1650, the date of its erection. Its walls are of great strength, and as it completely com-



NATURAL ARCH AT LANGNESS.

mands the entrance into Derbyhaven Bay, its possession must have been of great importance in former times, when that port was the principal outlet for the produce of the south of the Island. From the walls of the fort and the grassy slopes of the islet a beautiful and extensive view of the southern half of the Island is obtained, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, South Barrule, and the entire mountain range to Snaefell being visible.

Recrossing the causeway, which joins the islet to the mainland, we follow the coast along the east side of Langness, passing a succession of terrific chasms and ravines, with sharp outlying rocks, all along the coast, whose cruel points have often crushed the sides of the unfortunate vessel cast upon them. Until recently destitute of a warning light, and projecting far into the track of ships navigating the Irish Sea, and surrounded by currents of exceptional strength, wrecks frequently occurred along this dangerous coast. One of the latest of these disasters was the wreck of the *James Crossfield*, an Indiaman of large size, which struck on the rocks near the south-eastern corner of the peninsula, and became a total wreck, her entire crew of forty souls perishing in the vain attempt to reach the land, and their bodies, with three exceptions, being swept away by the strong current. The scene of this disaster bears the sinister name of the "Grave Gully." Near the southern end of the promontory, upon an elevated rocky mound, is a tower-like building, sixty feet high, erected by the English Government, in 1818, as a landmark; and, with the hope of preventing the numerous shipwrecks of which Langness has been the scene, the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners have erected near the end of the promontory a magnificent lighthouse, fitted with every modern appliance. The prospect from the foot of this landmark is magnificent, comprehending the entire coast, from the Chickens Rock, with its tall, towerlike lighthouse, to Douglas Head. The extreme point of Langness consists of two large detached masses of rock, insulated at high water; and beyond these, again, is a dangerous reef known as "The Skerranes." At Dreswick Point, the southern extremity of the promontory, the old red conglomerate is seen resting unconformably upon the underlying slate rocks, and the scene at this point is wild and romantic in the extreme, the rocks being broken up into numberless deep gullies, the sides of which are formed of

the disturbed and contorted slates standing up almost on their edges, with the conglomerate lying nearly horizontally upon them. These gullies are the ruined fragments of vast sea-caves, which were formed in the cliffs when the land lay lower than at present, and destroyed during its latest upheaval. These caves, together with the similar ones found along the western shores of the promontory, bear witness to the strength and persistence of the sea action upon this coast during the post-glacial age, as well as to its duration, and the entire series is well worth the most careful examination of the geologist. Following the line of the old red conglomerate across the narrow point which separates Castletown Bay from the open sea, we come upon a similar series of ruined caves, forming numerous romantic arches and grottoes and deep chasms. These remains extend for a considerable distance along the western side of Langness, and form a very interesting feature in the coast scenery of this district. The beauty of the outlook from this point is so great, including, as it does, a view of Castletown from its most picturesque point, together with the entire south coast to the Calf and the Chickens Lighthouse, that every visitor to the Island should contrive to pay it a visit; and no one should altogether omit Langness from his programme.

Proceeding northward along the coast, a pleasant walk of a mile and a half, partly along the top of the cliffs, brings us to the Isle of Man Racecourse. This spot will be interesting to Englishmen as the site of the original "Derby Day," the principal event of the annual carnival on Epsom Downs. During his residence on the Island, James, seventh Earl of Derby, instituted a series of races, for the amusement of his followers, to which the name of "The Derby" was given, thus anticipating by a century and a half its establishment on Epsom Downs. Passing the Racecourse, we find ourselves at the foot of a low cliff, about twenty-five feet high, formed by the boulder clay, and containing numerous boulders of various sizes, together with shells of the usual drift character. The cliff is commonly called Hango Hill. Upon its top are the picturesque ruins of an ancient building, formerly used by the King of the Island as a state prison, and especially famous as the scene of the execution of William Christian, the Illiam Dhone of Manx tradition, in 1662. In connection with this event, we copy the following entry from the parish register of Malew, in which parish

this locality is situated :—"Mr. William Christian, of Ronaldsway, late Receiver, was shot to death at Hango Hill, the 2nd January, 1662. He died most penitently and most courageously ; made a good end, prayed earnestly, and the next day was buried in the chancel of Malew."

Mounting the cliff, and crossing by a footpath through a small cultivated enclosure to the highroad leading to Derbyhaven, we find ourselves in front of a large and imposing building in the mixed early English and Elizabethian character. This is King William's College, an institution intended to supply the place of a Manx university. The origin of this institution may be traced to the great Earl of Derby, who, in a letter to his son, written in 1643, says :—"I had a design, and God may enable me to set up an university without much charge (as I have conceived it), which may much oblige the nations round about us. It may get friends into the country, and enrich this land. This would certainly please God and man." The confusion which prevailed in Manx affairs at this time, and



KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.

his own violent death soon after, prevented his carrying out this noble design. The scheme remained in abeyance until the occupancy of the See of Man by Dr. Isaac Barrow (1663-1671), a man of large and liberal views. The first step was taken towards its accomplishment, and a sum of £600 was set aside out of certain funds collected by him in England to improve the condition of the poorer clergy, which he directed should be applied towards providing a master for the proposed academic institution. He also left by will a further sum of £20 per annum out of the rents of the estates of Ballakilley and Hango Hill, with the ultimate reversion of the estates themselves, towards the maintenance of three boys at this academic school, should it be established, or, in default of its establishment within twelve months after his decease, towards the maintenance of two youths at one of the universities. In 1728, the trustees came into full possession of these estates, and after the year 1808 the two funds were merged into one trust. The want of such an institution as that projected by the Earl of Derby in 1643 being increasingly felt in the Island, and the funds in the hands of the Barrow Trustees having by the year 1830 accumulated to upwards of £2,000, it was resolved to raise additional funds, and to commence the erection of a suitable building for the projected college. Accordingly, public subscriptions to the amount of £2,700 were raised through the exertions of Bishop Ward; and a further sum of £2,000 obtained by a mortgage upon the College estate, making, with the accumulated trust fund, a total of nearly £6,800—an amount sufficient, it was thought, to enable the trustees to carry out their projected enterprise. The foundation-stone was laid April 23, 1830, by Lieutenant-Governor Smelt, and the building was first opened for the reception of students on August 1st, 1833, receiving its name, by special permission, from the reigning king, William IV. The length of the building is 210 feet, and of the transept in the centre, including the chapel and tower, 135 feet; the height of the tower is 115 feet. The entire cost of this building was £6,573, and for numerous reasons its erection was marked in the Island as a great national event. On the 2nd January, 1844, during the rectorship of the Rev. R. Dixon, D.D., a fire, the origin of which was never ascertained, broke out, and, in spite of all efforts to subdue it, in a short time destroyed the entire building, chapel and tower included, with the exception of a portion of the vice-principal's resi-

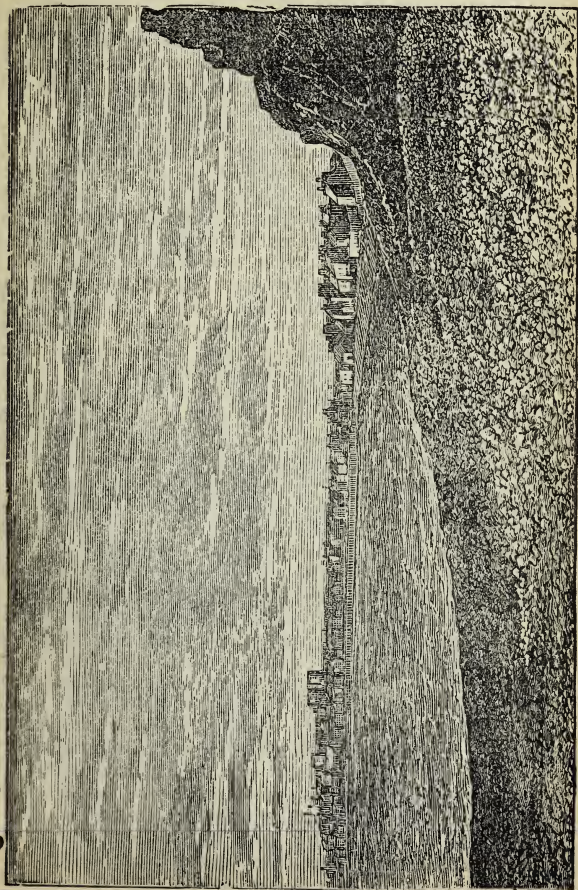
dence, together with the extensive library and almost all the other property on the premises. Fortunately, no lives were lost, though the inmates at the time numbered about one hundred. This disaster was a serious blow to the institution, burdened as it was with a heavy debt, and unfortunately only insured to the amount of £2,000, scarcely half the amount of the damage done to the building alone. But the trustees were equal to the occasion, and at once set to work to restore the building. A circular was issued stating the facts of the case, and subscriptions, including one from Bishop Short for £300, were collected to the amount of nearly £2,000. This money, together with the amount of insurance, defrayed the cost of rebuilding, which amounted to £3,800, and so rapidly was the work of restoration pushed on that, on the 4th June in the same year—that is, within six months from the date of the fire—the work was so far advanced as to enable the annual distribution of prizes to take place in the large class-room. Through the exertions of Bishop Short, and other friends, the library has been in great part restored, and now contains a large number of books, many of them of considerable value. The College has also largely benefited by the generosity of Mr. Quilliam, who bequeathed to the Trustees the farm of Orrysdale, in the parish of Malew. For the first ten years the College prospered under the able guidance of two successive Principals, the Rev. E. Wilson, M.A., and the Rev. A. Phillips, D.D. The Rev. R. Dixon, D.D., was Principal from 1841 to 1865, and the Rev J. Hughes-Games, D.C.L., from 1865 to 1886, when he was appointed by the Crown Archdeacon of the Island. The present Principal, the Rev. Frank B. Walters, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, was appointed in 1886. He is assisted by thirteen resident masters. The Institution is, considering the circumstances of the Island, considerably well endowed. There are no fewer than twenty Scholarships tenable in the School, ranging in value from £10 to £20. There are also six Exhibitions, of the value of £30 per annum, each to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin; three of these are for Classics, and three for Mathematics; two, one for Classics and the other for Mathematics are given annually.

The College is at the south of the Island, and is beautifully situated near the sea, at a distance of about a mile from

the town of Castletown, and close to Hango Hill, the place where the unfortunate William Christian was executed—an event which will be familiar to every reader of Sir Walter Scott. The school buildings are excellent, and comprise numerous classrooms, chapel, chemical laboratory, library, sanatorium, gymnasium. A carpenter's workshop, five courts, steam laundry, and a large covered sea-water swimming bath (warmed in winter), have recently been added. The chemical laboratory, which has only just been finished, though not very large, is worthy of notice for the completeness of its arrangements. In connection with the library there is a museum, which, besides many curiosities presented by old students, contains two first-rate geological collections, one a general collection by Mr. John E. Forbes, F.G.S., the other a most valuable and unique collection of fossils belonging to the Manx Carboniferous rocks, formed some years ago, by the late Rev. J. G. Cumming, M.A., a former Vice-Principal, and presented by him to the College. The sanatorium is at some little distance from the College, and it says something for the healthiness of the climate that although the building was erected seven years ago it has only once been used. The visitor should also take care to see the Entrance Hall, on the oak panels of which are painted the names of those students of the College who have distinguished themselves. The list is a large one, as, during the last ten years alone, about 60 Fellowships, open Scholarships, or Exhibitions have been gained. The College itself provides accommodation for 100 boarders, at fees which are considerably more moderate than those of schools of a similar character and standing in England. Boarders are also received by the Principal and other masters. There is a separate house for the junior boys. The governing body consists of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, the Attorney-General, the First Deemster, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Bishop, and the Archdeacon of the Island.

CASTLETOWN.

Leaving the College to our right, a pleasant stroll along the shore of the bay, or by the Derbyhaven road, brings us into the ancient town of Castletown. This town, the ancient stronghold and capital of the Lords of Man, derives its name



CASTLETOWN, FROM HANGO HILL.

from the noble old fortress whose huge bulk towers up in its centre. The origin of the town is lost in the mists of antiquity; the earliest records of the Island speak of it as in existence, and from certain discoveries of ancient remains, it is probable that, during the Roman period, a considerable town existed upon its site. In fact, this little town, with its grey stone houses, and its narrow, winding streets, is, beyond doubt, one of the oldest towns in the British Islands. During the middle ages it was the principal seat of the royal power—an honour which it retained until the seat of the Government was transferred to Douglas. Radiating from its centre-point, the old castle, and lining the roads which branch out west and north, its streets are narrow and winding, and its houses of diversified shape and size; but it possesses some good buildings; its houses look clean and comfortable, and its suburbs are pleasant and well laid out. Altogether it possesses an air of respectability and dignified quiet which is well suited to its ancient recollections.

The Castle stands upon an eminence rising directly from the rocky bed of the river. It is built of blocks of the local limestone, and the timber used in the roof of the keep is traditionally said to have been brought from Anglesea. The Castle is generally stated to have been built by Guthred, the son and successor of Gorr or Orry, the first Manx king of the Danish line, and finished in 960. In support of this statement the fact that, during some repairs in 1815, an old beam was discovered bearing, with some ancient characters, the date 947, which has consequently been assumed to be the date of the erection of the Castle; and, as this date coincides with the reign of Guthred, that prince, who is also traditionally said to have been buried within the Castle, has been credited with its erection. This statement, however, cannot be accepted without some qualification. That a fortress of Danish, if not of more ancient origin, existed upon this spot is highly probable; it is also possible that some small portion of the present structure may belong to that ancient fortress, but that the present building is substantially the one erected by Guthree the Dane is most improbable—in fine, cannot be accepted as a fact. The form of the building, though evidently at an early date (the square form of the central keep pointing to the eleventh or twelfth century as the date of its erection), is certainly of a later period than the tenth century, while the original building suffered greatly durin

the various sieges it sustained, notably one by Edward Bruce, in 1313, when, after a defence of more than a fortnight, it was taken and "demolished." From this time



CASTLE RUSHEN.

it is unnoticed in the Manx records until 1593, when the Earl of Derby "thought fit to erect again his two garrisons of the Castles of Rushen and Peel." It would thus seem to have remained in a ruinous condition, after its demolition by the Scotch, for a period of nearly 300 years. From these and other considerations it is extremely improbable that the existing building is the original fortress erected by the Danes. Of its great antiquity, however, there can be no doubt, and it is one of the finest specimens in existence of the military architecture of the middle ages. The main building is a square keep, with massive towers of the same form on each of its four sides. This was the ancient residence of the kings of Man, and it contains, in addition to numerous other rooms, a large banqueting hall and a chapel. The walls of the keep are twelve feet thick at the base, and seven feet thick at their summit. The north or flagstaff tower is eighty feet high, and the other three are each seventy feet high. The ancient gate of the keep was situated about the middle of its south wall, and a lofty portcullis exist in its eastern side—between the north and south towers. Surrounding this central mass, at a distance of about fifteen feet, is an embattled wall, twenty-five feet high and nine feet thick, defended by seven square towers placed at irregular intervals. There is a sally port towards the harbour, and the appearance of others which opened into the ditch. Exterior to this fortified rampart was the ditch, or moat, now filled up. The site of the ditch, it will be seen, is much higher than the level of the river at the Castle foot, and, therefore, it could not have been filled from the river at this place, but it appears to have been supplied from a point higher up the stream, the remains of the wooden pipes used for the purpose of bringing the water into the ditch having been discovered some years ago. Beyond the moat is a glacis of an irregular form, fortified with three round towers or redoubts, now in ruins, supposed to have been built by Cardinal Wolsey during the minority of Edward VI., Lord of Man. The best preserved of these redoubts is that at the north-west angle near the harbour.

Let us now enter the Castle, the form and arrangement of which we shall better understand from the above general description. Entering by a long, narrow, winding road, between high walls, and passing the point where formerly was the drawbridge over the moat, we come to the Castle

gate and the first portcullis. Here we observe a flight of stone steps leading to the Rolls' Office, in which the public records of the Island were preserved. Passing through the gateway into the Castle court, there is a second flight of steps going up to the ramparts, and also to the Court-house and Council Chamber, where the law courts are held, and the Council formerly met. These buildings were erected by James, the seventh Earl of Derby, in 1644, and were occupied by the Derby family, and the governors of the Island, until the time of Governor Ready; after which Lorne House, on the margin of the bay, became the Government House. Formerly, in imitation of eastern custom, the Governor, attended by his Deemsters, sat within the Castle gate to try all civil cases, and three stone chairs were placed there for their accommodation. An example of this Court, called "The Great Enquest," being so held, is on record in 1430, when Henry Bryon, lieutenant of the Island, held a court of all the commons betwixt the gates of the Castle of Rushen. Crossing the court of the Castle, and passing through the second portcullis into the inner court of the keep, on the left of the gateway is a room formerly used as the Castle prison. It is a small, dark, and wretched place, altogether unfit for the lodgment of a human creature, and yet it was here that Bishop Wilson was closely confined for two months, in 1722, for the non-payment of a fine of £50 imposed upon him by the Governor. At the opposite side of the entrance, at the foot of the flagstaff tower stairs, is another similar cell, in which the Bishop's two Vicars-General were confined, at the same time, for smaller sums. The Bishop had suspended Archdeacon Horrobin, the Governor's chaplain, for a serious breach of ecclesiastical discipline, and the Archdeacon, appealing to his friend the Governor, Captain Horne, instead of to the Metropolitan, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop was fined £50, and his two Vicars-General, who had been officially concerned in the suspension, £20 each. They refused to pay these fines, as arbitrary and unjust, upon which they were arrested and closely confined in these cells. Their arrest caused great excitement among the people, by whom the Bishop was greatly beloved. Vast crowds gathered about the Castle walls, and it was with great difficulty that they were restrained from pulling down the Governor's house by the personal intercession of the Bishop himself, who spoke to them from a grated window, and from the Castle wall. On

appeal to the King, the Governor's proceedings were reversed, and the prisoners released; but the expenses of the trial were so great, that the Bishop was permanently impoverished, while, from the closeness of his confinement, and the dampness of his cell, he contracted a disorder in his right hand, which partially disabled it for the rest of his life. The Bishop's cell is now used as an office.

Next to the large room which is now used for the accommodation of debtors (for whom, as well as for criminals, the Castle was as a prison) is a cell connected with a more recent case of imprisonment, that of Mr. James Brown, then proprietor of *The Isle of Man Times*. The case is worth stating, as an instance of the arbitrary powers which the Legislature of the Island was, even in these modern days, supposed to possess. The following account of the affair is given. It appears that the Commissioners of Douglas applied to the House of Keys, as the lower branch of the Manx Legislature is called, for increased powers, to enable them the better to discharge their municipal duties. At that time the House of Keys was a self-elective body, and when a vacancy occurred in their number, they nominated two persons to the Governor, who was bound to appoint one of them to the vacancy. The Town Commissioners were popularly elected; and there seemed to be a kind of antipathy between the two bodies thus so oppositely constituted. Consequently the application for increased powers for the Town Commissioners was treated with considerable levity and derision by the self-elected Keys, who, by a large majority, threw out the Bill introduced by the Commissioners. This conduct of the Keys was very severely commented upon by two of the Manx newspapers, the *Mona's Herald* and *The Isle of Man Times*. At the next meeting of the House of Keys the members of this branch of the Legislature resolved that the comments in these two newspapers were "a contempt of the House and a breach of its privileges;" and Mr J. C. Fargher, the proprietor of the *Mona's Herald*, and Mr James Brown, of *The Isle of Man Times*, were summoned before the House to answer for their conduct. On the next day the two unfortunate printers appeared before the House, and were asked to explain their conduct. Mr James Brown was first called upon, and in defence contended that the comments in his newspaper were quite justifiable, considering the course the House had taken in

reference to the bill alluded to. The House then passed a resolution condemning Mr Brown to six months' imprisonment in Castle Rushen, and he was at once arrested and taken to the grim old fortress. It was at first proposed to put the unfortunate journalist among the criminals; but as he was in bad health at the time, an appeal was made to the Governor of the Island, who ordered that he should be placed on the debtors' side of the prison, and he was accommodated in the cell we have pointed out. The result of Mr Brown's being put on the debtors' side was, that his friends were enabled to supply him with comforts which he could not have had had he been confined amongst the criminals.

The severe sentence on Mr Brown seemed to have alarmed his fellow-journalist, Mr Fargher, who, promising to apologize for the comments which had appeared in his journal, escaped the imprisonment which had been so unexpectedly awarded to Mr Brown.

The affair, however, turned out rather unfortunately for the members of the House of Keys. Mr Brown appealed for release to the Court of Queen's Bench; and in less than seven weeks he was again free, and was brought down in triumph to Douglas by a large number of persons. He then entered an action at law against the members of the House of Keys, and was awarded heavy damages for the illegal imprisonment to which he had been subjected. It is said that this affair, which happened in 1864, cost the members of the self-elected House of Keys above £1,000.

Under the Bishop's cell is an underground dungeon, formerly used for dangerous criminals, who were lowered into it by ropes. Not a ray of light is admitted to this miserable place, except through the chinks of the trapdoor. During some repairs in 1816, another of these dreadful underground dungeons was discovered under the north-west tower, the existence of which had been previously unknown. Passing on into the inner court of the keep, we enter that part of the Castle used as the general prison of the Island. The rooms to the right, occupied by the Countess of Derby during her imprisonment by the Parliamentarians, were occupied by the male prisoners; and those to the left by the female prisoners. A prison for criminals was in 1889-90 erected near Douglas, the Imperial Government having condemned the old fortress as a gaol, owing to the difficulty of classifying the prisoners. Let us ascend the spiral staircase which

contains the ancient chapel of the Castle, which still retains traces of the altar and confessional. It also contains the ancient clock presented by Queen Elizabeth, 1597. Its construction is very simple, but it still keeps good time. The bell upon which the hours are tolled was, by its inscription, the gift of James, the tenth Earl of Derby, in 1729. The view from the top of the tower will well repay the labour of climbing the hundred steps which lead to its summit. Deep down below us lies spread out, as in a map, the town and its suburbs, while, beyond, the country stretches before us to its farthest extremity. To the northward the country rises in a succession of rocky mountains of varied shape and appearance, whose eastern ridges thrust themselves far out into the sea at Douglas Head, Santon Head, Langness, and Scarlett; to the west the mountain range bounds the view, the dark tops of Barrule and Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa showing to great advantage, while through the gap between the Mull Hills and Bradda Head, directly over Port Erin, we can see on a clear day the Irish mountains of Mourne, Slieu Donard, and Slieu Bingian. To the south lies the Mull Hills, with the entire coast line gradually increasing in height and ruggedness, until it ends in the precipices of Spanish Head, from behind which again the Calf Islet projects its dark outline. In this direction the view is terminated by the tall pillar-like lighthouse on the Chicken Rock. More to the left, on a clear day, the blue mountains of Anglesea and Carnarvon can be seen on the distant horizon.

Among a people so tenacious of old customs and beliefs as the Manx, among whom, even in these days of steam engines and electric telegraphs, the belief in fairies and elves and witchcraft is still common and sincere, it is not to be wondered at that a building of an antiquity so great that its origin is lost in the darkness of the past, should be associated with wild legends of enchantment and spiritual appearances. Indeed it would be extraordinary were it not so. Among the strange stories thus related of the Castle and its former inhabitants, the following are the most characteristic and generally interesting. The underground rooms, which it is now ascertained were constructed in the solid foundations of the Castle towers, were asserted by tradition to be connected with a long winding subterranean passage, at one time said to connect the Castle with Rushen Abbey; and at other times believed to lead to the dwellings of the enchanted giants—a

story of which we have the exact counterpart in the Arthurian legends of England and elsewhere. The legend, as told by Waldron in his "Description of the Isle of Man," is as follows:—

There is an apartment in the Castle of Rushen that has never been opened in the memory of man. The persons belonging to the Castle are very cautious in giving any reason for it; but the natives unconnected with the Castle assign this, that there is something of enchantment in it. They tell you that the Castle was at first inhabited by fairies, and afterwards by giants, who continued in possession of it until the days of Merlin, who, by force of magic, dislodged the greater portion of them, and bound the rest of them in spells, indissoluble to the end of the world. In proof of this they tell you a very old story. They say there are a great many fine apartments underground, exceeding in magnificence any of the upper rooms. Several men of more than ordinary courage have, in former times, ventured down to explore the secrets of this subterranean dwelling-place; but none of them ever returned to give an account of what they saw. It was, therefore, judged expedient that all the passages to it should be continually shut, that no more might suffer by their temerity. About some fifty or fifty-five years since, a person possessed of an uncommon boldness and resolution, begged permission to visit these dark abodes. He at length obtained his request, went down, and returned by the help of a clue of packthread which he took with him, which no man before had ever done, and brought this amazing discovery:—That, after having passed through a great number of vaults, he came into a long narrow place; which the farther he penetrated, he perceived that he went more and more on a descent; till, having travelled, as near as he could guess, for the space of a mile, he began to see a gleam of light, which, though it seemed to come from a vast distance, was the most delightful object he ever beheld. Having at length arrived at the end of that lane of darkness, he perceived a large and magnificent house, illuminated with many candles, whence proceeded the light he had seen. Having, before he began the expedition, well fortified himself with brandy, he had courage enough to knock at the door, which, on the third knock, was opened by a servant, who asked him what he wanted. "I would go as far as I can," replied our adventurer; "be so kind, therefore, as to direct me to accomplish my design, for I see no passage but that dark cavern through which I came." The servant told him he must go through the house, and accordingly led him through a long entry, and out at a back door. He then walked a considerable way, till he beheld another house, more magnificent than the first; and, all the windows being open, discovered innumerable lamps burning in every room. There, also, he designed to knock, but had the curiosity to step on a little bank which commanded a view of the low parlour, and, looking in, he beheld a vast table in the middle of the room, and on it, extended at full length, a man, or rather a monster, at least fourteen feet long and ten or twelve feet round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, and his head upon a stool, with a sword by him, answerable

to the hand which, he supposed, made use of it. This sight was more terrifying to our traveller than all the dark and dreary mansions through which he had passed. He resolved, therefore, not to attempt an entrance into a place inhabited by persons of such monstrous stature, made the best of his way back to the other house, where the same servant who reconducted him informed him that if he had knocked at the second door, he would have seen company enough, but could never have returned. On which he desired to know what place it was, and by whom possessed; the other replied that these things were not to be revealed. He then took his leave, and, by the same passage, got into the vaults, and soon afterwards once more ascended to the light of the sun. Rediculous as the narrative appears, whoever seems to disbelieve it is looked upon a person of weak faith.

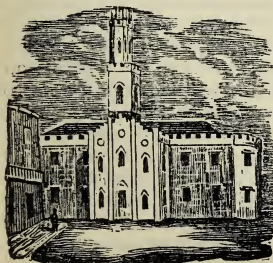
Further on in his "Description" Waldron also tells of the Black Lady of Castle Rushen:—

A mighty bustle they make of an apparition which they say haunts Castle Rushen, in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers for the garrison, affirm they have seen at various times; but what I took most notice of was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding as well as veracity I have a very great opinion. He told me that, happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman standing before the Castle gate, where, being not the least shelter, it somewhat surprised him that anybody, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch or shed, of which there are several in Castletown, than choose to stand still exposed and alone to such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements; but, as he proceeded, she retreated, and at last he thought she went into the Castle, though the gates were shut. This obliging him to think that he had seen a spirit, he went home very much terrified; but next day, on relating his adventure to some people who lived in the Castle, and describing as near as he could the garb and stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the woman mentioned, who had been frequently seen by the soldiers on guard to pass in and out of the gates of the Castle, though they were locked and bolted, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible way of entering. But though she is so familiar to the eye of the inmates of the castle, no person has yet, however, had the courage to speak to her; and as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of her being permitted to wander is unknown.

Leaving the old Castle, with its reminiscences, real or imaginary, and turning to the right up the gentle eminence on which it stands, we pass, in a little square opposite the southern wall of the Castle, a small unpretending building, with two pillars at the door, and looking altogether like a third-



ROMAN ALTAR.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

rate Dissenting chapel. This was the House of Keys—the Manx Parliament House, in fact—in which, for nearly 170 years, the Insular Legislature held its sittings. It is now the Castle-town office of Dumbell's Banking Company, Limited. Since the removal of the seat of Government to Douglas, however, the Keys do not meet in Castletown, the Governor, for convenience, more generally requiring their attendance at Douglas, where a handsome chamber, in oak, has been fitted up for them in the Government Buildings, Prospect Hill. Passing on, we enter the Market-place, in the centre of which is a Doric column, erected in 1836, in memory of the late Lieutenant-Governor Smelt; and near to it stands an ancient town cross, containing a very curious antique sundial, which is well worth notice. On the west side of the Market-place, opposite to the modern entrance into the Castle formed through the glacis, are the Barracks; on the opposite side of the square is the Custom House, and at its south-east corner is St. Mary's Church, built in 1826, in excavating the foundations of which three Roman coins of Germanicus and Agricola were discovered embedded in a large stone, probably the foundation stone of a Roman temple, of

the existence of which tradition speaks. There is also

preserved in Castle Rushen a Roman altar, said to have been found in the same locality. We give illustrations of the Roman altar, and of St. Mary's Church, [page 271.]

The town contains two good hotels—the George and the Union—together with several respectable inns, refreshment-rooms, and boarding-houses.

EXCURSIONS IN THE SOUTH.

CASTLETOWN TO PORT ST. MARY.

From Castletown pleasant excursions may be made in several directions. The tourist, coming directly to it from Douglas, may, after examining the town and Castle, stroll round the head of the bay to Hango Hill, the College, and Langness; returning by Derbyhaven or the valley of the Santonburn. Another attractive ramble may be found up the valley of the Silverburn, past Rushen Abbey and the Crossag to Grenaby, and across the hill side to Colby, or back by Athol Bridge and Kirk Malew. A third walk, and one that should by no means be omitted, is along the western shore of the bay to Scarlett and on to Strandhall, returning by the highway to Castletown, or, if more convenient, proceeding along the coast to Port St. Mary. No geologist ought to omit this walk from his tour, the geological features of the district are so remarkable and interesting. We have already described the first of these excursions, and the second will come in more conveniently after we have completed our tour along the coast. We shall, therefore, before leaving Castletown describe a stroll round the coast to Scarlett and Balladoole. Turning out of the Market-place down a narrow street near St. Mary's Church, a short walk brings us out upon the open beach with the bay to the left and the dark headland of the Stack right before us; while to our right the land rises in a gentle swell, with a succession of green fields and occasional villa residences. Across the bay the long low peninsula of Langness stretches far out into the sea. A pleasant walk of about a mile brings us to the Lime Kilns. The limestone of this neighbourhood presents several features of great interest. Owing, apparently, to the volcanic outbursts of which this district exhibits so many traces, the

limestones have been metamorphosed to an extraordinary degree, the change in some instances being so complete that it is difficult to tell a piece of altered limestone from a piece of porphyritic trap. In the neighbourhood of the Lime Kilns the rocks are extremely hard and durable, and most of the building stone in the district has been obtained from the adjacent quarries. An example of its practically imperishable nature is afforded by Castle Rushen, which is built of this limestone. Although erected centuries ago, its walls are as sound and its angles as perfect as if it had been built less than a hundred years. A further effect of the volcanic eruptions referred to are the strange and abrupt contortions and undulations which give such a curious appearance to the rocks in this locality. These undulations become more abrupt, and their diameter less, as we approach the Stack, the centre of the disturbing force. A third interesting appearance noticeable upon these rocks are the numerous groovings and striations which have been formed in the surface rocks by shore ice during the glacial period. They are to be seen to the greatest advantage in the immediate neighbourhood of the Lime Kilns, where the rocks have been bared their superficial covering, preparatory to their being excavated for conversion into lime.

The Stack of Scarlett is a rugged mass of black basalt rising to the height of about 50 feet and completely insulated at high water. It is evidently the hardened core of an extinct submarine volcano, active during the carboniferous age, and to whose violent and repeated explosions the surrounding rocks owe their present altered and disturbed condition. As an example of a carboniferous volcano, and viewed in connection with the disturbance caused by it in the neighbourhood, this huge rock is exceedingly interesting to the geologist; while its romantic appearance and surroundings cannot fail to make it an attractive object to the general tourist. The view from its summit is very striking. Looking westward, the coast, sweeping round the great indentation of Carrick Bay, past Port St. Mary and Perwick, and rapidly increasing in height, lies stretched out before us in a glorious succession of sunny creeks and rugged headlands, until it apparently terminates in the tremendous precipices of the southern extremity of the Calf. Beyond these, rising out of the waters like a tall pillar, the Chickens Lighthouse stands on its solitary rock, a friendly beacon to warn the passing

mariner from its dangerous neighbourhood. Occasionally, as we look at the dark outline of the Calf, the eye catches a strange gleam of light, apparently piercing through the cliff, which forms, as viewed from here, its southern extremity; this strange rock through which the light shines is The Eye—a remarkable water-worn arch, and one of the greatest curiosities of the Calf Islet. Landward the country swells up from the sea, slope above slope, until it terminates in the mountains of the great central range, which traverse our entire view, like a huge wall, broken only at two points—between the Castles and Bradda Head, below which nestles the beautiful bay of Port Erin; and between Bradda Hills and the Carnanes, where, deep down among its mountainous cliffs, lies the wild creek of Fleshwick. The summit of this great mountain wall throughout its whole extent is worn into rocky peaks of every variety of shape, which descending in gentle slopes to the south-east, display their vast proportions to great advantage from this point, while the more distant summits of Carraghan, Bein-y-Phot, and Snaefell, foreshortened by the distance, form a noble background to Castletown and its bay. To the east, a long line of low coast stretches north to St. Anne's Head—the promontory of Langness, the beautiful bay of Derbyhaven, and beyond the coast to St. Anne's Head, with the higher cliffs towards Douglas rising above it. A fairer or more diversified prospect than that obtained from this huge rock it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in any other part of the Island.

Fossils are rather scarce in this locality, and when found are difficult of extraction, owing to the extreme hardness of the rock, but what there are, are generally valuable, both from their beauty and their scientific worth. The "*Goniatites Henslowii*," figured by Buckland in his great work, and the "*Nautilus Complanatus*," were both named originally from specimens found in this spot. A short distance beyond the Stack the path along the rocks is known as Cromwell's Walk. Why it is so-called is not known, as Cromwell was never in the Island. Probably the name was given to it by some of the Parliamentary officers in garrison here, during the republican occupation of the Island, in honour of their great leader. The walk along the coast beyond the Stack is very beautiful and interesting. The path lies over smooth, grassy downs, swelling gently inland, while the rocks present a wild maze of low cliffs and deep gullies, at the bottom of

which the waves fret and murmur ceaselessly. All along this part of the coast the rocks are formed of a mixture of volcanic ash, erupted from the sub-marine crater at or near the Stack, and limy matter, the *debris* of the neighbouring rocks, and from their wild and rugged character, as well as from the important scientific facts they illustrate, they are very interesting.

After a delightful ramble of nearly two miles we reach a small creek, where is a quarry for working the celebrated "black marble," which here attains its greatest thickness and its best quality. The creek is known as Poolvash, and from these quarries came the great slabs which were presented by Bishop Wilson to form the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. The term "black marble" is applied to a series of schistose rocks found along this part of the coast, and varying in character from a loose shale, largely impregnated with sulphuret of iron, to a tolerably compact limestone. It is generally fossiliferous—the harder varieties being, according to Mr. Cumming, characterised by "an abundance of *posidonia* (a species of shell similar to the pecten) and relics of tree ferns," while the softer kinds contain *goniatites* and other cephalopods as their characteristic shells. It is easily worked, and is largely used for chimney pieces, tombstones, &c., but it is too soft to take a natural polish, and it is consequently covered with a black varnish to give it a better appearance. A little beyond this quarry we come to a small stream beside a farmhouse, and at this point the composition and appearance of the rocks undergo an entire change. The volcanic ash beds, pure or mixed, which have hitherto formed the coast line, now disappear, and in their place a series of light-coloured limestones crop out. These light-coloured rocks are extraordinarily fossiliferous.

From this point a pleasant walk of a mile and a half through the fields will take our non-geological friends back to Castletown in order to take the train to Port St. Mary.

Continuing our ramble along the shore, we shortly come upon a remarkable spring between high and low water, which, apparently communicating with an underground pool, continues to run as a salt stream several hours after the ebb of the tide. At this time we leave the most fossiliferous of the limestones behind us, and enter upon a district in which the rocks are so intersected and metamorphosed by igneous intrusions that it is extremely difficult to make out their

proper position in the series. The metamorphism in some places is so complete that the rocks have been converted into a pure dolomite—a fact which at one time caused them to be classed as belonging to the later magnesian limestones. It is plain, however, from stratigraphical considerations, that they owe their magnesian qualities to metamorphism induced by contact with the numerous trap dykes of the district, and that they in reality belong to the lower beds of the Manx carboniferous limestones. At Strandhall, a quarter of a mile beyond the salt spring, and the point where the road from Castletown to Port St. Mary descends to the shore, this metamorphism ceases, and the limestone assumes its ordinary character, with its characteristic corals and large deep sea shells. For some time before reaching Strandhall the low cliffs which overhang the beach are composed of the upper drift gravel and sand, with recent shells. The springs in the neighbourhood, together with the general drainage from the higher ground, flowing through and over limestone rocks, are highly charged with carbonate of lime, and in passing through the sand and gravel composing these cliffs have cemented them into a hard, sonorous rock. The conglomerate thus formed, being subject to the direct action of the sea, has been hollowed into numerous large caves, the roofs and portions of the sides of which have partially fallen in, but the effects of the carbonated water are very curious, and well worth the notice of the tourist. In one place a bed of moss is being converted into travertine, the lower parts of the plants being rigid and stoney, while the upper parts are green and flourishing. The same appearances may be observed, but on even a larger scale, in the north of the Island.

From this point the bay spreads out into an extensive sweep of low flat shore, extending without interruption to Gansey Point, the projecting ridge east of Port St. Mary covered with a deposit of beautifully fine sand, except below Kentraugh, where the slate rocks, disturbed by the intrusion of trap dykes, are again thrust up. This part of the bay, especially in the Strandhall portion of it, is extremely shallow owing to the very low dip of the limestone rocks. It is an interesting sight to watch the waves rolling in to the shore over these extensive shallows; and at low water so great an extent of beach is laid bare that it almost seems if we could walk from the shore where we stand to the tidal rocks which

stretch in an immense curve from the Great Carrick Rock, in the centre of the bay to the Little Carrick, off Port St. Mary Harbour. Most of the rocks are covered at high water (the Carrick itself is just visible from the shore by the white-crested waves which break over it at the turn of the tide), the general shallowness of so great a part of the bay making it exceedingly dangerous to vessels venturing too near the land, or making for Port St. Mary Harbour. So shallow, indeed, is all the north part of the bay that a comparatively small rise of the land would convert the whole of it inside the Carrick Rock into dry land. Nor are we altogether without evidence tending to prove that process is actually being carried on, and that the land around these shores is being slowly pushed above the water. We cannot now enter fully into the proofs; but the following facts will, we believe, be found generally interesting, while they furnish one strong proof of the statement just made. Underneath the sand which covers a great part of the northern extremity of this bay there exist the remains of ancient forest land. At Strandhall these remains, so far as they have admitted of examination, consist of a bed of turf, about a foot thick, between high and low water, in which the stumps of trees, chiefly ash and fir, have been found standing upright, with their roots running down through the turf into an alluvial blue sandy marl. These roots have been traced for several feet along the ground, and it is plain that the trees they belonged to, lived and died on this very spot now be it remembered, far below the sea line. In this turf bed some years ago a large number of fossil bones were discovered, but they were unfortunately scattered before they could be properly indentified. At Mount Gawne, about a mile nearer to Port St. Mary, similar relics of ancient woodlands are found, especially after violent inshore gales. On one occasion the results of such a storm were particularly interesting. About fifty or sixty years ago it was recorded that, after a violent storm, the sands opposite Mount Gawne were swept away, laying bare a great number of trunks of trees, some standing upright with their roots in the ground, and others lying prostrate upon the turf towards the north, as if they had been overthrown by some violent incursion of the sea. Among these trees, it is said the foundation of a primitive hut were discovered, in which were some woodcutters' instruments, rudely formed,

while upon some of the stumps the marks of a hatchet were observed. These facts are very interesting and very significant. They demonstrate clearly the former existence of a considerable tract of woodland in a part of this district now covered by the waters of the sea ; and, further, they establish the fact that the submersion of this land took place since the occupation of the Island by man. Another class of facts, depending upon the occurrence along the coast of a line of raised sea beach only very slightly elevated above the present sea level, of which we have good examples at Strandhall and Mount Gawne, where the road runs along it—a raised beach demonstrably of very recent formation—prove that the land is again rising out of the sea ; thus accounting for the discoveries of ancient forest-land along these shores.

Proceeding along the road which, as we have just observed, runs along the latest formed of the raised sea beaches for some distance beyond Strandhall, we have on the left the broad expanse of the bay, with the dark bluff heights from Perwick to Noggins Head right in our front. The coast rocks are formed of the dark lower limestone, with its characteristic fossils, its almost horizontal layers running far out into the bay, with the tidal waves rolling sluggishly over them in shallow ripples. About half a mile off Strandhall, and a little beyond the old limekiln, the character of the coast rocks undergoes a sudden change ; the limestone disappears, and the clay slates crop up once more. Taking our stand on the beach at this point, the changes appear very striking. On our left the dark limestones with a very low dip to the west ; on our right are the clay schists dipping at right angle to the south. Looking along the line of separation we shall see that it passes through Port St. Mary point and the high coast beyond, while in the contrary direction the same line of fault passes inland to Athol bridge. West of this line no limestone is found. Passing Kentraugh, the picturesquely-situated residence of the Gawne family, and crossing the Colby river, which, after flowing through a beautiful glen, enters the sea at the western foot of Kentraugh Hill, the road sweeps round the head of Mount Gawne Bay at the southern extremity of the Island, and a little further on is Mount Gawne House, a former residence of the Gawne family. At this latter point the road divides, the branch to the right mounting the rising ground to Port Erin, distant one mile, while the other passes on to

Port St. Mary. A short distance beyond Mount Gawne, the road turns off from the shore at a group of buildings known as The Smelt, from the fact that the Dukes of Athol formerly smelted here the ores of lead and copper obtained from the Fistard, Bradda, and Ballacorkish mines. Throughout the whole of our wanderings round this beautiful bay we have had the Great Carrick Rock full in view, and no doubt its appearance, standing out in the centre of the bay, tall and dark at low water, and with the breakers curling over its shallows at high water, has excited our interest and caused us to wish to visit it. This may be easily done from Port St. Mary, where a boat can at any suitable time be obtained. This rock is composed of the lower limestone, and is a favourite fishing ground with the neighbouring fishermen. It is also inhabited by immense numbers of *Saxicava rugosa*, a species of boring mollusc, specimens of whose handiwork we are constantly passing—boulders and broken fragments of limestone perforated in all directions, and often as full of holes as a sponge. With a good hammer we may break off pieces of the rock containing numerous pear-shaped cavities, with the living mollusc in them.

Leaving our companions round the coast at this point, to follow the road to Port St. Mary, a distance of half a mile, and wait for us at the village, we shall now return to Castletown to pick up those of our company who preferred to go from that town to Port St. Mary by rail.

CASTLETOWN TO PORT ERIN.

Passing from Castletown to the railway station, we cross the Silverburn by the bridge at the head of the harbour, and proceed for a short distance along the side of the stream by a recently-constructed road. From Castletown southward, the railway passes in a great semi-circular sweep through the flat country lying along the southern foot of the mountain range. This district, which is the most extensive piece of low ground in the south of the Island, is composed of the upper beds of the drift series, the surface throughout consisting of sand and gravel, and its present form and appearance have been given to it by the action of the sea currents, which at a comparatively recent period flowed over it from Port Erin and Fleshwick. Though low, it is not a

level plain, but consists of a succession of low rolling hills, none of which exceed eighty feet in height. To the student of the complex phenomena of the drift period this district is especially interesting. Its sands and gravels contain numerous accumulations of fossil shells of boreal character; within its area are to be found evidences of an almost continuous physical history of the Island, from the glacial clays to the historical graves and circles so common throughout it. Long after the Island was peopled, the sea flowed over its surface, insulating both the Mull Hills and the Bradda Hills, rounding its swelling hills, and deepening its shallow valleys. To the long-continued action of the oceanic currents at this time is owing that striking difference between the contour of the east and west slopes of the land which, known to geologists as the "crag and tail," give to the Island so peculiar an appearance. The western slope of the land is abrupt and precipitous, the mountains descending sheer into the sea almost from their topmost peaks, while to the east they sink in a succession of gentle slopes down to the water's edge. These appearances are the result of the action of the currents which have given their name to the period in which they more especially acted. The west and north-west faces of the land, being opposed directly to the action of the drift currents, have suffered most; while the east and south-east, being on the lee side of the land, have been less wasted, and retain a more gradual slope. In pre-historical relics, this district is the richest in the Island. In addition to those already described, monumental circles, and stones, and ancient burial grounds are found at short intervals throughout it, and Cronk-Moar, the largest and most important of all the Insular pre-historic mounds, is within its boundary. This district is exceedingly fertile; its light, sandy soil, and its warm sunny aspect, giving it extraordinary advantages over the rest of the Island for the cultivation of most kinds of crops.

As the train sweeps along its undulating surface, the landscape in either direction is extensive and picturesque. On both sides of the line are fields, occasionally in pasture, containing large numbers of well-bred cattle, but more generally under cultivation; and our agricultural friends will not fail to notice the numerous unmistakeable signs of careful cultivation and corresponding prosperity. The farm buildings are large and well built, and, generally, in first-rate

condition, while the labourers' cottages, though small and often ill lighted, are warm and comfortable, and will bear a favourable comparison with a similar class of dwellings in the neighbouring countries. Further away to the right, the land slopes gradually upward, dotted with clustering hamlets and isolated buildings, into the dark heather-clad mountains, whose rocky peaks soar high up into the blue sky. Far away to the north we catch a glimpse of the giant forms of Snaefell and the neighbouring mountains. In the nearer distance, we pass in succession South Barrule, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and Slieu Carnane, while further to the south rise the Bradda and the Mull Hills. These mountains rise along our right like a wall, unbroken throughout its whole extent, except at two points—between Slieu Carnane and the Bradda Hills, where, deep among its tremendous precipices, lies Fleswick Bay; and further south, between Bradda Head and the Mull Hills, where the beautiful bay of Port Erin nestles among its green hills. To the left the steppe-like plain undulates away to the sea, whose low coast-line is seen distinctly about Scarlett, and, further on in our journey, to the rear of Port St. Mary. At a point about two miles from Castletown the line sweeps round to the west, and here, a short distance to the right, we notice the plain-looking whitewashed church of the parish of Arbory, with its pleasantly-situated parsonage. Close to it, among a thick grove of ash and elm trees, are the remains of the ancient Franciscan friary of Bimaken. About a mile further on we run into Colby station, situated close to the straggling village of Colby. At this point a picturesque glen, much frequented by visitors, runs up into the mountains. A small clear stream flows down it, which, passing under the line and across the plain, falls into the sea at Kentraugh. On a projecting ridge of Slieu Carnane, forming the western side of this glen, we notice the works of the Rushen Mining Company. On the left situated on a richly wooded eminence, rising abruptly from the plain, we observe the mansion of Kentraugh, the residence of the Gawne family; and beyond it the blue line of the sea, bounded on the extreme west by the high cliffs about Perwick and Spanish Head. A little further on we pass the Parish Church and vicarage of Rushen, standing on the slope of a gentle eminence, and directly after we reach the Port St. Mary station, where we alight for the Calf, Spanish Head, and the Chasms.

For several reasons Port St. Mary is the most convenient place from which to visit the Calf and the Chasms. The southern coast is more protected than the western, and the landing on the Calf islet is more easily and safely effected on the south side than at the landing place in the Sound. The road to the Chasms also from Port St. Mary is shorter, easier, and more direct than from Port Erin. For these reasons, then, we shall do well to select Port St. Mary as our starting point for the south. Before leaving Port St. Mary station, let us take a glance at the long, low, gently swelling hill which skirts the line for some distance to the north. The southern extremity of that hill, just above the railway, is the site of one of those ancient burial grounds so numerous in the Island, in the centre of which there formerly stood a small chapel, dating back to the time of St. Germanus, in the middle of the fifth century. The ruins of this chapel existed so late as the end of the eighteenth century. During some excavations made by the railway engineers to obtain gravel for ballasting the line, the foundations of the old chapel were laid bare, together with a few of the stones of its walls, including a rudely sculptured door post, and completely rooted up. They are now utilised in the wall which separates the hill from the road. During the same excavations a large number of graves were discovered, and, with the most of their contents, destroyed. They were rudely constructed, in the superficial soil of the hill, of thin slabs of slate, and were evidently the last resting-places of two distinct races of men, probably of the Danish conquerors of the Island, and their Manx serfs. In some of the most carefully constructed of these graves, the contained relics presented appearances which proved that the bodies had been partially consumed by fire before interment—a most interesting fact, showing that cremation was practised among the Northmen, who, to so great an extent, peopled these Islands as late as the middle of the tenth century, the date of the graves in question, several silver coins of the reigns of Edwy and Edgar having been found in them. An ancient runic stone, which formerly stood close to the treen chapel, after much ill-usage and many vicissitudes, now stands at "The Four Roads," about 200 yards above the railway-station. It is about 12 feet high, and 3 feet broad at its base, but tapers to about half that breadth at its point. The inscription which it formerly contained is, through ill-

usage, almost effaced and quite illegible. It is the largest Runic monument in the Island, and is the only one now found in the southern district.

Proceeding on our journey towards Port St. Mary we now mount the rising ground lying between the railway and the village. As we near its summit, and near the farmhouse of Ballacreggan, we notice in a large field on our left an immense upright block of slate, which, when perfect, stood nearly ten feet high. It is one of a pair—its fellow, standing on the slope of a hill facing the east, will be passed in another quarter of a mile. These monoliths are so placed as to command an extensive view both of sea and land, and it is remarkable that all the so-called Danish memorial stones in the Island are similarly placed. Their origin is completely lost, not even tradition retaining the faintest remembrance of their erection; but they are probably monumental stones, like the King Orry stone, near Laxey, and mark the grave of some valiant old Norse sea-king, or Celtic chieftain, slain in one or other of the battles fought on the neighbouring battle field above Chapel Bay. Among the peasantry they are known as "The Giant's Quoiting Stones," and are said to have been thrown by two giants from the top of the Mull Hills. At Ballacreggan, the road we are following to Port St. Mary crosses the shore road from Castletown, which we have already described. This road, after its junction with the great western road at this point, is continued into the Mull Hills to Cregneash and the Sound, and is the southern portion of a great highway extending in an unbroken line from the Kitterland Sound to the Point of Ayre. A by-path branches off about a hundred yards up this road, and, after skirting the base of the hill, descends into Port Erin. After passing the junction of these two roads, the sea again comes into view, and, abreast the second of the giants' stones, which is a conspicuous object on the hill-side above the road, we pass a group of pretty whitewashed cottages, the first signs of our approach to Port St. Mary. These cottages have an especial interest for us; they are built upon a part of the site of the ancient chapel of St. Mary, from which the neighbouring port derives its name. Its ruins have long since disappeared, but traces of its former existance still remain in the names borne by various objects in the neighbourhood. The beautiful little inlet below us, with its broad sweep of smooth brown sand,

is "Chapel Bay"; that low flat reef at the foot of the steep grassy cliff on which we stand, which forms the northern boundary of the sandy beach, is the "Lady's Rock": and the clear bright stream which we can see pouring copiously from a stone trough on to the gravel of the shore, issues from a spring, at the foot of the cliff, called the "Lady's Well." It is the purest and most plentiful spring in the neighbourhood. And, lastly, the village itself is called Port St. Mary from the same ancient chapel of St. Mary, the virgin. Surrounding the little chapel was the usual burial ground, and the little gardens behind the cottages occupy a portion of its site. Occasionally, when the ground is trenched deeper than usual, or when the land in the adjoining field is deeply ploughed, ancient graves, similar to those destroyed during the excavations at Ballaquinney, are laid bare. The view from this point is varied and extensive. To the left, the entire south of the Island is visible from the Mull Hills to Barrule, and thence across the country by Foxdale and Marown to Mount Murray. Beyond the bay stretches the long low coast of Poolvash and Scarlett, ending in the Stack, which, seen from this point shows dark and vast against the sea line. Behind the Stack the southern extremity of Langness is visible, with the opening into Castletown Bay. In the middle of the bay the Carrick rock is seen as a long dark ridge at low water, together with a number of other tidal rocks between it and the coast; at high water its position is marked by the white-crested breakers which in all weathers roll heavily over it. The cliffs along whose brow the road we are following runs are composed of post-glacial sand and gravel, resting upon the boulder clay, from below which the clay slates crop out much disturbed. At their highest point, near the site of the old chapel, they are about 70 feet high, but they gradually decrease in height towards the harbour, and beyond it terminate in a long projecting ridge of limestone rock, in great part covered by the sea at high water, known as Port-St. Mary Point. Continuing our walk we pass the National School, and, rounding a bend of the road opposite a finely-situated terrace of houses with a beautiful outlook, enter the village of Port St. Mary.

Visitors wishing to take away with them a Souvenir of their Visit to the Isle of Man should inspect the Stock of Presents at "The Times" Stationery and Fancy Goods Departments, Athol-street and Victoria-street, Douglas.

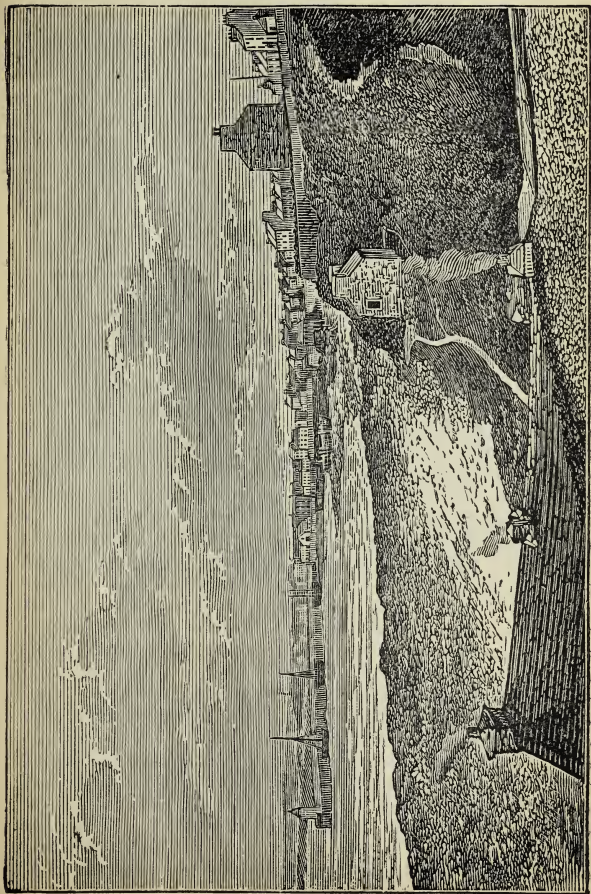
PORT ST. MARY.

Port St. Mary, or, as it is called by the Manx inhabitants, Port-le-Murrey—a corruption of *Purt-ny-Murrey*, the Port of St. Mary—is pleasantly situated along the eastern foot of the Mull Hills, which here descend in gentle slopes, covered with verdure, to the water's edge. The harbour is small, but it possesses a pier 250 yards long, substantially built of the local limestone, erected in 1827 by voluntary subscriptions, aided by a small grant from the Harbour Commissioners. At its extremity is a small lighthouse, in which there is a light exhibited during the fishery season and the winter months, which can be seen for 30 miles at sea. This pier, springing from the land in a northerly direction, shelters the harbour towards the east. Along a portion of the western side of the harbour there is a quay, erected in 1845, by the Harbour Commissioners. The new breakwater is called "The Alfred Pier," after the Duke of Edinburgh, who laid the foundation stone on the 31st January, 1882. The port is the principal centre of the fishing trade of the south of the Island, and, during the herring fishery, is the rendezvous of the Manx fishing fleet. At these times the bay and harbour present a picturesque and animated appearance—the anchorage crowded with heavily laden fishing-boats, whose brown sails shine like burnished copper in the sun, while others are continually rounding the Point into the bay; the small boats, filled with the shining silvery fish, passing to and fro between the smacks and the shore; the buyers' carts driving into the water up to their axles to receive the readier the fish from the boats, or dashing through the village to obtain their loads and carry them away to Douglas or elsewhere; the piers crowded with fishermen and buyers haggling over their bargains—all combine to make the scene most interesting, and to give to the little fishing village its most attractive aspect. The port itself possesses a fleet of about 100 fishing smacks, manned by about 800 men and boys. Several manufactures connected with the fishing trade have been introduced into the village, and are largely and profitably carried on. Among those are ship building and rigging, and rope and net making, and barking. Almost all the vessels belonging to the port were built in the local shipyards, while their nets and other fittings were made at the local manufactories. A handsome new church has been erected in the

village, and both the Wesleyans and the Primitive Methodists have neat and comfortable chapels.

The environs of Port St. Mary are romantic and interesting in the highest degree, and, as a centre from which to explore the neighbouring country, and especially the retired and almost unknown recesses of the Mull Hills, and the mountainous coast of the west, it is admirably situated. Chief among the excursions from Port St. Mary is one to the Calf and the Chickens Rock Lighthouse—an excursion which, from the delightful sail past the wild and romantic coast south of Port St. Mary, the peculiar character of the scenery on the Calf, and the instructive interest of the Chickens Rock Lighthouse, every visitor to the South ought to make if possible. As, however, this excursion can only be made in calm weather, owing to the boisterous character of the sea in the neighbourhood of the Calf, and it will be necessary to select a day for the purpose. A boat and experienced boatman (none others are safe) can readily be obtained. The distance from Port St. Mary to the landing place on the Calf is about five miles, and occupies about an hour and a half each way.

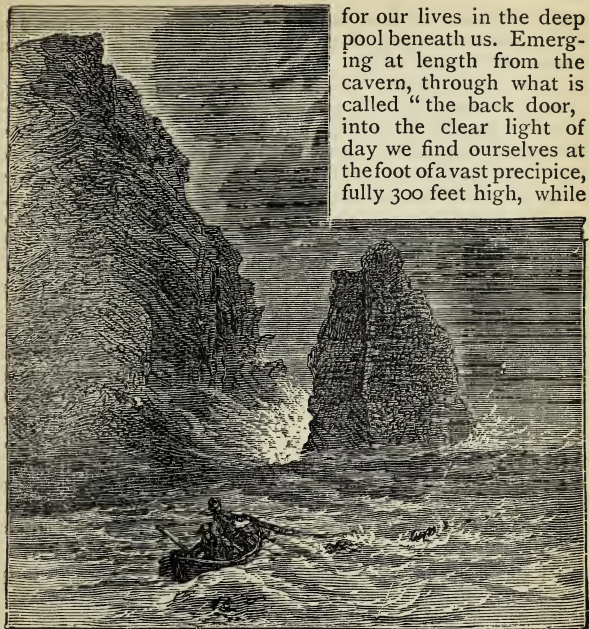
Rounding Port St. Mary Point, a long flat ridge of rock, the coast for some distance is low, and formed of thick-bedded limestones, dipping slightly to the west, capped with a deposit of boulder clay and drift gravel. After having proceeded about a quarter of a mile, the character of the coast undergoes an entire change, the flat tabular limestone disappears, and the clay slates again appear, thrown up into high rocks, strangely contorted and disturbed. This spot is noticeable as the southern boundary of the limestone formation. A little further we pass a deep wild inlet, surrounded by high precipitous cliffs, and terminating in a small glen running far up into the recesses of the Mull Hills. This is Perwick; and the hamlet whose white houses we see clustering on the top of the cliffs, is Fistard, an outlying part of Port St. Mary. We shall pass through it by-and-by on our way to the Chasms. After passing Perwick, the cliffs rapidly increase in height, and as the boat now approaches nearer to the land, we are better able to realise their true height. Sheer above our heads they rise, ledge above ledge, for nearly 300 feet, while further to the south they assume even vaster proportions, descending like huge mountains into the sea, whose waves dash wildly along their



PORT ST. MARY (FROM CHAPEL BAY).

base with a dull ceaseless roar. Not the least interesting part of the scene is the immense number and variety of the sea birds which we see skimming with restless wing the heaving waves, or peering down at us from the rocky ledges overhead. Gulls, curlews, cormorants, stormy-petrels, and numerous others, mingled together their shrill cries, and one of the strangest sights the visitor can witness is the vast cloud of birds, and the huge clamour of their alarmed cries, when startled out of their holes by a gun shot. After skirting the base of the headland (Kione-y-Ghoggane, or Noggin's Head) for some distance, the boat suddenly turns her bow towards the land, and for a few moments it seems as if the boatmen were bent on dashing their boat to pieces against the rocks. But as we sit anxiously watching the approaching cliff, with its line of white breakers, we see a large opening in the face of the rock, through which the boat darts with undiminished speed. The sudden change, from the glare of the sunlight to the dim twilight within the grotto, for some time prevents our seeing the nature of the place into which we have been so suddenly introduced, but at length, becoming accustomed to the subdued light, we make out that we are in a long narrow winding passage, formed, in the heart of the cliff, along the line of one of the numerous cracks in the almost horizontal strata which a little further on have produced the tremendous clefts known as the Chasms. High over our heads the flexured and polished roof crosses from wall to wall in massive, heavy-browed arches, while, below, the deep clear waters swarm with fish of every size and form ; crabs, lobsters, sea-urchins, sea-stars, and medusa, whose quick glancing through the water, or strange movements along its bottom, afford unceasing amusement to the observer. The splash of our oars and the sound of our voices in this "rare grotto" is very extraordinary, the sound being repeated from point to point of the winding cavity in a thousand strange echoes. In passing through this interesting cavern, which is locally known as "The Hall," the utmost care is necessary, and it is impossible not to admire the skill with which our boatmen navigate its dangerous intricacies. The least failure on their part to guide the boat through the abrupt windings of the cavern, or to counteract the strength of the current through its narrow passages, and she would be instantly overturned, and we should be left struggling

for our lives in the deep pool beneath us. Emerging at length from the cavern, through what is called "the back door, into the clear light of day we find ourselves at the foot of a vast precipice, fully 300 feet high, while



THE SUGAR LOAF ROCK,

immediately in front, separated from the headland by a narrow passage, into which our boat is just entering, rises a huge conical rock, 150 feet high, called by Mr Challoner "Charing Cross," from its fancied resemblance to the famous monumental cross which formerly stood at Charing, in London, but this peculiar rock is more generally known as "The Sugar Loaf." It is represented in our illustration. Passing through the channel between the Noggin's Head and the Sugar Loaf, we find ourselves in a shallow bay, about half a mile across, known as "Stacka Bay," from the stack or isolated rock called the Sugar Loaf. High above our heads the cliffs rise, crag above

crag, for above 300 feet, rent into numerous fissures, many of them apparently extending from the top of the cliff down almost to the level of the sea. The ledges along the face of the cliff are crowded with immense masses of loose rock, which threaten every moment to descend, avalanche-like, upon our heads. Nor is this an unusual event. The beach at the foot of the cliff is strewn with huge blocks which have thus fallen from above, and almost every year some of the rocks we see suspended above us become loosened, and fall with an awful crash into the sea. It is probable that the entire bay has been formed by a series of such events. It is possible to climb the face of the cliff to the Chasms at its top; but it is a difficult and a dangerous feat, and should only be attempted by good climbers with steady heads, and in calm weather. The summit may be more easily reached at the western corner of the bay, where a small stream, the "Cass Strooan," runs into the sea; but it would seriously interfere with our visit to the Calf, and it will be better to defer our excursion to the Chasms until we return from the Calf, when it will naturally fall into our wanderings among the Mull Hills.

Passing Black Head, the western boundary of Stacka Bay, we coast for some distance along a series of mountainous cliffs, terminating in Spanish Head, the most southerly point of the Island. At this point the scenery is peculiarly striking. On either hand a succession of lofty precipices, culminating in the gigantic cliffs of Spanish Head, which, like a stupendous wall of grey schist, rears itself directly out of the sea to the height of nearly 400 feet, a height still further magnified by its reflected shadow in the clear deep water at its foot. Right in front flow the rapid waters of the Sound, or Kitterland Strait, the narrow strait which separates the southern declivities of the Mull Hills from the bluff crags of the Calf. In all directions innumerable flocks of sea-birds are flying about, skimming the surface of the waves in search of prey, or circling round our heads with shrill cries, or gazing stupidly at our movements from the ledges of the rocks above, which, by the by, are literally honeycombed with their holes. Altogether the scene is so wild and rugged that it is without parallel in the Island, and words fail to give any adequate idea of its appearance. It must be seen to be realised. The headland is supposed to have obtained its name of "Spanish Head" from the fact,

traditionally remembered, of the wreck upon it of a portion of the great Spanish Armada, in 1588. The tradition may be founded upon fact, and, undoubtedly, many a noble ship has met its fate upon this iron-bound coast. but we have no historical confirmation of the statement, though the date of the supposed disaster falls within the reign of the Stanley family. Upon these inaccessible rocks the samphire grows plentifully, and the natives formerly gathered it, though at a fearful risk. A story is current in the neighbourhood which shows the terrible dangers attending its collection. Two samphire gatherers, a man and his wife, belonging to the neighbouring village, having discovered a fine bed of the plant on a rocky ledge, some distance below the summit of the precipice, determined to obtain it. Fastening a rope, which he carried for the purpose, round his wife's waist, the man lowered her over the edge of the cliff down to the spot where it grew. Having collected the tuft, she signalled to be drawn up again, but the strands of the rope, frayed by the sharp edges of the rocks, gave way when she was within a few feet of the top, and, in the sight of her agonised husband, she fell from rock to rock, until at last she rolled a mangled corpse into the white surges below.

The Sound, in its narrowest part, is only about one-third of a mile wide, but in this part it is encumbered with several rocks, and, from the nature and direction of the tidal currents, its navigation is at all times difficult. During strong north-west winds, the tide runs through the narrow passages among the rocks at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour, breaking up the rocks and shoals with great fury, and rendering its passage very dangerous, and occasionally preventing communication between the opposite shores for many days at a time. In its narrowest part the strait is divided, by a small Island called Kitterland, into two channels. That between the islet and the mainland, called The Little Sound, is only 50 yards broad at low water. The other, between Kitterland and the Calf, is called the Calf Sound, and is about 200 yards across. Right in the middle of its north-western entrance is a shoal, visible at low water, known as "The Thousla Rock," upon which an iron beacon has been erected by the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, partly to mark its position and partly to afford a refuge to shipwrecked mariners. The necessity of such an erection was forcibly seen on several occasions ; but especially when

the French schooner, the *Jeune St. Charles*, was wrecked upon this rock in March, 1858. This unfortunate vessel, being driven dangerously close to the land during a gale of unusual severity, her captain, ignorant of the character of the coast, and even of the existence of the Kitterland Sound, with its strong currents, endeavoured to stay her course by anchoring off Spanish Head. In this critical situation she was observed from the cliffs above, and the news brought to Port St. Mary, where two volunteer boats' crews were immediately got together, and started for the scene of the expected disaster. Meanwhile the ship, unable to withstand the force of the current, dragged her anchors, and drifted rapidly towards the land. When under Spanish Head, the crew (of four men and two boys), expecting her every moment to strike upon the rocks, took to their boats, leaving the ship to her fate, and endeavoured to reach land. Unable, however, to stem the current, they drifted with it past the headland, and ultimately both the boat and the deserted ship struck on the Thousla Rock, at the farther extremity of the strait, and, it being near low water, the men succeeded in climbing on the rock, where, the waves washing over them every moment, they clung tenaciously until help arrived. In this perilous position they were discovered by the men from Port St. Mary, and, after about two hours' arduous exertion, were all rescued with the exception of the two boys, who, unable to retain their hold, were washed off the rock and drowned. Unable to reach the main island, the boat made for the landing-place on the Calf, and, with great difficulty, landed the shipwrecked men. With the rising tide, the stranded vessel broke up, her fragments and cargo strewing the coast for miles.

The largest of the rocks which encumber the Sound is the Kitterland islet—a large rock or rather double rock, partly covered with grass, and comprising an area of about an acre and a half. This islet, which gives its name to the strait, is traditionally said to have derived its name from Kitter, a great Norwegian baron of the days of King Olave Goddardson, concerning whom certain legendary stories are related characteristic of the habits and ideas of the age.

Some years ago this rocky islet was the scene of a dreadful disaster, which has given it a lasting but melancholy interest in the eyes of every inhabitant of the South. During a severe storm in December, 1852, a brig—*The Lily*,

of Liverpool—was driven upon the rocks on the east end of this islet. Three of the crew were washed overboard and drowned ; the carpenter was killed by the fall of the foremast ; and the captain was drowned in attempting to reach the Island. In the morning the wreck was discovered, and the remainder of the crew were rescued and taken to Port St. Mary. When the weather moderated, thirty men belonging to the neighbourhood, under the orders of Lloyds' agent, boarded the wreck for the purpose of saving as much as possible of the ship and cargo, when, from some unknown cause, sixty tons of gunpowder, which formed a portion of the cargo, became ignited, and the vessel and all on board were blown to atoms, fragments of their bodies and of the wreck being afterwards found many miles distant from the scene of the explosion. One man alone of all who were engaged about the wreck was saved. The flash of the explosion was seen as far as Castletown and Colby, and its sound was heard like the rumbling of an earthquake at Douglas and Peel. A handsome sum was collected to relieve the families of the men killed, and a suitable monument has been erected to their memory in the parish churchyard.

The eastern entrance into the Sound is about a mile and a half wide, and in beating across it to reach our landing place on the Calf, we experience the full force of the tidal current. There are two places where we can land on the islet—at Cow Harbour, on its north side, opposite "The Thousla Rock, and at the South Harbour, on the east coast, near the Burrow. The best plan will be to land at the latter place, and while we are strolling across the Island the boatmen can take the boat round to meet us at the north landing place. Close to the South Harbour, where we land at the end of a high rocky promontory, which forms the extreme southern point of the islet, is a huge isolated rock, rising to the height of above 100 feet, called the "Eye," from a remarkable perforation through the rock formed by the sea. During our progress round the coast, we have upon several occasions seen the sunlight pouring through this natural opening, a circumstance which adds considerably to its interest. This rock, with its arch, can be reached, with some difficulty, at low water ; at high water it is so perfectly insulated that a boat can sail through the passage between it and the land. On its summit is the singular excavation called "Bushel's Grave," which is thus described by Mr Wood in 1881 :—"It

is in the form of a cross, each of the two longitudinal cavities being about six feet long, three wide, and two deep. Immediately at the edge of the cavities is a wall of stone and mortar, two feet high, except at the southern, western, and eastern ends, which were left open, perhaps, for ingress, egress, observation, and the admission of light. The whole is covered with slate and mortar. Salt water is found at the bottom, the consequence of the sea breaking over the rock in stormy weather." This curious relic is in reality an ancient post of observation, for which purpose it is admirably placed, both by its height and situation, and probably dates from the time when, as Camden tells us, the islet was held by "a pretty good garrison."

The Calf at present is of little importance. A considerable part of its surface is covered with grass, and would furnish good pasture for a large number of sheep, and a small portion in the interior is under cultivation ; but the greater part is rocky and barren, and the entire islet is overrun with rabbits, &c. Formerly this island was of much greater importance, and was accordingly fortified and strongly garrisoned. When its fortifications were dismantled, several of the iron cannons were brought to Port St. Mary, and placed as mooring-posts upon the old pier. Following the road formed by the Lighthouse Commissioners, a pleasant, breezy walk, of about a mile, brings us to the now-disused lighthouses, in a lofty situation on the western promontory of the islet, in such a position that the lights which they formerly exhibited were in a line with the dangerous Chickens reef, a tidal rock distant rather more than a mile to the south-west. These lights are now discontinued, a magnificent lighthouse having been built upon the Chickens rock itself, which can be seen from a much wider range and during a greater number of days in each year, owing to its insular situation and lesser elevation. The view from the top of the upper lighthouse is magnificent in every direction, except towards the north; but as we shall have the same view from the top of the hill above the lighthouses, when visiting "Bushel's House," with the addition of an uninterrupted view to the north, and as the lights are now discontinued, it is not worth our while to climb the long spiral staircase of the tower. Immediately off the west point of the islet, at the foot of the precipices, close to the lighthouses, are two pyramidal rocks, or stacks, about 100 feet high. They are separated from the bottom of the cliff

by a channel about 15 yards wide, through which the tide rushes with great force. These rocks form a very picturesque object from the north-west. On the top of the hill, to the north of the lighthouses, on the highest point of the islet (420 feet above the sea), is a signal-post used by the lighthouse people, and close to it, and within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, are the ruins of a small hut, twelve yards long, and three yards broad, known as "Bushel's House." According to the current tradition, this building was erected by a man named Bushel, a follower of the great Lord Bacon, in the reign of James I. Having engaged in some mining speculations which at first promised well ; but which, owing to the sudden downfall and death of his patron, proved "abortive," and involved him in ruin, he retired from the Court, and spent three years "in the desolate island called the Calf of Man, where," he states, "in obedience to my dead lord's philosophical advice, I resolved to make a perfect experiment upon myself, for the obtaining a long and healthy life (most necessary for such a repentance as my former debauchedness required), as by a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient, most like to that of our long-lived forefathers before the flood (as was conceived by that lord), which I most strictly observed, as if obliged by a religious vow, till Divine Providence called me to more active life." Another tradition, however, is recorded by Mr Wood in his "Account of a person who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had murdered a beautiful lady in a fit of jealousy, and took refuge in the desolateness and seclusion of this Islet."

The view from the summit of this hill, unparalleled in the Island, is well worth the trouble and expense of the journey. To the north the whole of the south and half of the Island lies spread out like a map before us ; to the east are the deep indentations of Poolvash, Castletown Bay, and Derbyhaven, with the rich corn lands rising from the water's edge, and extending far up the mountain sides ; to the west the scenery is wild and rugged in the extreme. Rising directly out of the sea are the stupendous precipices which form the western coast, surmounted by the lofty peaks of the great mountain range. Immediately in front are the Mull Hills, sloping down into Port Erin Bay, a large portion of whose lovely sweep we catch a glimpse of. Beyond, rise successively, Bradda Head, Ennyn Mooar, Slieu Carnane,

Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and South Barrule; the first four of which descend at once, without a rest or a break, into the western sea, from a height of 600 to 1,200 feet. To the west of Barrule we catch a far-off glimpse of The Niarbhl, Contrary Head, and of the hills above Peel, with "Corrin's



ANCIENT COFFIN LID FOUND ON THE CALF.

Folly mounted upon the saddle of the round-backed horse." It is thus easy to give the names of the various objects which, as we look north from the east to the west, fill our vision ; to describe their appearance, to give to the reader any adequate idea of the mountain tops, or of their dark heather-clad slopes, with the swift cloud shadows flying over them, and the perfume of the heath and the gorse scenting the winds as they blow from them—is utterly impossible. On a clear day the prospect extends much farther than the Isle of Man. As we sweep the horizon, we can distinguish the Arklow and Mourne mountains and the hills about Carlingford Bay and Strangford Lough, in the west, and the Cambrian and Welsh mountains to the east and south. To the south and south-west from the foot of the precipice below us, to the utmost verge of the horizon, lie the heaving waters of the Irish Sea, broken only by the tidal rock upon which the Chickens Lighthouse rears its slender pillar.

On the highest part of the Calf are the ruins of an old chapel. The foundations only are left. It was built in the form of a cross, and was evidently intended for a private chapel for the few inhabitants of the place, as it is plain that, from the size, it was not capable of accommodating over 20 persons. In this old chapel was some years ago found the lid of a stone coffin, represented in our illustration (page 296). The following description of it is given in the *Antiquarian Repertory* :—

This curious representation of Christ on the cross is supposed to have been part of the lid of a coffin.

It is engraved on a thin stone, and was found two feet below the surface of the ground in or near the old chapel in the Calf of Man.

The chapel, being in ruins, was pulled down for the sake of the stones.

The figure on the right was evidently meant for that of the soldier piercing Christ's side. Probably there were some other figures on the left, now broken off.

The style of this work clearly speaks its antiquity. In all likelihood the person whose remains it covered was of no vulgar note. There are not, however, the least data to form a probable guess either respecting its owner, or time when it was done.

Descending the hill, and following the road which crosses the Calf from south to north, we enter a deep sheltered valley, in going through which we pass a substantially built farm-house, surrounded by some fields, which have been brought under cultivation. This valley throughout is bounded by high ground, which, as we approach its northern

end, breaks up into craggy cliffs, which, were we not already beginning to feel surfeited with rock scenery, we should greatly admire. After a delightful walk of a mile and a-half, we arrive, by a rapid descent, at Cow Harbour—a rocky nook, opposite to the Thoulsa Rock, with its iron beacon. On the shore is a strongly-built storehouse for the convenience of the farm we passed in the valley above, and on the opposite side of the strait there is another similar building. At this point the strait is at its narrowest, and its current, too, is much broken by the shoals and rocks which almost block up its entrance. It is, therefore, usually crossed at this point, and in ordinary weather a stout arm can easily row a boat across. Here we again embark and return to Port St. Mary, or, if we prefer, we can land on the north side of the Sound, and explore the Mull Hills, visiting the Chasms and Cragneesh on the way. If we wish to visit the Chickens Rock and Lighthouse (illustration on page 93), and to most tourists, especially those from inland parts, this is a very interesting item in their tour, we had better do so before landing on the Calf. This rock, which has probably received its name from the stormy petrel—Mother Carey's chicken, as it is often called by sailors—which frequents it and the neighbouring coast, is a dangerous reef, right in the track of vessels passing in and out of Liverpool, and only partially bare at low water. It is about three-quarters of a mile from the southern-most point of the Calf. Formerly its position was indicated to mariners by the lights exhibited in the Calf lighthouses; but, these lights being found to be frequently obscured by the thick mists which often covered the hill upon which they were placed, especially in the winter, when they were most needed, the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, after mature consideration, determined to erect a first-class lighthouse upon the rock itself. This they have done in the face of great difficulties and danger under the superintendence of Messrs. Stevenson, the celebrated marine engineers, and the magnificent building which now rears its stately head amid the heaving waters, exhibited its warning light for the first time Jan. 1, 1875.

THE CHASMS, SPANISH HEAD, AND THE MULL HILLS, TO PORT ERIN.

The district lying to the south-west of Port St. Mary with its green, water-worn hills, riven by landslips into deep chasms, and worn by the ceaseless action of the sea into

precipitous cliffs and stacks, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting localities in the Island. But it is not in its natural features, grand as they are, that its greatest attraction consists ; it is in the quaint, primitive character of its inhabitants that the intelligent tourist will find his greatest pleasure whilst wandering about this almost unknown region. Although in many places very thinly inhabited, in its interior this district possesses a considerable population. Besides the thriving fishing village of Port St. Mary, built at its eastern extremity, it possesses several small hamlets and a large number of farms and cottages scattered along its northern slopes, and in places there are traces of a much greater population in former times. The dwellers among the hills are physically a fine sturdy race, of medium height, but strongly built, especially the men, whose faces, bronzed by exposure to the sea and the weather, give evidence of robust health. A peculiarity in their appearance which cannot fail to strike the eye of the tourist is the half-sailor-like dress and gait of the men he meets throughout this district. This arises from the fact that they are all sons of fishermen and sailors, and are all fishermen or sailors themselves. Generally speaking, every man possesses a small piece of land, either inherited or on rent, which he cultivates in the intervals of fishing. The rest of the year they are afloat. As a race, they are quiet, sober, law-loving, law-abiding men, strongly influenced by deep religious feeling ; intemperance is rare, and crimes of violence are unknown among them. As one proof of the reality of their religious profession, we may state that during the fishing season no boat ever puts out to sea either on Saturday or Sunday ; the Sabbath is kept among this primitive people entirely free from all worldly pursuits. In disposition they are strongly conservative, loving the ways of their forefathers, and hating everything new. "What did for my father will do for me," is a common phrase among them ; and accordingly innovations make slow progress in this district.

The direct road to the Chasms strikes off from St. Mary's almost opposite the bank, mounts the hill, and passes through the straggling village of the Fistard. We may exchange the route for the shore road, pass the Point, with its flat limestone rocks, exceedingly rich in fossils of the lower carboniferous limestones, and walk along the top of the high cliffs which surround the picturesque bay of Perwick



CALF OF MAN AND CHICKENS LIGHTHOUSE (from MULL HILLS).

or along the beach at their base, as we prefer. Mounting the cliffs at Scolloway, the nook beyond Perwick, we come out upon the road to the Chasms from Fistard, just beyond the old lead mine at Glenchass. The view to the north from this road is very beautiful, the entire mountain range to Snaefell being visible, while the country about Poolvash and Castletown is especially fine. About a hundred yards past the old mine the road takes a bend to the right up the hillside. Here we may open a gate, and pass along a path through the fields, which will bring us to the cliffs, directly above the "Sugar Loaf"; or we may follow the main road, which, after a pleasant breezy walk, will bring us to the refreshment house at the Chasms. The entire distance by this road is about two miles. There is a good carriage road by Ballacreggan and The Howe to Cregneesh and the Sound, whence a few minutes' walk will bring the visitor to the Chasms. The carriage can either wait at Cregneesh, or descend the hill to the Sound, to pick up the travellers after their visit to Spanish Head and the strait.

Passing through a gateway in the wall which divides the dangerous ground about the Chasms from the premises belonging to the refreshment house, we see the surface of the ground, for about 80 yards inland from the edge of the cliff, rent in all directions by numerous fissures of different width, some almost filled up with *dèbris* and overgrown with gorse and heather; while others are wide, yawning gulfs, extending, beyond the power of our vision, to an unknown depth, possibly to the level of the sea, as some say. Many of these crevices are broad and easily discernible; but others are very narrow, and in great part covered over with loose blocks and earth and bushes, and only show themselves by an occasional opening, into which the incautious visitor might easily fall and be killed, or seriously injured. Accidents of this kind are, however, wonderfully rare; still great care ought to be exercised while examining these interesting places. They have been produced by a subsidence of the rock, as we saw more plainly from our boat when proceeding to the Calf. The line of subsidence can be readily recognised close to the boundary wall. The natural settlement of the cliff has probably, however, been accelerated by earthquakes, of which tradition has preserved a dim recollection. From the edge of the cliff the view is very striking. Below us the precipice sinks suddenly down to the sea, which, 300 feet

below, dashes against the foot of the cliff and the numberless blocks of stone which have fallen from above, in a broad line of white breakers, the sound of which rises up in a strangely subdued murmur. At the north-east angle of the bay, just beyond the bold headland of Noggin's Head, rises the curiously-shaped rock called "The Sugar Loaf," which, from this height, shows its double head more distinctly than from below. The wild beauty of the scene, and the strange ideas suggested by these tremendous fissures, make this a most interesting spot. The adventurous climber will find some good practice among these chasms, and along the projecting ledges on the face of the cliff, and his toil will not be altogether unrewarded. In addition to the excitement of the climb, he will probably meet with some of the rare and curious plants and ferns which grow on the face of the cliff and in the deep moist clefts of the rock. In a retired nook, to the south of the Chasms, is a small circle of stones about six yards in diameter; it is usually regarded as a Druidical circle, but this is a mistake. It is evidently a burial circle, and is exactly similar to many others found in different parts of the Island. This district now possesses additional interest from the fact that in it are laid some of the most exciting scenes in "The Deemster," the wonderful romance by that clever Manx author, Mr Hall Caine. By making a descent at the sloping ground about a quarter-of-a-mile beyond the Chasms, it is easy to get along to the shore right under the Chasms, and, if the tide be out, even to reach the Sugar Loaf. The view here is indescribably grand.

Proceeding along a path on the top of the cliffs, we obtain, as we pass along, several exquisite views of The Sugar Loaf and the bay; the best point, indeed, from which to view The Sugar Loaf Rock, with the headland behind it, being from this part of the bay. Crossing a small stream, the Cass Strooan, which flows into the north-west corner of the bay, and climbing the hill beyond, we find ourselves upon the summit of Black Head, the eastern point of the huge promontory of which Spanish Head forms the western portion. On our way across this headland, keeping as near the verge as the nature of the ground will permit, we pass some frightful precipices—places where the cliffs descend at one sweep nearly 400 feet into the deep sea at their feet. The hill to the edge of the cliffs in great part covered with a short thick grass, which affords scanty nourishment to numbers of a



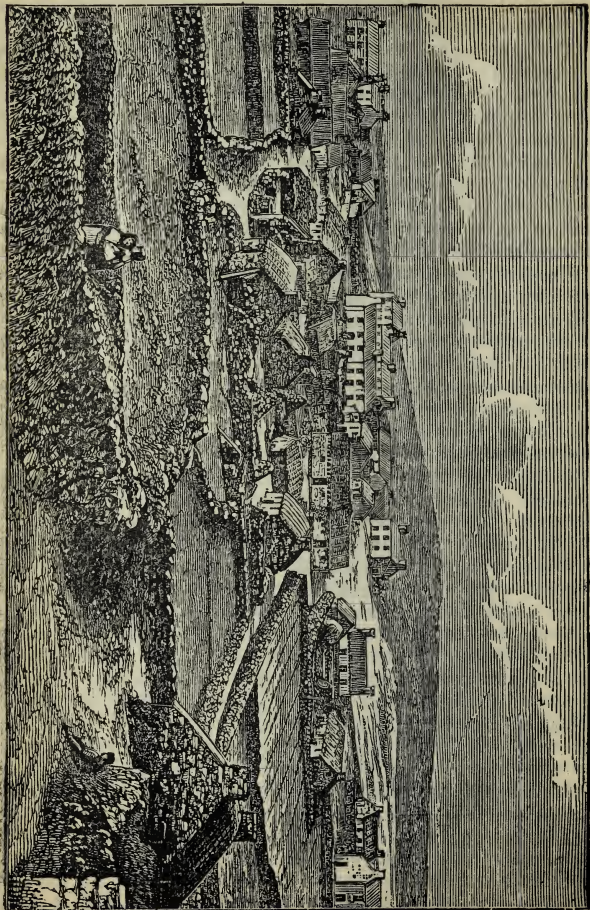
STONE CIRCLE ON MULL HILL.

small and hardy breed of sheep ; and in crossing this headland, and often in other similar places, we have seen them scrambling down precipices apparently perpendicular, and cropping the tufts of grass which grow upon the rocky ledges. After following the direction of the coast for about a mile, we mount a rising ground, and find ourselves at last upon the topmost point of Spanish Head, the south-western extremity of the Island. Approaching cautiously the edge of the precipice, and looking over the verge, the view downward is indescribably grand and exciting. Between our eye and the sea, full 400 feet below, there is nothing but empty space ; ledge after ledge, rock after rock, the cliff sinks down sheer into the waves, which fret and foam against its water-worn base. Half-way down, large sea birds, diminished to pigmies, wheel about the cliffs, and fill the air with their shrill cries ; and in the distance the sea is studded with fishing boats going out to their night's toil off the "Shoulder." But the depth is too great, and the sense of emptiness too overpowering, to allow us to linger long thus gazing into the abyss below us ; the rush of air up the face of the cliff turns our head dizzy, our eye grows confused, and were we standing, instead of lying, upon the rocky summit, we should certainly fall over the edge on to the rocks below. Drawing back a little, therefore, we seat ourselves upon a grassy bank, and feast upon the wild and romantic scene around us. Behind us lie the green Mull Hills, with the dark summits of the northern mountains beyond them. Beneath us the sea, in an impetuous tidal current, breaks upon the pointed rocks at either side of the entrance to the Sound, the broken waves occasionally rising high up to the rocky headlands, and the spray often falling upon their very summits ; it then rushes on through the narrow strait, and dashes upon the line of rocks and shoals which block up its western outlet in heavy rollers and broad lines of white surf. To the left lie the tremendous precipices of Black Head ; to the right the hills descend abruptly to the shores of the Sound, across which rises the bold cliff and the green hills of the Calf Islet ; while in front the sail-studded sea glitters under the summer sun. Altogether this solitary headland is a spot never to be forgotten. In the course of our further wanderings among the hills of the western coast we shall climb the tops of cliffs much higher than this ; but in the stupendous depths of its abysses, and in the rocky grandeur of its surroundings, it is

unparalleled in the Island, and rarely equalled in the circuit of the British Islands.

The geological features of this district are also very interesting. The rock is a variety of the clay schists, grayish in colour, tough and very elastic in texture. The strata about Spanish Head and for some distance along the coast, is almost horizontal, and it is thus easily quarried into slabs of considerable length, suitable for lintels, door-posts, &c. The district exhibits striking marks of extensive denudation, especially during the post-glacial period. These signs cannot fail to have attracted our attention during our progress among the Mull Hills.

From Spanish Head we have two courses before us—we can strike across the country direct for Port Erin, a distance of about two miles ; or we can descend the shore of the Sound ; and, after following its windings, mount the hills to Cregneesh and Port Erin. For several reasons this latter course is the better ; it presents Spanish Head and the surrounding district under new and striking conditions ; it enables us to obtain a better idea of the form of the Sound, and of the character of its currents ; and it gives us the opportunity of exploring the north-west corner of the strait opposite Kitterland, which otherwise we should pass at a distance. The extra distance and trouble involved in this longer route are comparatively trifling. Close to the beach in this corner are the ruins of one of the numerous treen chapels, with its circumjacent burial ground—similar to those which formerly existed at Port St. Mary and Ballaqueeney, and to the one which still remains on St. Michael's Island. Mounting the hills from this point by the road which connects the Calf with the rest of the Island, a walk of about a mile brings us to the small primitive-looking village of Cregneesh, situated upon the crest of one of the highest of the Mull Hills. This village, which will strongly remind the visitor of the remoter villages in the west of Ireland, is the most southern inhabited locality in the Island. It consists of about a dozen houses, and was, until the last few years, noted for its persistent retention of the old ways and ideas of the country. The community, small as it is, rarely married outside its own limits. They kept up the old habits and dress of their fathers ; Manx only was spoken among them ; none of them had been out of the Island, except during their fishing voyages, and many of them had



CREGNEESH.

never been outside the limits of their own parish ; deeply impressed with religious feeling, and, on the whole remarkably moral in their lives, their prejudices were strong, their ideas were narrow, their ignorance of everything beyond the sphere of their daily lives was profound, and their belief in fairies, bugganes, and other spiritual beings, without limit. Their houses were low, roughly built huts thatched with straw, while bundles of gorse placed in the doorways served instead of doors. Now, this is all passing away. Larger and better houses are taking the place of the old one-storied hut ; the English language is fast superseding the Manx. Encouraged by the advent of the "iron horse" into their parish, and the regular passage of mail steamers between the Island and the neighbouring countries, their exclusiveness is fast giving way ; the old national dress—the undyed-loaghtyn wool jacket, the carranes, and the Sunday blanket—has almost disappeared with the national language ; but their narrow ideas and their old-world superstitions are almost as strong and as operative as ever.

A short distance to the north-west of the village is a large, and, in some respects, peculiarly interesting circle of stones, which the visitor ought to examine [page 303]. It is undoubtedly a sepulchral monument. The view from this point is exceedingly fine, and comprehends a widely-diversified expanse of sea and land, cultivated lowlands, green rolling hills, and barren rocky mountains.

Striking across the country from this point in a north-west direction, by a moorland path leading over the hills to Port Erin, we enter upon a wild heath-clad district, and soon find ourselves out of sight of every human habitation and almost of human handiwork. The hills rise in all directions in long low ridges, covered in places with tall, neglected grass, but in most places thickly overgrown with heath and gorse, the perfume from which renders the sweet summer breeze delightfully refreshing to the traveller crossing these wilds. Occasionally, through gaps in the moorlands we catch glimpses of the hills of the Calf behind us, and of the dark tops of the northern mountains in front, and every now and then we obtain passing views through rifts in the western hills of the blue waters of the sea, and of the giant headlands and sharp rocks which guard them ; but for the greater part of our journey our way lies along a narrow valley, enclosed on all sides by low, rolling hills, which shut out the sights.

and sounds of the great world beyond. In reality we are at no time any great distance from the haunts of man, the whole distance from the stone circle on the crest of the Mull Hill to Port Erin being only a little over a mile ; yet for the greater part of the distance we traverse a district as wild and as uncultivated, and as free from the dwellings of man, as if we were in the heart of some wild mountain country. To the dweller in towns, wearied with the monotony and the ceaseless bustle of people, the aboriginal wildness and solitude of these heath-clad hills are inexpressibly attractive, and this short walk across this primitive district will prove one of the most delightful remembrances of his tour in the Island. After a walk of about half an hour's duration the scene grows less wild, the road leaves the open mountain, passes between fields enclosed by rough stone walls, or earthen banks, and after a rapid descent we enter Port Erin.

PORT ERIN.

The village occupies the upper end of a beautiful bay, situated between the Mull Hills and bluff promontory of Bradda Head, and though of inconsiderable size, being only the relic of a small fishing village in process of conversion into a fashionable watering-place, it has, from the beauty of its situation, and the romantic character of the surrounding district, obtained a great reputation, and is visited by almost every one who comes to the Island. Port Erin Bay is a deep indentation of the western coast, extending in an irregular curve from The Castles, a rocky projection of the Mull Hills, to the huge precipices of Bradda Head, a distance of about two miles. The width of its opening between The Castles and the opposite point of Bradda is about half a mile, and its greatest depth from Bradda Head to the beach below the village about a mile. From The Castles along its southern side it is only about half that distance. From its south-western horn, The Castles, a large breakwater, designed by Sir John Coode, and constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Wm. Powell, was formed across the entrance into the bay in a north-westerly direction. Its length was 950 feet, and it was formed of large concrete blocks, weighing from 14 to 17 tons each, resting upon an artificial mound of loose rubble. For convenience of loading and unloading ships, a concrete low-

water landing pier, 310 feet long, was constructed on to the breakwater a short distance from the quay and parallel to it. The cost of these works was about £80,000. Both, however, have since succumbed to the action of the sea, and have been almost entirely swept away by the waves, the ruins of the breakwater only remaining at the entrance of the bay it was intended to protect.

The view of the bay from various points, but especially from the breakwater and from Bradda Head, is very beautiful. The huge headland of Bradda, with its old mining galleries, rises straight out of the water to the height of about 500 feet, and to its right runs a long line of bold rocky cliffs broken by sweet little inlets, each with its own tiny stream and its bit of steep shelving beach of smooth parti-coloured pebbles. These cliffs are surmounted by several picturesque villa residences, and above them rise the green rocky slopes of the Bradda Hills. As they recede further from the headland, these cliffs decrease in height and lose their rocky character, and at the inner extremity of the bay, in the neighbourhood of the village, they consist of boulder clay, capped by a thick deposit of upper gravel and sand. To the right of the village, the Mull Hills descend in green cultivated slopes to the bay. From this distance the village itself presents a pleasing and attractive appearance. The white cottages clustering about the sands, the heights behind crowned with the palatial hotels and some handsome villas, together with a number of handsome houses especially built for the accommodation of visitors, and, to the extreme right, the pretty chapel and the old-fashioned fisher cottages—all combine to form a pleasant picture, which the visitor will gaze upon with delight, and which he will long remember among his reminiscences of his Manx tour.

If the visitor can afford the time, we should strongly recommend him to spend a few days in Port Erin or Port St. Mary, making the one or the other his headquarters from which to make excursions into the surrounding districts. It is the terminus of the southern branch of the Isle of Man Railway—the pretty Swiss cottage-like station, with its tall flagstaff, forming an attractive feature in the view of village from most points.

On the sands, among some cottages, is St. Catherine's Well—a spring anciently esteemed sacred, and much frequented in Catholic times, on account of its supposed



BRADDA HEAD FROM THE CASTLES (Storm).

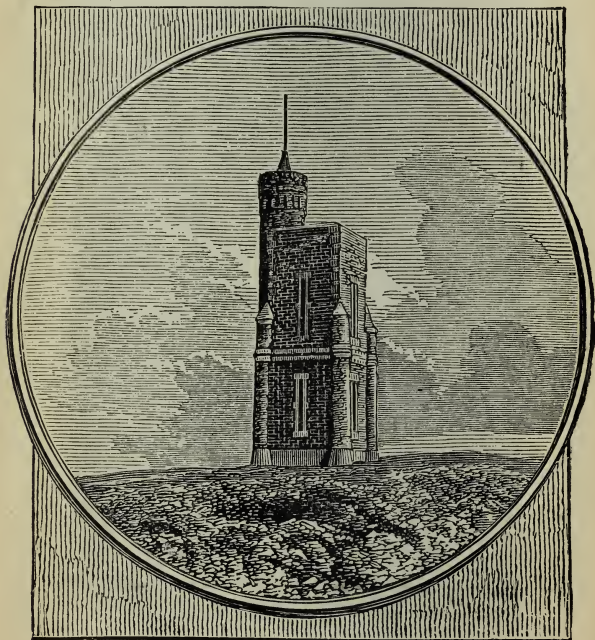


BRADDA HEAD FROM SOUTH OF THE CASTLE (Moonlight).

miraculous properties. There is good fishing in the bay and neighbourhood, and small boats and fishing tackle can be obtained at moderate prices.

Many interesting excursions can be made from Port Erin by sea or land. To the south, the Calf and its

neighbourhood may be visited; to the north, the sequestered Fleshwick Bay, a magnificent sail along the foot of the stupendous precipices beyond Bradda Head. A favourite stroll is to the "Milner Tower," which forms so conspicuous an object on Bradda Head. If we wish to ascend to its summit we must obtain the key at the hotel. The view from its summit is extensive and interesting. Deep down at our



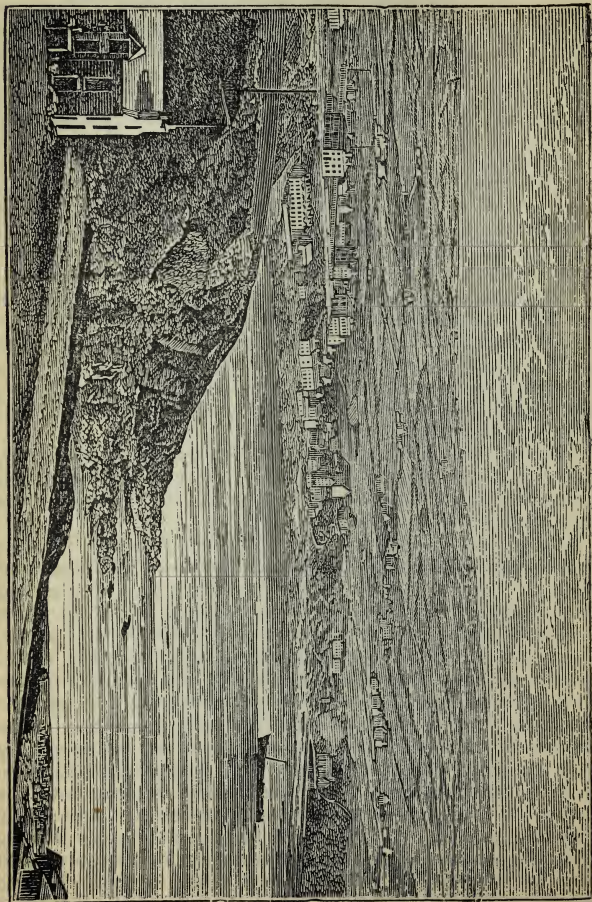
MILNER'S TOWER.

feet lies, as in a picture, the beautiful bay of Port Erin, with its breakwater stretching out into the sea, and its white houses clustering along its inner sweep. Beyond are the Mull hills, rising out of the low plain to the left in swelling green ridges, and sinking abruptly into the western sea in a series

of dark picturesque cliffs. Beyond these again are the dark hills of the Calf Islet, with the Stack below "Bushel's House," at its further extremity, and with Kitterland and the Thousla Rock at the entrance to the Sound. To the east lies a long stretch of flat country, with Poolvash and Port St. Mary beyond. Westward, the waters of the Irish Sea fill up the view to the furthest horizon, upon which rise in cloud-like outlines the mountains of the north of Ireland. To the north are the higher parts of the Bradda Hills, with some of the mine works upon their summits, beyond which we catch a glimpse of Peel Hill, with "Corrin's Folly" upon it. The tower itself was erected, as we are informed by an inscription upon a stone slab over the door-way, "To William Milner, in grateful acknowledgment of his many charities to the poor of Port Erin, and of his never tiring efforts for the benefit of the Manx fishermen." This tower was erected by public subscription, A.D. 1871. Mr Milner, who, before his death in 1874, was the head of the Milner's Safe Manufacturing Company, possessed a residence in Port Erin, and during many years took great interest in the place, and in numerous ways promoted its prosperity.

The Bradda Hills are held to be richly metalliferous, both copper and lead having been extracted from them from the earliest times : indeed, it is asserted that these mines were worked by the Romans.

A walk across the summit of the Bradda Hills is exceedingly interesting, the hills, rocky on all sides and generally barren and unenclosed on their tops, descending abruptly into the sea on the west. During the walk some fine views of wild rock scenery are obtained at several points. The view in all directions is exceedingly fine, the entire country as far as Peel being visible, the sea terminating the view east and west. Though only 744 feet high, these hills are steep and precipitous on every side, while the entire absence of inhabited dwellings on their upper slopes greatly adds to their desolate appearance. The pedestrian, proceeding north towards Fleshwick, may descend into the Fleshwick Glen at the Ballalonney farm-house, about half a mile from the sea. If it is not wished to traverse the Bradda Hills, Fleshwick and the mountain district to the north of it may be reached by following the road through Bradda village, and turning up a road to the left, opposite Bradda Mooar, where the projecting spur of Slieu Carnane is lowest.



PORT ERIN, FROM BRADDA.

Half a mile of this walk may be saved by crossing some fields on the Rowaney estate. This route brings us on to Bradda Mooar, or Grammah Hill, as it is sometimes called, a wild uncultivated spot, of no great height, but exceedingly picturesque, and commanding an extensive prospect, including a view, through the opening between Bradda and Ennyn-Mooar, of the western coast as far as Dalby Point.

In a valley to the north of this hill is the remarkable tumulus called "Cronk-na-Mooar," or "Fairy Hill." It is a truncated cone, 40 feet high, 450 feet circumference at its base; and at its summit, which is surrounded by a breast work 5 feet high, it has a diameter of 25 feet. At its base are the remains of a deep and wide ditch, or moat, which are most distinct towards the eastern side, where it divides the "Cronk" from a low embankment leading through what was formerly an extensive morass. Opposite to this embankment the ascent to the summit is somewhat less precipitous than on the other sides. The purpose of this huge mound is uncertain. Similar mounds which have been opened in other parts of the Island, and in the neighbouring countries, have been found to contain human remains, and it has probably at one period been used as a place of sepulture. But it has also unquestionably been used for other and very different purposes, and especially as a defensible post in time of war. Its structure bears every evidence of its having been a fortified position for twelve or twenty men, and, excepting against missile weapons, it must have been a redoubt of no mean pretensions in ages when, even in England, a hundred men or so were considered an army of a formidable description. It somewhat resembles the fortified hills which occur in Ireland, and is not unlike the moat hills in England. It is situated so as to oppose the advance of men landing at Port Erin on the west, or at Port St. Mary on the east, which are the only landing-places at this part of the Island.

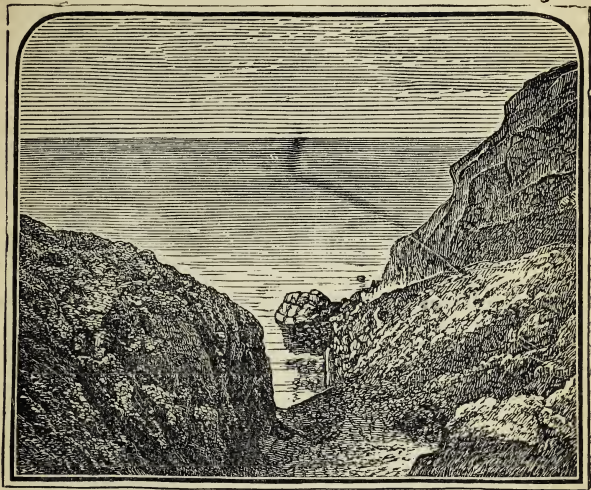
Reginald, son of Olave the Black, King of Man, was slain here, 1249, by the knight Ivar, who afterwards in part atoned for his crimes by his glorious death, on the fatal battlefield of Ronaldsway, in 1270.

A short distance to the east of this mound is the Parish Church of Rushen. It is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is a plain, unpretending structure. An apse, containing a beautiful memorial window of stained glass in three panels, representing the Nativity, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrec-

tion of the Saviour, has been erected at the east end of the church in memory of the late Mr. E. M. Gawne, of Kertraugh, by his family.

RAMBLES ON THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

Retracing our steps past the Fairy Hill, and following the road past Surby, we cross the spur of the hill and descend into Fleshwick. Here we find ourselves in a deep mountain glen, surrounded on all sides by lofty, precipitous hills, especially to the south, where the Bradda Hills sink into the glen in abrupt, heather-clad crags. As we proceed, the glen, for a short space, opens out sufficiently to admit of a few cultivated fields partly along the level valley and partly along the lower slopes of the mountain, and, at this point, Bradda is most easily scaled or descended. Lower down, the mountains again close in, leaving barely space for a narrow road and a clear little stream which, rising high up the mountain side, here runs, in a deep, pebbly bed, by the roadside, towards the sea. A short walk now brings us to the shore, where the scene is very striking. The mountains rise on either hand, in bold, rocky headlands, to the height of 700 or 800 feet, leaving between them an opening of about 50 yards, occupied by a shelving beach of smooth pebbles and shells, upon which are lying three or four small fishing-boats, and upon whose margin the clear, green waves fall with a heavy roar. To the south, Bradda Hill towers upwards in perpendicular, unscalable precipices, while to the north lies the broad sweep of Fleshwick Bay, shut in, at a distance of about four miles, by the Niarbyl Point, and bounded throughout its entire length by a magnificent stretch of lofty, iron-bound cliffs, rising, in places, to the stupendous height of 1,200 to 1,400 feet. This view is without a parallel in the Island for the high and rugged grandeur of the cliffs, and will strongly remind the tourist of some of the wilder scenes on the Norwegian fiords. This part of the coast, as might be supposed, is very dangerous. The strength and direction of the currents are such as to render it almost impossible for a vessel to escape destruction if drawn within their influence, while the height and character of the coast preclude all hope of escape for the crew of the doomed ship. Some years ago a fine vessel, the *Wilhelmina*, of Glasgow, bound for Leghorn, was dashed to



A SEA PEEP AT BRADDA.

pieces against these rocks, and every soul on board perished. It was utterly impossible to render any help from the shore, though attempts were made by letting down ropes from the crags above.

The mountain north of Fleshwick, Slieu Carnane, can be scaled either directly from the glen itself by following the course of the stream, or more easily by taking the mountain road running north from Surby, the direction of which can be traced from below by the succession of cottages and farms which mark its track up the mountain side. This road is of easy ascent, and as we ascend it affords us an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country. At a height of about 800 feet we leave all traces of cultivation behind us, and enter upon a wild and rocky moorland, producing nothing but heath and gorse. For some distance further the road passes through a longitudinal valley, bounded on both sides by rocky ridges, above which rise before us the dark tops of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa and Barrule. Emerging from this hollow we pass a

point where a second road joins the one we are traversing. This road branches off from the great north road a little above the parish church, and, on its way up the mountain, passes two large upright stones, somewhat similar to those near Laxey, and close to them the site of an ancient fort—both very interesting to antiquarians, but rarely visited. By turning a little out of the track to the left at this point, and climbing the low ridge which shuts us in, we shall reach the edge of the cliff and obtain a splendid view of the coast. A thousand feet below lies Fleshwick Bay. To the left is Bradda Head, a huge abrupt headland, 700 feet high, with Fleshwick nestling at its northern foot. To the north Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, Ennyn Mooar, and the Dalby mountains rise out of the waves in succession, presenting a series of magnificent mountainous cliffs, beyond which Contrary Head and the Peel Hill are seen. From this point we have a choice of roads; we can pursue our journey northward over Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa to Dalby, or we can descend the Colby glen, which lies immediately below us to the right. The former will give us a continuation of our exhilarating mountain rambles, with their peculiar scenery, their wide prospects, and their fine bracing air, than which there is nothing grander or more exciting in the entire Island. Proceeding northward, the road, with a sudden descent, crosses the upper part of the Colby glen, and, with many windings, climbs the steep side of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa. At a point about half way up the mountain it will be well to leave the road, which sweeps round the east of the mountain without reaching its summit, and striking across the country make for the top, nearly 1,500 feet above the sea. The view from this point is wide and diversified, almost the whole of the southern half of the Island being visible. The Irish Sea lies directly at our feet, with the Irish mountains rising like a cloud along the horizon. On clear days the Scotch coast is to be seen, and even the mountains of Wales. Descending the northern side of the mountain we soon regain the road we left, and after a steep descent begin the ascent of the Creggan Hill, in the course of which we obtain a fine view down Glen Rushen. From this point also Barrule is full before us; while Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa presents a bold and striking appearance. Descending the Creggan Mooar the road approaches the coast again, and crosses the Lagg river. At this point we leave the road and descend the

stream to the shore, where we shall find a pretty secluded creek, with a clean, smooth, sandy, beach, very suitable for bathing. Following the coast to the Niarbyl we pass some fine rock scenery. At the Niarbyl the rocks are wild and broken, while the view in every direction is very striking. To the south the sweep of the land is bold and picturesque, the various bays showing themselves in succession behind the projecting headlands, and the cliffs rising directly out of the water to a height in one place of nearly 1,500 feet. To the north the coast, though bold and precipitous, is less lofty.

From Dalby the traveller may continue his course over the Dalby mountains to Glen Meay and Peel, or he may return with us to the Round Table, the valley of the Silverburn, and Ballasalla. Taking the direct road over the mountains, we retrace our steps southward, obtaining, as we ascend, a fine view of the entire coast line to the Calf, the sea being on our right. Leaving Dalby-hill behind us, a wide, mountain region lies in front, Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa being on the right, and South Barrule on our left; behind we obtain a view down bleak Glen Rushen, with Slieu Whallin, Sartfield, and Greeba in the background. A steep climb of about a mile brings us to the summit of the Round Table; as the pass between Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa and Barrule is called. From this elevated spot, and for some distance down the mountain side, a glorious prospect is obtained of the south of the Island. The road here divides, the western branch, winding down the eastern side of Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, proceeds south towards Colby or Port Erin; while the eastern branch crosses Cronk Fedjag at a height of about 1,100 feet, after which it again bifurcates—one branch going north to St. John's, and the other south, down to Silverburn. From this point the ascent of South Barrule is easy, while the scenery is especially grand. The views from the north road along the west side of Barrule are very fine. The traveller high up the mountain side strides along the road invigorated by the pure mountain breeze, which is laden with the smell of the sea and fragrant with the perfume of the heather; before him is a grand panorama of mountain scenery; on his right the dark side of Barrule slopes steeply down into the wild bare Glen Rushen, which lies deep below him on the left, with the Dalby mountains rising beyond, bleak and wild. This is one of the finest and most attractive

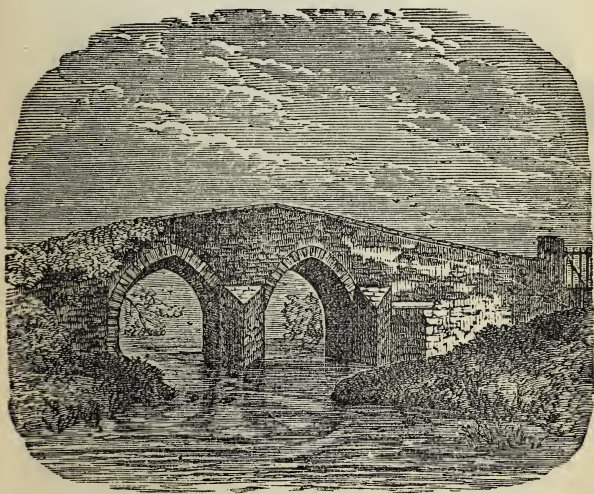
mountain rambles in the entire Island, and no tourist loving such grand and noble scenery should omit it from his tour. The district is one rarely visited, and possesses the double charms of beauty and novelty. (The ascent of South Barrule has been greatly facilitated by the opening of the Foxdale Railway, on August 14th, 1886.)

Our road southward branches from this at Cronk Fedjag. Taking the left-hand branch round the south of Barrule (the right-hand branch descends to Arbory and Castletown), we strike the valley of the Silverburn at Grenaby, whence we can follow the stream to Ballasalla, or continue along the road to the same place. The prospect of the south as we thus descend the mountain is extensive and beautiful, the whole district lying spread out like a map before the traveller. To the geologist, also, this portion of our journey is full of interest, the road being for the greater part cut through the boulder clay, and affords some good sections of that deposit. The district is covered with granite boulders of all sizes, which have crossed the valley from the east side of Barrule during the glacial age, and will furnish the scientific tourist with many interesting problems. A little below Grenaby we cross the boundary of the clay slates, and come upon the old red conglomerate, a fine section of which is seen by the roadside near Athol Bridge, resting upon the upturned and contorted schists. A little lower still we get upon the lower limestones, which accompany us hence to Ballasalla.

Throughout the whole of these rambles we have passed through a country thinly inhabited by a primitive, unsophisticated race, strongly resembling, in their appearance, habits, and dialect, the people of the more southern district about the Mull Hills. Numerous curious stories illustrative of the credulity and superstition of these simple mountineers are current in this district, which are both amusing in themselves and interesting as evidences of the tenacious hold which such beliefs retain upon a self-contained, untravelled people. We regret that our space will not permit us to transcribe more of these legendary stories than we have given in these pages, but the curious in such matters will find a good collection of them in Waldron's "Description of the Isle of Man;" and, if he will undergo the necessary labour, he may gather for himself a much larger collection, equally wild and extravagant, from the inhabitants of this desolate mountain region.

RUSHEN ABBEY.

Descending the stream three-quarters of a mile below Athol Bridge we come to the old abbey bridge—the Crossag, or Monk's Bridge, as it is called. This is one of the most interesting and undoubted relics of former times now remaining. It is of very ancient date, appearing in the earliest maps and records of the Island, and its form clearly demonstrates its erection before the introduction of wheeled carriages into the country. Notwithstanding the extreme hardness and durability of the stone employed in its construction, it is greatly decayed and weather-worn, but, in spite of this, it is still firm and secure, and, unless destroyed by the hand of violence, will last another 500 years. The bed of the stream at the bridge is about 30 feet broad, and the bridge crosses it upon arches, each about 10 feet span, with a

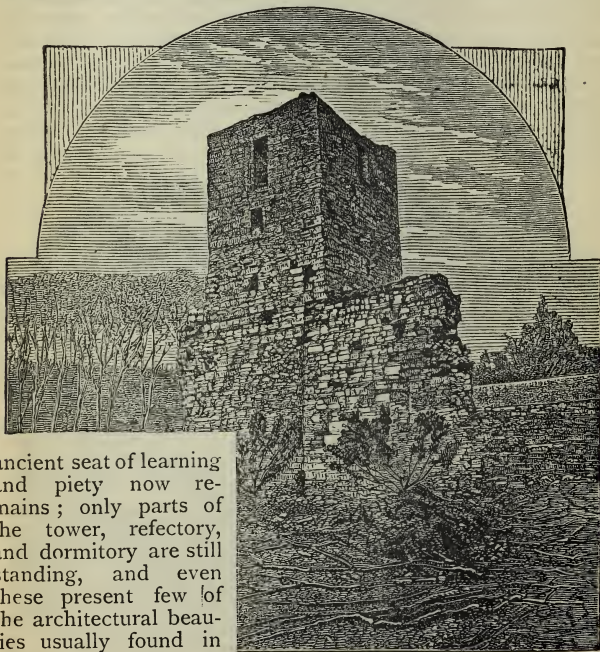


CROSSAG BRIDGE.

smaller one at the west end, three feet in diameter, evidently intended to allow the escape of the water during the winter floods. The height of the bridge above the stream at its

centre and highest point is 20 feet, and the width of its causway is four feet. It is strongly formed of the hard local limestone, with heavy buttresses on the up stream side, to strengthen the piers against the current. For some distance below the bridge the stream is bordered by an ancient wall, which, from its appearance, was probably a part of the boundary wall of the Abbey garden.

A short distance lower down the stream are the few existing remains of the Abbey of Rushen. But little of this



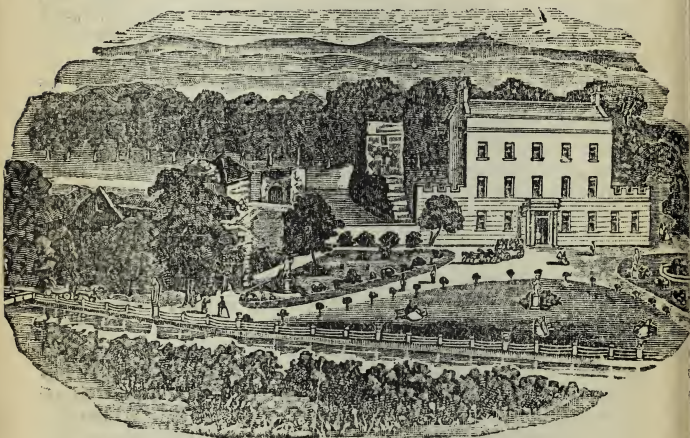
ancient seat of learning and piety now remains; only parts of the tower, refectory, and dormitory are still standing, and even these present few of the architectural beauties usually found in such remains. The windows and doors are square-headed, and "as plain as those of the plainest cottage on the mountain side—clear proof both of the ancient character of this religious house and of the limited extent of its

RUINS OF RUSHEN ABBEY.

revenues at any time." But, humble as are its architectural pretensions, it is a holy and a venerable place, great and good men have lived and laboured within its precincts, and it is the last resting-place of kings, and bishops, and mitred abbots. In the Abbey grounds may be seen an ancient sculptured tombstone, or coffin lid, concerning which much discussion has taken place. It is the famous "Abbot Stone of Rushen," and is probably of the thirteenth century. The grounds surrounding the Abbey ruins are extensively cultivated as fruit gardens. The old refectory and dormitory are used as store-rooms for the fruit.

Rushen Abbey is remarkable as being the latest dissolved monastery in the British Isles. Respecting its foundation some uncertainty prevails; but it appears to have been originally founded by Macnamarus, jarl, or viceroy, of the southern part of the Island, or Magnus, King of Norway, in 1098, who established in it an abbot and twelve monks of the Cistercian order. These first monks of Rushen maintained themselves by their own labours, and imposed upon themselves great mortifications. They wore neither shoes, furs, nor linen, and ate no flesh except on journeys. In 1134 Olave, King of Man, renewed and enlarged this grant of lands for the "building of an abbey in a place called Russin," conferring them, with great privileges and liberties, upon Ivo, or Evan, Abbot of Furness, in Lancashire. To this Abbey he also assigned one-third of the tithes of the Island in trust for the education of youth and the relief of the poor. The Abbey of Rushen, being a Cistercian cell, depended on the Abbey of Furness; its abbots were appointed by the monks of that monastery. It also appears that they possessed for some time the appointment to the bishopric of Man and the Isles. Owing probably to the disturbed condition of the country, the progress of this monastery was very slow, for, although the lands for its endowment were granted in 1134, the building itself was not completed until 1257, having been 130 years in building. The abbots of Rushen were invested with great privileges. They were barons of the Island, held courts for their temporalities in their own names, and had the right to demand a prisoner from the king's court if he were their tenant. In 1541, Henry VIII issued injunctions for an estimate to be made of the property of the Abbey preparatory to its dissolution; but this threatened step, owing to political circumstances, and to the comparative smallness of the

plunder to be obtained, was not carried out until late in the reign of Elizabeth. On its dissolution, the endowments of the Abbey reverted to the Crown; but, in 1610, they were granted to the Earl of Derby, Lord of Man, and his heirs, to be held under the manor of East Greenwich under a yearly stated rental. We give a view of the hotel in the old Abbey grounds.



RUSHEN ABBEY HOTEL.

If the visitor has time he should make a special effort to visit the beautiful valley of the Silverburn, above the Monk's Bridge. A very charming walk can be made here. Entering the glen above the bridge, a short walk brings us to Torrance's umbre works, an inspection of which will prove most interesting. A little higher up the glen is Silverdale, close to which is an old well, the waters of which are reputed to possess medicinal properties. Tradition says that in the old times this was one of those wells to which people resorted on Midsummer eve, the custom being to walk around the well three times with the mouth filled with water from the well, then drink the water and go away, leaving a gift at the well side to propitiate the fairies. Silverdale is a large corn mill, belonging to Mr. Quine. Attached is a large

dam, said to be the largest in the Island. The stream hereabouts abounds with trout. Still higher up the glen is a woollen mill, in ruins, and which is a favourite resort for pic-nic parties. The district has special charms for the geologist, inasmuch as it lies just on the edge of the limestone formation. A more general charm about the glen, however, is the fact that it is open to all comers, there being no charge whatever for admission.

Leaving the Abbey grounds as we enter we may proceed through the village to the station, or we may descend the stream to Malew Parish Church, with its whitewashed walls and ancient bell turret. The interior of the church is largely taken up with monumental tablets, the oldest of which bears the date of 1578. An antique, rudely shaped granite font, which formerly stood in the churchyard, stands just inside the south door.

Near to the church are extensive quarries and limekilns, which supply a great part of the Island with lime for agricultural purposes. From hence the tourist may descend the stream to Castletown, two-and-a-half miles distant, or, crossing it, ascend the hill to St Mark's. This road affords a splendid prospect of the country to the south and west, and the district it traverses is that described by Sir Walter Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak." Beyond St. Mark's the road branches to Foxdale on the left; by the central road we can reach Crosby and the Greeba mountains; while, by the right-hand road, we can reach Douglas by Slieu-Chairn and the Cooil—all three roads lying through a wild moorland region. Failing these alternative roads, we may enter Ballasalla village and proceed to the Railway Station, whence the train will speedily carry us to any point we may select.

HOW TO ASCEND SNAEFELL.

It is a popular "outing" to ascend to the top of the "Monarch of Manx Mountains," and, indeed, a visit to the Isle of Man is by no means complete unless this journey be made. There are various routes to the mountain-top. We propose here to give brief directions as to the principal routes:—

FROM DOUGLAS:—

No. 1.—BY KEPPLE GATE.—Proceed by Buck's-road, Glencrutchery, Cronk-ny-Mona, and Kepple Cate, to the



SNAEFELL (FROM LAXEY GLEN).

Mountain Road. Follow the Mountain Road to the refreshment hut. Leave your carriage here, and ascend the mountain from a spot about a hundred yards past the hut. Distance from Douglas to Snaefell: About eight miles. The return to Douglas may be made *via* Sulby Glen, or by Injebreck and West Baldwin. This is a magnificent drive.

No. 2.—BY LAXEY.—Proceed up the glen from near the Big Wheel and through Agneish. From here the glen opens out, with Snaefell at the head. At the foot of the mountain will be found the Snaefell mine, and from here to the mountain-top is a good climb. Distance from Laxey: Under four miles.—(This route may be varied by taking the first road to the left after passing the Commercial Hotel, Laxey, and crossing over the Slieu Mullagh Oure to the refreshment hut at the foot of Snaefell.) [See illustration page 316.]

OTHER ROUTES.—The ascent may also be made from Sulby Glen (as described in our "Excursions from Ramsey"), or from Douglas *via* Baldwin and Injebreck.—The latter is by far the most magnificent mountain drive in the Island, and no visitor should omit it. The views in West Baldwin are simply gorgeous.

APPENDIX.

SPECIMENS OF MANX PROVERBS.

"*Ta drogh hammag ny share na magher foshlit.*"

"A miserable bush is better than the open field."

Same as the Scotch—"A wee bush is better than nae bield."

"*Ta lane caillit eddyr y lauc as y veel.*"

"There's much lost between the hand and the mouth."

One recognizes a very old friend here.

Originality is the last thing to expect in proverbs. Yet the following bids fair to be original:—

"*Ta aile meeley jannoo bry millish.*"

"A slow fire makes sweet malt."

Of course the thought is common enough, but the metaphor in which it is wrapped seems peculiar to the Manx.

"*Ta lane eddyr raa as jannoo.*"

"There's much between saying and doing."

This belongs to a class of proverbs in which the Manx language abounds, and which are highly illustrative of the Manx character—proverbs which recommend high caution, reserve, indeed suspicion, and distrust.

The next is a very original and characteristic proverb :—

"Foddee yn moddey s'jerree tayrtyn y mwaagh."

"Maybe the last dog is catching the hare."

Who does not see the genuine Manxman, sceptical, keenly scrutinizing pretence, inclined, as a rule, to back respectable mediocrity?

"Lurg roayrt hig contraie."

"After spring-tide, neap."

"Boght, boght, dy bragh."

"Poor once, poor for ever."

Rather a dismal view of things; but the mode is a decidedly Manx one.

"Caghlaa obbyr aash,"

"Change of work is rest."

"Ta ynsagh coamrey stoamey yn dooinney berchagh; as t'eh berchys y dooinney boght."

"Learning is fine clothes for the rich man, and riches for the poor man."

A very shrewd saying indeed. The people who have produced such a proverb ought to value education.

Now for an absolutely Manx proverb :—

"Soddag chamm bolg jeeragh."

"The crooked bannock straightens the body."

I fear this is an apology for slovenliness.

"Myr Sloo yn cheshagt share yn aynn."

"The smaller the company the bigger the share."

A selfish proverb clearly.

"Cur neer da'n feeagh, ys hig eh reeisht."

"Give a piece to the raven, and he'll come again."

The raven figures largely in Manx proverbs and myths. Here is a specimen of the latter. The problem is to account for leap-year :—

The feeagh mooar (big raven) kills the lambs in February. How to serve him out? "Leave that to me," says March; "give me three or four days, and I'll punish him." So three days are added to March, and the feeagh mooar is induced by the mild breath of spring to build his nest, and his young are hatched; when—behold, the three February days of bitter cold! and the feeagh brood perish. But how about leap-year? "Aw," says my informant, "you see, March just gives February one day back now and then for a *dooragh* (free gift, or gift over and above what is due)."

"Cha vel sonneys gonnys."

"Store is no sore."

"Leah appee, leah lhoau."

"Soon ripe soon rotten."

"Cronk ghlass foddey voym; lhoam, lhoam tra roshym eh."

"A green hill when far from me; bare, bare, when it is near."

Men and brethren, who has not felt and found that.

"Tra ta un dooinney boght cooney lesh dooinney boght elley, ta Jee hene garaghtee."

"When one poor man helps another poor man, God himself laughs."

A very beautiful and noble proverb, and generally cited as the best representative of this element in Manx literature.

I think it may divide the honours with the last I shall quote :—

"Nagh insh dou cre va mee, agh insh dou cree ta mee."

"Don't tell me what I was, but tell me what I am."

Is not that manly, equitable, merciful, and wholly good and wise?
Clifton College. T. E. BROWN.

LANGUAGE.

The native language is unquestionably a dialect of the Celtic. It is rapidly dying out as a spoken language, but, thanks to "The Manx Society for the Publication of National Documents," the literature of the Island has been saved from destruction. During the episcopacy of Bishops Wilson and Hildesley, the Prayerbook and the Bible were translated into the Manx language; but in very few, if any, of the parish churches, is the service conducted in the native language. In a work entitled "The Bible in Spain" are the following remarks:—"The Manx possess a literature peculiarly their own, entirely in M.S. This literature consists of ballads on sacred subjects which are called *carvels*, a corruption of the English word *carols*. These carvels are preserved in uncouth-looking, smoke-stained volumes, in low farmhouses and cottages situated in the mountains, gills, and glens. They constitute the genuine literature of Ellan Vannin. There are in addition a few scattered poems in Manx, which have appeared at various times in print; amongst them a grand historic ballad of the beginning of the sixth century, a ballad detailing the tragic death of Illiam Dhone, another of Molly Charane, a fourth called Kirree fo Sniaghty." We may mention one or two peculiarities of the Manx language. As in all Celtic dialects, none of the substantives are neuter—all are masculine or feminine. The articles and the adjectives have a plural as well as singular form; and the adjective precedes the substantive, instead of following it, as in the English language; for instance—*dooiney mooar*, a a man big; *deiney mooarer*, men big; *y dooiney*, the man; *ny deiney*, the men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN MANX AND ENGLISH.

Ayr ain t' ayns niau. Casherick dy row dt' Ennym. Dy jig
Father our who art in heaven. Holy may be thy name. Come
dty reeriaght. Dt' aigney dy row jeant er y thalloo myr te ayns
thy kingdom. Thy will may be done on the earth as it is in
niau. Our dooin nyn arran jiu as gagh laa. As leih dooin
heaven. Gave to us our bread to-day and every day. And forgive to us
nyn loghtyn myr ta shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo loghtyn nyn
our trespasses as are we forgive to those are committing trespasses us
'oi. As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh; agh livrey shin veih olk.
against. And not lead us into temptation; but deliver us from evil
Son lhiats y reeriaght as y phooar as y ghloyr, son dy bragh
For thine the kingdom and the power and the glory, for the ever
as dy bragh. Amen.
and the ever. Amen.

HISTORICAL CHAPTER.

The venerable lore of olden times,
Black letter tomes and ancient chronicles.

The early religious and civil history of the Island, and its constitution, seem to include seven great periods.

The first is the early time, much mixed up with fable, and of which the grand event is the last—viz., the establishment of Christianity in the Island by St. Patrick and his disciples, St. German and St. Maughold. It is impossible to give a precise date to the beginning of this period, but it ends about the sixth century.

The second period is from the sixth to the tenth century, when the Island was ruled by Welsh princes.

The third is from the tenth to the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was possessed by Norwegian monarchs, at first in close connection with the Northmen in Iceland, and feudally dependent on the Kings of Norway.

The latter half of the thirteenth century constitutes a fourth period, during which the Island formed a dependency of the Scottish crown.

In the fifth period—namely, the fourteenth century—it passed finally under the dominion of the English kings, but was actually ruled by princes holding from them, and belonging to one or other great Norman family.

The sixth period comprises three centuries, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth, during which the House of Stanley, Earls of Derby, were, except for a short time during the Commonwealth, kings in Man.

The seventh is from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the lordship passed from the line of Stanley to that of the Dukes of Athol, to 1765, when it was resumed by the Crown of England, though the transaction may be considered as not to have been absolutely concluded, so as to remove the last vestige of the feudal sovereignty which had endured for so many ages, till as recently as 1829.

In the Manx language, the Isle of Man is named Mannin (*Meadhon-in*), which means “the middle Island”; and it is called, in popular parlance, by the affectionate appellation of *Mannin-veg-veen*, or “dear little Island of Man.” As Romulus is said to have given his name to Rome, so tradition derives the name of the Isle of Man from a mysterious personage called Mannan-Beg-Mac-y-Leir. Stories about him abound in early Irish mythical legends, in which he appears as the father of Fin Mac-Coul. A Manx ballad of the early part of the sixteenth century, describes Mananan as a Paynim and a necromancer, the first who held the enchanted Island, and says that he kept it neither with sword nor with bow, but by enveloping it in a fog whenever he saw ships approaching, and that by his art-magic he also would make one man, standing on a hill, appear as if there were a hundred.

The same ballad informs us that the rent paid to this wizard-king was a bundle of course meadow-grass from each landowner, yearly at Midsummer, brought by some to the top of the mountain of Barrule, and by others deposited with Mananan himself at Keamool. The bard looks back with admiration at the smallness of this tribute, and at the freedom of the inhabitants from labour and anxiety, in those old Pagan days. He passes at once to the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of Mona to Christianity. As this is told in a very curious and characteristic manner, we shall quote a translation of it, given in Mr Train's "History of the Isle of Man," in all its bald and rhymeless simplicity. The poet thus proceeds :—

Then came Patrick into the midst of them ;
 He was a saint, and full of virtue.
 He banished Mananan on the wave,
 And his evil servants all dispersed.

And to all those that were evil
 He showed no favour nor kindness.
 Of the seed of the conjurors there were none
 But what he destroyed or put to death.

He blessed the country from end to end,
 And never left a beggar in it ;
 And, also, cleared off all those
 That refused or denied to become Christians.

Thus it was that Christianity first came to Man,
 By Saint Patrick planted in ;
 And to establish Christ in us,
 And also in our children.

He then blessed Saint German,
 And left him a bishop in it,
 To strengthen the faith more and more,
 And faithfully built chapels in it.

For each four quarter-lands he made a chapel,
 For people of them to meet for prayer ;
 He also built German Church in Peel Castle,
 Which remaineth there until this day.

Before German had finished his work,
 God sent for him, and he died ;
 As ye yourselves know that this messenger
 Cannot be put off by using means.

He died, and his corpse was laid
 Where a great bank had been, but soon was levelled ;
 A cross of stone is set at his feet,
 In his own church in Peel Castle.

Then came Maughold, as we are told,
 And came on shore at the Head,
 And built a church and yard around
 At the place he thought to have his dwelling.

The chapels which Saint German ordered
 For the people to come to prayers in them,
 Maughold put a parcel of them into one,
 And thus made regular parishes.

Maughold died, and he is laid
 In his own church at Maughold Head,
 And the next bishop that came after,
 To the best of my knowledge, was Lonnau.

Connaghan then came next,
 And then Marown the third ;
 These all three lie in Marown,
 And there for ever lie unmolested.

Dr Tanner in his work (*Notitia Monastici*) says: ' The Scotch writers contend that the Isle of Man was converted to Christianity by the care of Crathlent, King of Scotland, and that he made Amphibalus bishop there, about A.D. 360. But the more generally received and better opinion is, that Christianity was planted there by St. Patrick, and the episcopal see erected by him A.D. 447.'

A strange legend is related of St Maughold, that he originally had been a leader of Irish banditti, but that, repenting of his evil life, he caused himself to be bound hand and foot and embarked in a frail wicker boat, to be blown by the winds whither it might please God ; that he was cast ashore on the Isle of Man ; that he afterwards lived as a hermit on the mountains ; and finally became Bishop of Man ; and that it was from him, it is added, that St Bridget received the veil. The more common account is that she received it from St. Mee, the nephew and disciple of St. Patrick. However that may be, there is no reason to doubt the popular belief that she founded the Nunnery, of which some slight ruins still exist, in a spot as sweet as meadow, wood, and stream can make it, within a short walk of the town of Douglas.

All are familiar with the name of Sodor and Man as the designation of the ancient bishopric of the Island ; but the origin of the first of these titles is a very disputed question. The late Professor Munch, the learned editor of the ancient "Chronicle of the Kings of Man and the Island," . . . derives it from the Norwegian name *Sudreyjar*, which means *Southern Islands* in opposition to the *Northern Islands* of Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe. Hence, the Bishopric of Sodor and Man would simply mean "the Bishopric of the South and Man." But others refer it to the Island on which Peel Castle and St. German's Cathedral stand, which was anciently called Holme Sodor ; and again to the title of cathedral church of Iona, which was Sodor, a form derived from the Greek *Soter*, and meaning St. Saviour's. The first-mentioned view derives considerable confirmation from the Chronicle, in which the Islands, exclusive of Man itself, are called Sodorenses, a Latinized form of the Norwegian appellation above-mentioned.

The Island of Man, with the Western Isles, formed a diocese suffragan to the Archbishopric of Drontheim, from the middle of the twelfth century, for several hundred years. The Archbishopric of Drontheim was created by Pope Eugenius III., at the suggestion of the English Cardinal, Nicholas Breakspear, afterwards Pope Adrian IV., who, as Legate of the Holy See, fulfilled an important and memorable mission to Norway. To the Archbishop of Drontheim, as Metropolitan, was given jurisdiction not only over Norway, but over

Iceland, Greenland, the Faroe Islands, Shetlands, Orkneys, Hebrides, and the Island of Man; and this constitution was confirmed by Pope Anastasius IV., in 1154. Other proof of this fact is found in the Vatican archives. In a MS. of the fifteenth century, a sort of register-book of the fees paid to the Roman Church, occur, under the head of "Norway," the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, to which is added the Church of St. Colmba, of the Isle of Iona—two bezants yearly. The bezant was a coin of pure gold, struck at Constantinople, under the Christian Emperors, which circulated in England from the tenth century to the time of Edward III. Also, in another MS. of 1400, the Bishop of Sodor and Man appears to be mentioned as a suffragan of the Archbishop of Drontheim. The distance, however, of Drontheim from the Island of Man led to the Manx bishops frequently receiving consecration from the Archbishop of York. In 1244 Pope Innocent IV. sanctioned a custom which had long obtained of the bishops of the Isle of Man being elected by the Abbot and community of the Cistercian Abbey of Furness. This abbey, though in Lancashire, was so closely connected in the middle ages with the Isle of Man, that its history almost belongs to it.

When Man formed a feudal dependency of the Scottish crown, five Scottish bishops in succession are recorded in the Manx chronicles. Of these, the first, a native of Galloway, called Mark, is said to have ruled the diocese most nobly for twenty-four years, at the end of which time he was driven out by the Manxmen, and for this offence the Island was placed under interdict for three years. The bishop was then recalled, and the Manxmen, upon removal of the interdict, were ordered to pay one penny for every house containing a fireplace. This was called the *smoke-penny*; and it will hardly be believed that to this day it is still collected, after nearly four centuries, as a perquisite by the parish-clerks. In 1348, William Russell, a Manxman, and Abbot of the Monastery of St. Mary, of Rushen, was elected bishop by the clergy of the Island in St. German's Cathedral, and was consecrated and confirmed at Avignon, by Pope Clement VI. At the death of his successor, John Dunkar, also a Manxman, in 1380, the diocese was re-divided into its two original bishoprics—that of Man and Iona and the Western Isles. On the death of John Dunkar, Robert Waldby, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin was elected his successor. He was succeeded in the see by John Spreston, who is the first bishop named in the records of the Island. After this period the patronage of the see passed to Sir John Stanley and his heirs, who appointed, in 1429, Richard Pulley to the bishopric. To him succeeded, in 1483, John Greene, vicar of Dun church, in Warwickshire. Then Thomas Burton, Thomas, Abbot of Vale Royal in Cheshire, and Thomas Oldham, respectively occupied the episcopal chair. In 1505, during the episcopate of Huan Husketh, Thomas, then Earl of Derby, confirmed to the Bishop and his successors all the lands and privileges of right belonging to the Bishops of the Island.

In the year 1542, the Bishopric of Sodor and Man was by the Act 33, Hen. VII., cap. 31. severed from the province of Canterbury and made part of the province of York. Thomas Stanley, the then

occupant of the see, vigorously, though unsuccessfully, opposed the measure; for which cause, no doubt, he was, in 1545, deposed from the bishopric. He was, however, in 1556—Bishop Robert Ferrar, afterwards translated to the see of St. David, and Bishop Henry Man having, in the meanwhile, respectively, ruled the diocese—restored by Queen Mary to the bishopric, and was also appointed Governor of the Island, thus becoming a *sword-bishop*—a term equivalent to that of governor bishop, a military commander of the priestly order. It is said that Bishop Stanley, on succeeding to the title of Lord Monteagle, upon the death of his father, Edward Stanley, resigned the see, upon which John Salisbury became his successor. In 1577, John Merix, or Merrick, who wrote a history of the Island, which was published by Camden in his “*Britannica*,” united in his person the two offices of Governor and Bishop. After an interval of three years, during which the see was vacant, George Lloyd was appointed bishop. This prelate was subsequently translated to Chester, whereupon William Foster, who occupied the see for thirty years, succeeded to the bishopric. The next bishops of whom we read are—John Phillips, in 1635, a native of North Wales, who is said to have translated into the Manx language both the Bible and Prayerbook. Bishop Phillips, who occupied the see only a few months, was succeeded by Dr. Richard Parr, a native of Lancashire, and of Brasenose College, Oxford, who effected many necessary reforms in the practices and ordinances of the clergy. After the see had been unoccupied for 17 years, the vacancy was filled up by the appointment of Samuel Rutter, the then Archdeacon of the Island, and tutor to Charles Lord Strange. This prelate was held in high esteem by the great Earl of Derby, of whom he was both a friend and companion, as appears by letters written to his son, Lord Strange. He administered the affairs of the diocese with great wisdom and discretion, died in 1662, and was succeeded by Dr. Isaac Barrow, in whose person were again combined the respective offices of Governor of the Island and Bishop of the Diocese. Train, in his history of the Island, in speaking of this prelate, says—“The services of this eminent divine to the cause of religion, during the short time he held the see of Sodor and Man, have caused his memory to be revered by every class of the Manx people; but the clergy, in particular, owe much to his exertions in their behalf. For the better support of the poor clergy, he set a subscription on foot in England, where he raised, chiefly by liberal contributions from the dignified clergy, the sum of £1.041 8s 4d; and by his personal influence with the king he obtained a grant of £100 per annum to be paid out of the revenue of excise for ever. By his will, dated 7th July, 1668, Bishop Barrow says—“I give my lease of £20 per annum, which I purchased from the Earl of Derby, of the lands known by the name of Ballagilly and Hango Hill, towards the maintenance of three boys at the academic school when it shall be settled: my intention is that these boys by their education be qualified to supply the clergy of this Island upon a vacancy in any living, and that, therefore, no boys shall be taken into any of these places till security be given by his friends that, upon the call of the bishop, he shall immediately return to the Island, take holy orders, and supply the vacant living, or pay

back such monies as he hath received of their gift." This fund is still available for educating boys for the service of the Manx Church. Bishop Barrow was subsequently translated to the see of St. Asaph, to the great loss of the Island, of which he had been so eminent a benefactor. Dr. Henry Bridgman, Dean of Chester, was the next occupant of the see; after whom came John Lake, who was, in 1684, translated to the see of Bristol, and in 1685 to that of Chichester. Bishop Lake was one of those bishops who were imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of James II. Baptist Levinge was his successor; and after a period of four years, during which the see was unoccupied, Thomas Wilson, a native of Cheshire, curate of New Church, in the parish of Winwick, Lancashire, domestic chaplain to the then Earl of Derby, and tutor to Lord Strange, was, in 1697, promoted to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, and was enthroned in the cathedral at Peel Castle in April, 1698. Upon arriving on the Island he found the affairs of his diocese in a very sad and unsatisfactory state. His residence was in ruins, many of the churches throughout the Island were in a dilapidated condition, the clergy for the most part ignorant and uncouth, and the people generally debased and poor. He, however, took at once prompt steps to bring about a healthier and better state of things by reforming the many ecclesiastical abuses which then existed, by placing Church affairs and Church discipline on a more satisfactory footing, and by endeavouring, so far as was within his power, to raise the character and improve the habits of the people at large by establishing schools and founding libraries furnished with books of devotion and instruction throughout his diocese. To enable him to do this effectually he acquired such a knowledge of the Manx tongue as to be able to speak to the people in the language in which they were born. He disbursed the revenue of the see, which did not pecuniarily exceed £300, with such economy and care that the poor and distressed throughout the Island were at all times the objects of his benevolence and bounty; indeed it may be said that no one applied in vain to him for relief. To the exertions of this eminent prelate, in conjunction with the Legislature of the Island, may be attributed the passing of the Act of Settlement in 1703—the "Magna Charta" of Manxmen. In the same year he drew up an ecclesiastical code for the better discipline and government of the Church of Man. Of this code Lord Chancellor King said—"If the ancient discipline of the Church was lost elsewhere, it might be found in all its pomp in the Isle of Man." The Bishop was a staunch supporter of Church and State, and jealously guarded the interests of both. He resisted any unlawful interference or intermeddling in Church affairs, from whatever quarter it came, and at times so exercised his episcopal authority as to lead to disputes, between the civil authorities of the Island and himself, of so serious a nature that they involved the Bishop in difficulties and troubles of no ordinary kind, and caused him not only great distress of mind and body, but also much pecuniary loss. He was most active and energetic in the discharge of his pastoral duties, and never neglected, so long as he was able, to officiate on every Sabbath day in some part or other of the diocese. He was the author of several religious tracts and sermons. One of his

works, the ‘*Sacra Privata*,’ is even to this day held in great esteem, and is much used by devout persons. The first book published in the Manx language appeared during his episcopate. The Bishop had himself commenced a translation of the Scriptures into the Manx language, which he did not, however, live to complete. Unlike some of his predecessors in the see he refused the offer of an English Bishopric, preferring to remain amongst the people whose interests he had so much at heart, and by whom he was so much beloved. This good and venerable prelate died on the 5th March, 1755, in the 93rd year of his age and 58th of his episcopate. He was buried in the churchyard of Michael (in which parish he resided), regretted and lamented by the people amongst whom he had laboured for so many years, and in whose welfare and happiness he had taken so much interest. His body was followed to the grave by a very large number of persons of all classes from all parts of the Island, who were desirous of showing their attachment and esteem for one who had verily been to them “a father in Israel.” On the death of Bishop Wilson, Doctor Mark Hildesley, Rector of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, was, upon the recommendation of the English Bishops, nominated to the vacant see by the Duke of Atholl, in whose gift the bishopric was vested. He was consecrated on the 25th March, 1755. Bishop Hildesley at once took up the work which his predecessor had not been able to finish, and, aided by some of his clergy, completed the translation of the Scriptures into the Manx language. So interested was the Bishop in the successful completion of this work that he was frequently heard to say, “He only wished to live to see it finished, and then he would be happy.” His wish appears to have been gratified, as the last part of the translation of the Scriptures was received by him a few days previous to his death, which happened on the 7th December, 1772. During his episcopate, Sunday schools were established in several parishes throughout the Island, and carried on with great success long before they were established elsewhere. His successors in the see were Dr. Richmond, Dr. Mason, and Dr. Claudius Cregan. Of these three bishops, Train says:—“The first, it seems, was only remarkable for his unbending haughtiness. The second was disgraced by a derangement in his circumstances utterly inconsistent with his station. And the last, from the absence of all energy of mind, could not sustain the dignity of his office.” The next occupant of the see was the Honourable George Murray, son of Lord George Murray, and nephew of the Duke of Atholl, whose consecration was deferred until 1813, as the bishop-elect was, at the time of his appointment, under the canonical age required for episcopal orders. Dr. Murray, shortly after taking possession of the bishopric, adopted a course of action which made him very unpopular with the people of the Island, especially with those occupied in agricultural pursuits, by attempting, in the first instance, to commute the tithes of the see for a fixed annual revenue of £6,000 and, upon failing to accomplish that measure, by endeavouring to compel the payments of tithes of all the green crops. This led to riots of so alarming a nature that the Bishop withdrew his claim to tithes in question, and for the peace of the diocese, and the interest

of the church, Dr Murray was translated to the see of Rochester, and was, in 1827, succeeded in the see of Sodor and Man by Dr William Ward, Rector of Great Hawksley, in Sussex. Bishop Ward on entering upon his episcopal duties found that there was a great want of church accommodation throughout the diocese, and at once took steps to supply a want of so grave a nature. With that object in view "the Bishop, by his personal exertions in appealing to the benevolence, piety, and charity of his friends in England, succeeded in raising between £8,000 and £9,000, and in the Island nearly £4,000." The sums so collected were expended in the erection of several new churches and in the restoration of many others. During the episcopate of Bishop Ward, the Imperial Government, acting upon the recommendation of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament in 1835 "to consider the state of the Established Church in England and Wales," introduced a measure into the Imperial Legislature for uniting the see of Sodor and Man to that of Carlisle under the title of "the United See of Carlisle and Man," which was to take effect either on the death or promotion of Bishop Ward. Although the Bill was not opposed from any quarter during its progress through the two Houses of the Imperial Legislature, yet immediately on it receiving the Royal assent, the clergy, both in England and on the Island, the members of the Manx Bar, and an influential section of the laity, took prompt measures to prevent its adoption. These measures proved successful; and on the 14th December, 1837, the Earl of Ripon obtained leave to bring in a bill to repeal so much of the Act, 6th and 7th Wm. IV. cap. 77, as related to the see of Sodor and Man, which, after receiving a reluctant assent from Lord Melbourne, the then Prime Minister, eventually passed both branches of the Imperial Legislature, and the Church in Man retained its bishopric. Unhappily Bishop Ward was not spared to see the successful issue of this struggle for the retention of the ancient bishopric of the Manx Church, having died on the 26th January, 1838, in the 76th year of his age. During the period that Dr Ward ruled over the Manx Church, he never ceased in his endeavours to ameliorate the condition and improve the status of the clergy and the religious education of the people. He was distinguished for the energy and zeal with which he discharged "the sacred duties of his episcopate," and for the liberality and kindness which he, on all occasions, manifested, having expended a large portion of his own private means in promoting the interests of the Church over which he presided. Upon the death of Bishop Ward, the English Government deferred the appointment of his successor until the question of the commutation of the tithes of the see was determined. The Insular Legislature proceeded at once to deal with the question, and, after much consideration and discussion, a bill was passed by them and sanctioned by her Majesty in Council, commuting the tithes of the Island for £5,050, which sum is apportioned amongst the Bishop, the Rectors, and Vicars of parishes, the Chaplain of St. Jude's, Andreas, and the Trustees of the Improper Tithes in Michael for the benefit of Clergymen's widows. This matter being settled, the Reverend James Bowstead, Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, was, on the 22nd August, 1838, "ap-

pointed to the Bishopric of the Isle of Man and Sodor." This prelate, upon his arrival on the Island, was most warmly welcomed by the inhabitants, who, by addresses and other manifestations of a friendly nature, testified their respect for the newly appointed Bishop. During his brief episcopate, the Diocesan Society was established for the purpose of raising funds to endow the chapels-of-ease recently erected throughout the diocese. Bishop Bowstead was, in January, 1840, translated to the see of Lichfield, his successor being a brother of the late Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Dr. Henry Pepys, who was translated to the see of Worcester on the 4th May, 1841. He was succeeded by Dr. Thomas Vowler Short, Rector of Bloomsbury, London, and one of her Majesty's chaplains. This prelate was most active and assiduous in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and laboured diligently in promoting the spiritual interests of his diocese, and improving the condition of the parochial schools throughout the Island. By his exertions an association was formed for placing the education of children in those schools upon a sounder basis than that then existing, and for the appointment of duly qualified teachers. He was, in 1864, removed to the see of St. Asaph, and was succeeded by Dr. Shirley, of Derby, who died within a year after his installation. His successor was the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Robert John Eden, Vicar of Battersea, who, by his unaffected piety, affable manners, and kindness, won the esteem of all classes and creeds. He ruled the Church with great wisdom and discretion, and was always ready to countenance and support any measures which conduced to the welfare of the diocese. Dr. Eden was the only Bishop of Man who was entitled to vote in the House of Lords, having, in 1848, upon the death of his brother, Lord Auckland, succeeded to the title. He was, in 1854, translated to the see of Bath and Wells. Shortly afterwards, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Horace Powys, a brother of Lord Lifford, and Rector of Warrington, Lancashire, was promoted to the see. His episcopate was not of that peaceful character which distinguished those of his immediate predecessors. Bishop Powys had no particular liking for Dissenters, who comprise a large proportion of the population of the Island, and he had many unpleasant differences and disagreements with some of the principal Insular clergy. He had, especially during his last few years, when he suffered from ill-health, been a greater non-resident in his diocese than any of his predecessors—a fact that caused some dissatisfaction amongst Churchmen and others. About the end of the year 1874 a movement, headed by Mr Torr, M.P., was set on foot to obtain a bishop for Liverpool, and it was proposed to annex the see of Sodor and Man to the new bishopric, and to apply its episcopal revenue (about £2,500) in part payment of the salary of the new bishop. It was asserted at the time, that the scheme had the assent of the Home Secretary, the Right Hon. R. A. Cross ; and it is said that Bishop Powys was ready to give his support to it, if it were accompanied by certain conditions. The proposal, in its double aspect of absorption of the ancient see of Sodor and Man and the confiscation of its revenues, created great indignation in the Island. The Manx Press denounced it in unsparing terms. Several of the leading English provincial journals did

HISTORICAL CHAPTER.

the same, and the most prominent prelates on the English episcopal bench expressed their disapproval of the proposition. Public meetings were held in various parts of the Island, at which strongly-worded resolutions, condemnatory of the scheme, were unanimously carried; and the public excitement culminated at a meeting of the Tynwald Court, held on the 26th January, 1875, when the unanimous vote of the House of Keys was given against any attempt being made to absorb the see of Sodor and Man, or to amalgamate it with any other diocese. This vote was taken upon a scheme presented by the Governor, wherein it was proposed, in case the suggested union with Liverpool was adopted, to increase the annual stipends of the poor vicars and clergy of the Island to a minimum salary of £300 a year each, and to make other provision for curates of chapels-of-ease in poor and out-of-the-way districts. The merits or demerits of this scheme were, however, not discussed at the time, the Keys having pledged themselves beforehand to their constituents to oppose any and every attempt at amalgamation. Although there were many persons of intelligence in the Island, interested in its welfare, who looked with favour upon the scheme as propounded by the Governor, and who thought that the House of Keys acted hastily in rejecting it without consideration, yet there can be little doubt that the Insular public generally, though dissatisfied with the position of the see, and with the way in which its duties were discharged, in the main, firmly opposed the idea of amalgamating it with any diocese. There is, indeed, a general and urgent call for a redistribution of its revenues; but it is contended that they should be confined to purely Insular objects, and not employed to endow a wealthy place like Liverpool. The action taken by the Keys on the 4th April, 1876, may be taken as the latest expression of public opinion upon the matter. A resolution was then unanimously passed, couched in the following terms:—

That the representations publicly made, whereby it is inferred that the people of this Island are now willing that such a change should take place are unfounded; and this House adheres to their resolution of the 26th of January, 1875, firmly to oppose any attempt to absorb the ancient see of Sodor and Man, or to amalgamate it with any other diocese.

And when this resolution was communicated to the Governor he made a declaration that "it was quite unnecessary for the Court to offer an expression of opinion upon the question until a definite proposal for the union with Liverpool was submitted for its consideration. The Court had the assurance of the Secretary of State that nothing would be done in the matter in opposition to the wishes of the Legislature and the public of the Island;" and he suggested "that an arrangement should be made by which the Government might preserve freedom of action in dealing with the question of the revenues of the diocese (the Insular Legislature being a consenting party), notwithstanding any avoidance of the see." Bishop Powys died at Bournemouth in 1877. His successor in the see was the Rev Rowley Hill, D.D., Vicar of Sheffield, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of York, in York Cathedral, on the 24th August, 1877, and was installed on the 28th August, 1877. Dr. Hill laboured most assiduously for the

promotion of Church interests in the Isle of Man. His chief work, however, was in connection with the erection of the new Church at Peel, undoubtedly one of the most handsome ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom. Bishop Hill died in London, after a brief illness, on Friday, the 3rd of June, 1887, and was interred at Brompton Cemetery. He was succeeded in the bishopric by the Rev. John Wareing Bardsley, M.A., Archdeacon of Liverpool, who was consecrated at York on the 24th August, 1887, and was installed on the 20th September, 1887. Few particulars of striking interest as the ecclesiastical history of the Island has to offer, many of its early prelates were saintly and illustrious rulers of the Church. Thus, we read of the Bishop Michael as a man of venerable life, renowned for his merits, and who ended his days at a good old age. The bishop was buried at Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire. Another was Reginald, of the Royal house, who governed the Church with energy, never yielding under continual fatigue, and, giving thanks to God, died with a good confession. A third bishop may be named—Simon, a native of Argyle, a man of great discretion, and well versed in the sacred Scriptures, who commenced the building of the cathedral of St. German, where he lies buried.

After the foregoing imperfect notices of the Church affairs of the Island, we pass on to review the most important facts of its civil history.

Into the record of the second period of Manx history, during which the Isle of Man was subject to kings and princes of North Wales, we do not propose to enter at any length. The Island became in 517 subject to these rulers; at this period, Maelgwyn, son of Caswallon Law-hir, a nephew of King Arthur, was the reigning monarch. He, with the aid of his nephew, conquered the Island from the Scots. The rule of the Welsh kings and princes lasted until 913, the last monarch being Anarawd ap Roderic, upon whose death the Welsh line of Manx kings, extending over a period of four centuries, came to an end. The third—namely, from the tenth to the middle of the thirteenth century—presents many interesting events. In the beginning of that period, England, Ireland, and the Western Isles were harassed by the piratical incursions of the barbarians of the North, commonly identified with the Danes, who displaced the Saxons, from a very large region in England, and established a dynasty which reigned over the whole country for a considerable time. The Northmen also founded a kingdom in Ireland, and another, which comprised the Hebrides and the Isle of Man. These Northmen came from Norway, and were of a different branch of the great Scandinavian race from the Danes, who occupied the northern and eastern parts of England. The reasons which drove them to leave their native mountains, and rove about the seas in quest of plunder and devastation, were principally three—the law of primogeniture, which compelled younger brothers to seek an establishment where they could; the poverty of a wild, rugged country, where the means of subsistence were very limited; and finally a great despotic measure adopted by the King of Norway, Harold Harfagr, son of Halfdan

Ivart the Black, who seized the estates of the old landed proprietors, and turned them all into tenants of the Crown. Hence emigration, if one can by that name call plundering expeditions and piratical settlements, took place very extensively from Norway, and brought about the changes we are now considering in the Western world. We may add the interesting fact which Professor Munch gives reasons for holding, as almost certain, that the Norwegian settlements in the Western Isles formed a kind of stepping-stone to the more important colonization of Iceland. Referring to the *Landná-mabók*, which contains an account of the settlement of the Norwegians in Iceland, he says: "If we study that remarkable work thoroughly, we shall find that of the four hundred chief settlers, who divided the whole Island amongst them, the greatest, or most powerful, or those who carried the largest families with them, did not come immediately from Norway, but from the Western Islands, whither they first made sail when emigrating from their ancient feudal possessions in the old country." And the same inference is drawn as to others, from the Gaelic names frequent among their laws, and from their addiction to the pasturage of sheep, a mode of civilization never derived from Norway, but a national occupation in Western Scotland and the Isles.

The first line of the Norwegian Kings of Man commences with Orry, who holds a prominent place in Manx tradition. He is said to have first subdued the Orkneys and Hebrides, and then to have invaded the Island early in the tenth century "with a fleet of strong ships, worthy of being under the command of such a powerful king." There is a legend that he landed on a clear starlight night, and that he was asked by the natives whence he came. He replied, pointing to the Milky Way, which glittered bright in the heavens. "That is the road to my country," from which reason the Milky Way is still proverbially called in the Manx language, "*Raad mooar ree Gorree*," or "The great road of King Gorree." He established himself as King of Man and the Isles, "the Out-Isles," as they are often called in the old chronicles, and introduced into the country the legislative institution which exists to the present day—the House of Keys (called originally *Taxiaki*—that is, pledges or hostages), divided the Island into six districts, called *Sheadings*, and caused the laws to be committed to writing. His successor, Guthred, commenced the building of Castle Rushen, which was finished in 960, and in which he is buried. A very troubled period followed—the reigns of six princes (Reginald, Olave, Olain, Allan, Fingall, and Goddard), of whom one was assassinated; another put to death at Drontheim on the charge of treason against the King of Norway, to whom the insular sovereign owed a feudal homage; a third slain in Ireland; a fourth poisoned by the Governor: the general character of the history thus exhibiting that barbarous and monotonous violence which we observe in most contemporary records. In 974, we find Hacon, King of Man. He was one of the eight vassal-kings of Edgar, King of the Anglo-Saxons, who seems to have reduced them to a servile dependence. The story is well known how King Edgar was attended by these eight vassal kings at Chester, and how they rowed his barge on the Dee to the Abbey of St. John Baptist, the Anglo-

Saxon monarch himself acting as steersman, to show his superiority over the others, who were Kenneth III., King of Scotland; Malcolm, King of Cumberland; Hacon, King of Man, and five British princes. It must, however, be remembered that the feudal system, the spirit of which very much appears in this scene, imparted a dignity even to more menial offices than rowing a Royal barge. Thus, in the Holy Roman Empire the various duties of waiting on the emperor at table, offering the cup or the napkin, were appropriated as honours by the highest grandees (as, indeed, dependent kings attended on Augustus Cæsar ages before); and similar instances will at once suggest themselves, of the services rendered by the greatest French nobles at the morning levees of Louis XIV. Hacon is stated to have been the admiral of the great naval armament of 3,600 vessels which King Edgar maintained for the protection of his coasts against the Northern invaders. The remaining kings of the line of Gorree were Goddard II., Reginald, Suibne, Harold I., and Goddard III., the latter of whom ceased to reign in 1066.

The Norman conquest of England brings us to a great event which arose out of it, in the less familiar history of the Island. This was the conquest of the little kingdom by the Norwegian chief Godred Crovan, or Godred with the White Hand, son of Harold the Black, of Iceland, whose descendants held it for two centuries. Here we come in contact with Irish history. Diarmid, King of Leinster, had vanquished Eachmargath, son of Reginald, King of Dublin, made himself for a time Lord of Dublin, and with his son Murchad, defeated the King of Man, named also Mac-Reginald, and in all probability a member of the same Norwegian royal house of Dublin. This happened in 1060. Six years later took place the battle of Stamford-bridge, in which Harold Harfager and the Norwegians were defeated by the English, under King Harold. Among the Norwegians who fled from that battle was Godred Crovan. He at once took refuge in the Island, at that time held by a namesake, and probably a relation of his, Godred, the son of Sytric. This Sytric is identified to a high degree of probability, with the Mac-Reginald, who was defeated by Diarmid, the King of Leinster, whose usurpation appears to have been short. The exile Godred Crovan was honourably received by his kinsman, and remained with him in the Island for some considerable time, after which he seems to have betaken himself to the Out-Isles. Meanwhile, Godred, the son of Sytric, died, and was succeeded by his son Fingall. Then Godred Crovan had the ingratitude to assemble a fleet, and attack the son of his benefactor; he was defeated, however, by the Manx, and forced to fly. A second time he assembled a fleet, and a second time was put to flight. In a third invasion he was successful. He came by night to Ramsey, placed an ambuscade of 300 men on a wooded hill in the neighbourhood, called Skye Hill (where some of the loveliest scenery in the Island is thus connected with a striking historical event), and fought a battle with the Manx, under their King Fingall, the next day. They encountered him bravely, "with a mighty rush," as the old chronicle tells us, but in the heat of the battle, the ambuscade attacking them in the rear, they were thrown into disorder. At the same time, their means

of escape were intercepted by the rising of the tide in the river Sulby. The Manx threw themselves on the mercy of the fierce Norwegians. He had sufficient remembrance of the kindness he had received among them to spare their lives, and recalled the troops from pursuit. Next day he gave his followers the choice either of settling in the Island or of enriching themselves by its plunder, and so returning home. They preferred the latter, and accordingly, after devastating the whole Island, the great bulk of them returned to Norway. Godred then assigned to a few who remained, the southern part of the Island, and to its remaining inhabitants the northern part, on the express understanding "that none of them or their heirs should ever presume to claim any part of it by way of inheritance." We shall see in the sequel what use was made of this summary arrangement of the northern conqueror, by a more civilized but not more arbitrary ruler, many centuries later. Godred Crovan reigned sixteen years, and was evidently a sovereign of that aggressive and overbearing yet commanding temperament which in the age was characteristic of the Northmen. He conquered Dublin and a great portion of Leinster, and is said to have held his Scottish neighbours in such subjection that they did not dare to build vessels with more than three bolts in them. He died in Isla in 1093, leaving three sons—Lagman, Harold, and Olave Kleining, of whom the first was his immediate successor. The only incidents in Lagman's reign are quite in keeping with his age, on its evil side, as well as its good. His brother Harold having rebelled against him, Lagman caused his eyes to be torn out; but, repenting of this barbarous deed, he resigned his kingdom, "put on the sign of the Lord's cross," and set out for Jerusalem, where he died. The third of the brothers, Olave Kleining, was still too young to be trusted with power. In this difficulty, the chiefs of the Isles had recourse to Marchadh or Murrough O'Brian, King of Ireland, whom they asked to send some fit man of the Royal race to be their king till Olave should be grown up. King Murrough, unfortunately, made choice of his nephew, Donald Mac-Teige, who, it is said, had already given great trouble in his own country, and of whom probably he wanted to be rid. As might have been expected, Donald, though he received many wholesome admonitions from his uncle before he started, ruled very tyrannically, till the people, being unable to endure it any longer, drove him out after three years. During the remainder of Olave's minority and absence, the times were as unsettled as usual in the Island. First we hear of a Norwegian chief, Ingemund, holding sway for a brief period, and, like Donald, making himself intolerable by his tyranny; then of a civil war between the North and South of the Island, decided by a battle at Santwart, in the parish of Jurby, in which, the North had the advantage. From the names of the leaders, Jarl Octtar and Macmarus, Norwegian and Celtic respectively, Professor Munch thinks this must have been an attempt on the part of the Manx, to shake off the Norwegian yoke, rather than a fight between the Northern and Southern Islanders. There is a vague story of the women of the North having rushed out to help their own people, in memory of which it was enacted by the Manx Legislature that "of all goods immovable, not having any life,

the wives shall have the halfe on the North side, whereas those on the South side shall receive only one-thirde."

An episode of more importance in Manx history was the temporary subjugation of the Island and of its dependencies by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, who invaded it in 1098, and also conquered the Isle of Anglesey, defeating the English army under the command of Hugh, Earl of Shrewsbury. He resembled others of the half-piratical princes of his race, and was probably not inferior to any of them in courage and abilities, as he certainly was not in ambition. He attempted the conquest of Ireland; and, connected with this, an amusing story is told in the Chronicles. King Magnus sent a pair of old shoes to Murtough, the reigning King of Ireland, or Dublin, with the insulting command that his majesty was to carry them on his shoulders through his hall on Christmas-day, in presence of the Norwegian messengers, in token of subjection. King Murtough made answer that he was prepared, not only to carry the shoes on his shoulders, but to eat them, rather than that Magnus should ruin a single province of Ireland. The Norwegian envoys bringing back to the Island a glowing account of the delightfulness of Ireland, of its fertility and the salubrity of its climate, directed the attention of their monarch to the subjugation of that country. King Magnus thereupon assembled a fleet for the invasion, and proceeded with sixteen ships to reconnoitre the country. He disembarked, and having imprudently allowed himself to be surrounded by the Irish, was slain by them, and is buried in the Abbey of Cluen, near the Church of St. Patrick, in Down.

In 1104 Lagman, a son of Goddard Crovan, succeeded to the throne of the Isles, but, in consequence of his cruel treatment of his brother, Harold was compelled to abdicate. His successor was his brother, the young Prince Olave Kleining, who had been residing at the court of Henry I., of England, whose granddaughter, Afreca (daughter of Fergus, the powerful lord of Galloway), became his wife. When King Magnus had perished in Ireland, Olave returned to his Island kingdom, was gladly welcomed there, and reigned for forty years. The Island still remained a fief of Norway, and Olave accordingly did homage for it by the payment to the Norwegian kings of a tribute or "ten marks of gold," and was crowned at Drontheim. His long reign offers few events of importance. He met with a violent death; a rebellious nephew of his, Reginald, struck his head off with a battle-axe, having watched his opportunity in a conference held at Ramsey in 1154. He was a prince of an amiable disposition, and ruled his kingdom with wisdom and discretion. He was a great friend to the clergy, whom he assisted so far as he was able; he divided the tithes into three portions—"to the Bishop he gave one-third for his maintenance; to the Abbey of Rushen one-third, for the education of youth and relief of the poor; and to the parochial clergy he gave the remaining third for their subsistence."

In the days of Olave's son and successor, Godred II., the kingdom of Man was divided. A restless chieftain, his brother-in-law, Somerled the Jarl or Moarmor of Argyle, was invited over by Manx traitors and fought a great naval battle with Godred in 1156. This resulted

in a treaty by which were ceded to Somerled the Out-Isles, or Hebrides, which thence became a separate principality. After this period, the kingdom of the Isles was never again united. Godred II. married an Irish princess, Finola, daughter of MacLoughlin, and granddaughter to King Murtough, already mentioned. He died in 1187, and was buried in Iona. His eldest legitimate son, Olave, surnamed the Black, being but ten years of age, the Manx made his illegitimate brother Reginald king, as it was not uncommon in those troublous times for that member of the Royal house to succeed to the throne who was supposed to be best able to defend himself and his people. As far as regards bravery, Reginald probably yielded to few of his contemporary princes. He seems to have thoroughly kept up the traditions of the old Norwegian sea-kings, and it was his boast that for three continuous years he had never inhabited a house, but had always been on board his ship. Reginald's reign, however, a long one, was greatly disturbed by rival claims set up on the part of his brother Olave; and the inability of the little kingdom of Man to stand unsupported among its powerful neighbours became very apparent.

In 1211, Reginald became the vassal of John, King of England; and eight years later, at the suggestion of the Apostolic Legate Pandulph, and following John's example, he likewise became a feudal dependent of the Holy See, doing homage as such to Pandulph, who represented Pope Honorius III., and was at the time Bishop-elect of Norwich. In the instrument by which this arrangement was effected, King Reginald promises, for himself and his heirs, to hold his crown from the see of Rome, and to pay as a tribute twelve marks sterling yearly to the Abbey of Furness. This was accepted by the Legate, who then gave back the kingdom of Man to Reginald and his heirs, to be held as a fief from the Roman see, and invested him with it by a golden ring. However, the remoteness of the Isle of Man, and the utter confusion of its affairs, seem to have rendered its feudal connection with the Holy See little operative; indeed, the manner in which the kings of Man became vassals, first of one power and then of another, backwards and forwards, in the course of the middle ages, is one of the most curious features in their history.

To return to King Reginald's fraternal difficulties. Olave, by way of some compensation for the loss of the throne, to which he had the prior claim, was made by his brother lord of the island of Lewis. This proving too barren a settlement for the support of himself and his followers, he came to the Island in 1208 to ask his brother to divide the realm with him. Reginald unscrupulously seized him, and sent him off to be kept in prison by William the Lion, king of Scotland, at whose death, in 1214, he was set at liberty by Alexander II., the next king, and soon after went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, at Compostella. On his return he was received with apparent affection by Reginald, who, upon Olave's marriage with Lavon, the queen's sister, again gave him the island of Lewis, with the title of king. This reconciliation, however, was followed by fresh strife, in which great wrong was done and suffered. For private

revenge (because he had divorced her sister), the wife of Reginald, with her son Godred, compassed the death of Olave. Olave, with the help of Paul Balkason, an influential noble of Syke, succeeded in making Reginald a prisoner, but was unable to save him from the barbarity of Balkason, who caused Reginald to be blinded, and otherwise treated in the most savage manner. In 1229 Reginald again arrived on the Island, and succeeded in rallying around him a considerable number of the inhabitants, who warmly espoused his cause. Civil war again rose, the south of the Island siding with Reginald, the north with Olave. The struggle between them ended in a battle fought on Valentine's Day near the Tynwald Mount, in which King Reginald was slain. His body was removed for burial to Furness Abbey. It does honour to the character of Olave that he showed himself grieved for the death of his brother, from whom he certainly had received great injustice. However, according to the chronicles he took no steps to avenge it.

Notwithstanding the homage which his predecessor had rendered for the Island to the Holy See, Olave appears still to have submitted to the Norwegian suzerainty. Haco Hagenon, King of Norway, appointed Uspak (which signifies in the Norwegian language "restless"), a grandson of Somerled, to whom he gave his own name, Haco, king over some of the Sodor islands, apart from Man. On Haco-Uspak being slain in attacking the island of Bute, Olave and the Norwegians again divided the kingdom, he taking Man, and the Sodor Isles, exclusive, however, of the Out-Isles, which he gave to Godred Don, son of his brother, King Reginald. Upon the death of Godred Don, Olave again assumed the sovereignty of the Isles, and in 1236 did homage to Henry III. of England for his kingdom. He received from the English monarch a commission for defending the English and Irish coasts on both sides of St. George's Channel. Olave died in 1237, and was buried in Rushen Abbey. He had three sons, Harold, Reginald II., and Magnus, successively kings of Man. Harold, in 1240, attempted to throw off the Norwegian yoke, but in the end completely acquiesced in it, and was confirmed by the King of Norway in the possession not only of Man, but of all the islands held by his predecessors, Godred, Reginald, and Olave, and received his daughter in marriage. He and his bride were wrecked near the Shetland Isles in returning from Norway, in 1249. The marriage, indeed, had been preceded by a calamity which must have caused gloomy anticipations in the minds of many as to the fate of the Royal pair. Only a few days previous a terrible fire had devastated the greater part of the city of Bergen, where the wedding was celebrated. The brother of Harold, Reginald II., after reigning but a fortnight, was assassinated at Rushen, by a knight called Ivar, a supposed illegitimate son of Godred. There was then, in 1250, a brief usurpation by Harold, a son of Godred Don; but, ultimately, Olave's son Magnus was appointed by the King of Norway king over all the islands. This Magnus was the last of the descendants of Godred Croven, in the male line. There were altogether nine kings of Man of this dynasty. Magnus, in 1264, did homage for his kingdom to Alexander III. of Scotland, who for many years previously had shown a desire to make

this acquisition, finding it, no doubt, inconvenient that the Norwegian crown should exercise so powerful an action, close as it were, to his very doors. Two years later, a treaty was signed at Perth between the Norwegian and Scottish kings, by which the former ceded Man and the Islands to the Scottish crown, "with all right to the episcopacy of Man and the laws, jurisdiction, and liberties of the Church of Nidrosien, which the King of Norway possessed."

The Island did not long remain subject to Scotland, Edward I. of England, in 1290, taking it under his protection at the request of its inhabitants. This monarch granted the Island to one Baliol, whereupon Alfrica, a female descendant of Goldred Crovan, and a sister of Magnus, the last king, preferred a claim to the sovereignty of the Island, which was recognized by Edward. Alfrica married an English nobleman, Sir Simon de Montacute, who became lord of Man by deed of gift from his wife, and was succeeded in the lordship by his son and grandson, both named William de Montacute, Earls of Salisbury. The Island was mortgaged by the second of these Montacutes to Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham. In Edward II.'s weak reign, no fewer than three of his favourites held it at different times—the brilliant but worthless Piers Galveston, Gilbert MacGascall, and Henry de Beaumont. The third Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was crowned King of Man in 1344, sold his kingdom to Sir William Scrope, who was attainted and beheaded in 1399 for high treason. Fortune next placed this fickle crown for a moment on the head of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland (father of Hotspur), who was within four years afterwards also attainted and banished. At last a more stable dynasty came in. A daring and adventurous knight, who had distinguished himself at Poitiers, and was one of the most valued adherents of Henry IV., Sir John Stanley, on the 6th April, 1406, received from that monarch a grant of the kingdom of Man, to him and his heirs for ever," with all the regalties, franchises, and rights belonging thereto, with the patronage of the bishopric, under the title of the King of Man," upon the feudal service of presenting a cast of falcons to the Kings of England on their coronation day.

There is extant a Rescript of great interest addressed by Pope Pius II., in 1458, to Thomas Stanley, Lord of Man, grandson of Sir John Stanley, in answer to a petition addressed by him to the Roman see. Thomas Stanley had stated in this petition, that, like his predecessors in the Island, which, of hereditary right, belonged to him, he was earnestly desirous that the Catholic faith should increase therein; but this could not be unless the races and peoples and settlers in the Island abstained from attacking the neighbouring territories, and unless likewise the neighbouring princes and peoples abstained from molesting the Isle of Man; but, on the contrary, that it was being often harassed by invasions and spoliations, although there was no just cause of war. He suggested that these marauders, and the Islanders themselves, if they did the like, should incur ecclesiastical censures. He added, that the Island had been honoured from the remotest times by relics of saints it contained, and that it had been commonly called, even up to the time of his petition, "the Holy

Island." Pope Pius II. complied with this petition, and the greater excommunication was promulgated against any such disturbers of the peace, even though kingly, ducal, or princely in rank; and communities or places to which they might withdraw were placed under interdict. This document is very lengthy: its tenor quite shows that the Pope recognised Thomas Stanley's position as lord of the Island.

The earlier lords of the House of Stanley governed the Island chiefly by their lieutenants. The long wars, tumults, and troubles of which we have given a sketch, had reduced it to a lamentable state; and of this Camden, in the sixteenth century, gives a vivid idea when he tells us that, in his time, there were not six houses in the Island that had two storeys. Steps were, however, from time to time, taken by the Stanleys to improve the existing state of things by the adoption of measures providing for the tenure of land upon terms more favourable to the holders than hitherto, and for placing the law of the Island (such as it was) upon a solid and ascertained footing. Owing to the precarious and unsatisfactory nature of the holdings, the cultivation of the land was neglected, and agricultural pursuits laid aside. Provision was, however, made to regulate, in some measure, the descent of real estate, which brought about a change for the better. As regards the administration of justice, the Island affords, in those early days, a parallel to times as remote as those of the heroic ages of Greece. The judges, the Deemsters, as they still are called, decided according to what are called *breast-laws*—that is to say, customs of which they were supposed to be the depositories, and which did not exist in writing. It was only in 1636 that Lord Strange, acting for his father, the sixth Earl of Derby, ordained that these "breast-laws" should be committed to writing.

Upon the death of Sir John Stanley, his son of the same name succeeded him (1414), and upon his arrival on the Island summoned the officers and certain commoners of the Island to meet him on Tynwald Hill for legislative purposes. Having committed the government of the Island to a deputy, he returned to England, where he died in 1432. His son Thomas, who was created Baron Stanley, succeeded him, and, after a brief rule, died in 1459. Baron Stanley was followed in the lordship of the Island, and succeeded in his title by his son Thomas, who, for his valour and the good service he rendered the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., at the battle of Bosworth Field, was created by that monarch Earl of Derby in 1485. The Earl filled many high offices of State, and married the King's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond. He died in 1505, and was succeeded in his titles of Earl of Derby and King of Man by his grandson Thomas. Although, strictly speaking, these lords of the House of Stanley were Kings of Man like their predecessors, yet that title began to be dropped, for the Earl of Derby declared that he preferred "to be a great lord rather than a petty king"; and having possibly the feeling, probably well founded, that his liege-lord, the King of England, might entertain some feeling of jealousy at the regal title being held by his vassal, he abandoned the title, and simply assumed that of Lord of Man. He died in 1522, having lived in retirement for some years. His son and successor

Edward, the third earl, "occupied places of the greatest trust and highest honour in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth." Disputes having arisen between the clergy and inhabitants of the Island, he issued a commission to make inquiry into the complaints made by the people. He was very wealthy, and maintained an establishment in England worthy of a monarch. Henry, the fourth earl, next followed. He was one of the commissioners appointed for the trial of the unfortunate Queen of Scots at Fotheringay. He effected some slight reforms in the affairs of the Island, and died in 1594, leaving two sons, Ferdinand and William. Ferdinand died suddenly in the same year in which he succeeded his father, without male issue. He, however, left three daughters, who claimed the Island as having a right preferable to that of the male heir. After a litigation of several years, the English Courts decided that the original grant of the Island to Sir John Stanley was warranted in law, and that the heirs-general, the daughters of Ferdinand, ought of right to succeed their uncle, William, the then Earl of Derby, was thereupon compelled to treat with Ferdinand's daughters for a cession of their rights in the Island, which resulted in the passing, in 1610, of "An Acte for the assuring and establishing of the Isle of Man in the name and blude of William, Earl of Derby." Earl William took no active interest in the affairs of the Island, but appointed a lieutenant and captain-general for the government of the Isle. In 1637 he executed a deed of resignation in favour of his son James, Lord Strange, of all his lands and property, including the Island. He died in retirement in 1642. Of the twelve lords of the House of Stanley who held sovereignty in Man, the most remarkable was undoubtedly James, seventh Earl of Derby, commonly called "the Great Earl," who was the Lord Strange whom we have just mentioned. His history enters largely into that of the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., within the sweep of which it also brought the Island. He was almost a typical specimen of the great Cavalier nobleman, of the shape which, at that period, the idea of the true knight had assumed, and joined with it that of the feudal lord, of which practically he was the only remaining example in England. As a servant of the Crown, nothing could be more loyal, more high-minded, more unselfish, than his character. It stands in noble contrast to the vacillation and insincerity of the unfortunate monarch whom he served; from whom, nevertheless, he could not be alienated for a moment, even when subjected to ill-usage that must have been galling to so proud a spirit, conscious of that true devotion which enabled him in the end to meet an unmerited death in so lofty a manner. He may be regarded, with Ormond and Montrose, as among the chief of those gallant men who threw around the Stuart cause that halo of fidelity and honour which kept it glowing even for a century after their time, and which ministered, even generations later still, half their beauty and splendour to the romances and poetry of Scott. But we are obliged to qualify this large measure of just praise to the Great Earl of Derby by a different estimate of the same personage when we come to consider him as the Lord of Man. He resided in that

Island for some time in 1643, and managed it with consummate skill, which cannot be better described than he himself has described it in a memoir in the form of a letter, which is amongst the most valuable monuments of Manx history. Finding the Island in a state of much excitement, the Earl says :—

I appointed a meeting in the heart of the country [at the Tynwald Mount] where I wished every man to tell his own grievances, and I would give them the best remedy I could ; by which I thought those that had entered into any evil design against me, or the country might have time to find some excuse for themselves by laying the blame and charge upon others. And thus I chose rather to give them hopes, and prevent their falling into violent measures before I could be provided for them ; and indeed I feared many were engaged by oath and covenant after the new way in Scotland, and that it would not be easy to make them sensible of their error. Nevertheless, matters were not so ripe as I could have wished ; and it was not amiss even to address myself to the chief actors in the business, telling them that *somebody* was to blame ; and that it would be an acceptable service in those who could bring them out of it, and if the common sort could be persuaded of their mistake it would hinder any further inquiry into the business. Upon which, some really confessed their faults, and discovered to me the whole design, by which I made one step in dividing the factious, remembering the old proverb, *Divide et impera*. Upon each parish giving me a petition of their grievances, I gave them good words, promising to take the same into consideration, upon which they appeared easy, and departed.

The Earl describes another meeting which he held at Peel Castle, as follows :—

I expected much wrangling and met with it, but had provided for my own safety, and, if occasion were, to curb the rest. Many busybodies spoke Manx only, which some officiously said should be commanded to hold their peace ; to which I objected, for I came prepared to give them speech, having very good experience that these people are their mother's children, loving to speak much, and should be dealt with accordingly, giving them liberty to put themselves out of breath, and they will be the sooner quiet, and the more content if you deny them after much speaking, than if you prevent it. I resolved to give them liberty of speech in their own way, for to reason with them was in vain, provided they crossed not my motions, which I was careful should be just and lawful, and to bring my designs to pass. I had spies among the busy ones, who, after they had spoken sufficiently ill of my officers, began to speak well of me, and of my good intent ; to give them all the satisfaction their grievances required ; that they were assured I loved the people, and that if any man were so unreasonable as to provoke me, they would run to great hazard, as I had power to maintain my actions, from which there was no appeal.

For all this, we must not judge the Earl too harshly. We must imagine him simply as a Russian noble among his half-civilized vassals—the comparison is made by an old historian of the Island, and might very easily be developed. Conceive such a noble, even of recent days—for it is but recently that serfdom was abolished by the Russian Emperor—bred up in all the Machiavellian refinement he might learn in St. Petersburg, and paying a brief visit to his estates on some remote frontier. With a mind as elevated in certain directions as the Earl of Derby's, the sense of the immense chasm that separated his serfs and himself, unsoftened by any of that feeling of kindred that existed between a Highland chief and his clansmen, would as naturally cause this selfish and artful management as it caused reckless violence in ruder days. In some respects

the Earl held very statesmanlike views for his Island. He contemplated improving it very extensively by manufactures, which he hoped might make the houses grow into towns, the towns into cities. He conceived the idea of establishing a university in the Island; and had his career not been cut short, these ideas might have filled a great space in his story. They are painfully contrasted, however, as we shall presently see, with narrowness of his view in another point, of greater importance to a nation's welfare than manufacturers, or even than the higher education.

The popular grievances which the Manxmen had brought before the Earl, principally referred to certain claims of the Protestant clergy, especially as regarded testamentary law and tithes. There were also complaints against engrossers of corn, and other matters on which it is unnecessary to enter. But one measure there was which the Earl was able, the more easily, because of the attention given to these other grievances, to carry into effect, which bore disastrous fruit for very many years. It appears that his officers in the Island pretended to have discovered that the lord had an indefeasible right to the landed property in the Island, in virtue of the long obsolete arrangement made at the time of the Conquest by Godred Crovan, six centuries before, by which the land was divided amongst his followers not absolutely but simply granted to them as tenants at will. The people had hitherto held their property from the lord by what was called "the tenure of the straw," by verbal cession, without any charters, but still regularly transmitted it from father to son. In case of failure of heirship, in the direct line, proclamation used to be made for three successive Sundays for the next of kin to assert his tenant-right. They were now cajoled (for no other word could be used) into a compromise, by which they resigned their landed property into the hands of the lord, and received it back on a lease of three lives, thus rendering their descendants, after no great number of years, mere tenants-at-will, without the slightest interest in the property, or motive to improvement. The unfair nature of this transaction became immediately apparent when one of the Deemsters, who had been the first to surrender his own estate, obtained an Act of Tynwald, reinstating him in his former possession. The consequence of the Islanders holding their lands on so precarious a tenure naturally was, that agriculture was neglected, scarcity was frequent, famine sometimes occurred, and the people devoted their energies to the business of smuggling, for which their position, both political and otherwise, gave them peculiar facilities, and which long degraded the society of the Island, and injured the resources of the Empire. At length, under the persuasions of Bishop Wilson, James, tenth Earl of Derby, and last Lord of Man of that house, annulled this iniquitous arrangement, by what the Manx call the *Act of Settlement*, and looked upon as a kind of Magna Charta of the Island, by which the landlords were established in their holdings, and the descent arranged in perpetuity on payment of certain fixed rents and fines to the lord.

In 1651, the year after the Great Earl was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moors, the Island was surrendered to a Cromwellian force by the

Receiver-General of the Island, William Christian, called by the Manx *Illiam Dhone*, or "Fair-haired William." The Parliament then gave the Island to General Fairfax, who held it for nine years. When the Stuarts were restored, the House of Derby regained possession in the person of Charles, the son of the late Earl; and, two years later, the then Earl of Derby, ordered William Christian to be proceeded against, on a charge of insurrection against the Countess of Derby, alleging, also, that this crime was aggravated by its being instrumental in the death of the late Earl. He was sentenced to be shot; and the sentence was executed accordingly at Hango Hill, a fort near Ronaldsway. This tragedy left deep memories in the Island; is celebrated in Manx ballads; and has furnished to Sir Walter Scott a turning-point in the romance of "Peveril of the Peak." There can be no doubt that it was a high-handed and illegal act of revenge, which no charges could justify, when the law, in cold blood, eleven years after the events, was so violently strained to carry it into effect. Such mockery of justice shocked even the government of Charles II., to which a petition "against the illegal sentence of the Manx Legislature in reference to William Christian" was made after Christian's execution, and the matter was heard before the King in Council, the Earl of Derby himself being compelled to appear. The two Deemsters principally concerned as instruments were ordered to be committed to the King's Bench, and to pay all expenses incurred, and restitution of his estate to be made to the heirs of Christian. The punishment of the Deemster is believed to have been relaxed, and the Earl of Derby appears to have undergone no punishment at all, except the solemn declaration of the supreme tribunal, that blood had been unjustly shed, but for which it had ordered so very imperfect an expiation. From the curious Manx ballad of which a translation is given in the introduction to "Peveril of the Peak," it may be gathered that an evil fate was observed to pursue the families of those who had been agents in this unhappy business.

At the death of James, Earl of Derby, 1736, the line of Stanley, which had ruled the Island for upwards of three hundred years, came to an end, and the lordship of Man passed to the Scottish family of the Dukes of Atholl, descended in the female line from the seventh Earl. The British Government had long—and it must be said with considerable reason—been dissatisfied with the state of things in the Island. It became, partly from the cause already stated regarding the tenure of land, partly from the duties on the importation of foreign goods into the Island being settled by the Manx Legislature itself, a centre of smuggling trade on quite a large and formidable scale, in which the capitalists of the Island were systematically engaged, which was tacitly permitted by the authorities, and in which the common people, being addicted to seafaring habits, zealously assisted. Then, again, the Insular Legislature, in 1736, passed a most ill-advised measure, by which persons prosecuted within the Island for foreign debts could only be held to bail for his personal appearance, and for the forthcoming of such effects as they had within the Island. Debts, in fact, contracted in Great Britain

or Ireland, were not recoverable in the Isle of Man. The shrewd and well-informed historian of Man, Mr Train, says of this Act, that "this was the law which rendered Man, for nearly a century afterwards, the sanctuary of the unfortunate and profligate of the surrounding nations, who flocked thither in such numbers as to make it a common receptacle for the basest of their kind." In 1765, after long resistance, John, the third Duke of Atholl, and Lord of the Island, submitted to surrender, with certain reservations, his rights to the Crown, by an Act called the *Act of Revestment*, receiving in compensation at first but £70,000, with an annuity of £2,000 per annum to be paid out of the Irish revenue to the Duke and Duchess of Atholl. The Duke of Atholl, son to the last Lord of Man, was made Governor-in-Chief of the Island, which dignity he held for above fifty years. During the latter part, however, of that time, his tenure of office was rendered far from comfortable, in consequence of the violent opposition of the Manx to efforts made by the Duke and his nephew, the then Bishop of Sodor and Man, to maintain certain of their interests in the Island; the former asserting his ancient manorial rights, the latter a claim to tithes on all green crops, which claim he was compelled to abandon, in the presence of very dangerous popular tumults. In the end, the Imperial Legislature passed an Act in 1824, "empowering the Lords of the Treasury to purchase all the manorial rights of the Duke of Atholl in the Isle of Man"; and, eventually, all the remaining privileges of the ducal family were disposed of to the Crown, in 1829, for no less a sum than £416,000. The Duke retired to Scotland, and died at Dunkeld in 1830.

Since that date, the civil government of the Island has been administered by a lieutenant-governor, the ancient institutions, however, being still retained.

Colonel Smelt was, in 1805, appointed by the Crown the first Lieutenant-Governor after the Revestment Act, and filled the office for twenty-seven years. Upon his death, in 1832, Major-General Ready was appointed his successor. As the Lieutenant-Governor presided in the Insular Court of Chancery as Chancellor, much inconvenience and dissatisfaction were felt from the fact that serious results might arise by the appointment of persons to the post of Lieutenant-Governor who were totally unacquainted either with legal principles or practices. The Crown, in order to remove this grievance, on the death of Governor Ready, appointed to the vacant office, the Honourable Charles Hope, son of the Earl of Hopetoun—and M.P. for the county of Linlithgow—a member both of the English and Scotch bars. He was most energetic in the discharge of his official duties, and introduced into the Legislature several measures, eventually sanctioned by the Crown, which tended largely to advance the material prosperity and interests of the Island. An agitation was commenced, and vigorously kept up for many years, for the purpose of reforming the House of Keys—by introducing into its constitution the principle of popular election—that branch of the Legislature being then a self-elective body. However it was reserved for latter years to successfully accomplish this change in the Insular

constitution. The honourable gentleman, for private reasons, resigned his office, and left the Island to reside in Scotland. On the resignation of the Hon. Charles Hope, the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Island was awarded to Francis Pigott, Esq., M.P. for Reading, and brother of the late Baron Pigott. He was sworn in at Castle Rushen on the 12th Nov., 1860. He was received upon his arrival at Douglas with great *eclat*; but his administration of Insular affairs, did not come up to popular expectation. He removed the seat of Government from Castletown, where previous Governors had resided to Douglas, selecting as his residence the mansion house of Villa Marina, with its beautiful grounds. He died in 1863, and was succeeded by Henry Brougham Loch, Esq., who was appointed on the 29th January, 1863. Mr Loch, previously to his appointment to the office, had carved out for himself an historical career of some interest. As an officer in the Bengal Cavalry he served as the aide-de-camp of Lord Gough in the war waged, in 1844, by that distinguished general against the Sikhs in the Punjaub. In 1854 he was sent by the Foreign Office to the Turkish Government to assist in organizing its military forces; and he subsequently served in the Crimea. In 1857 he was appointed to Lord Elgin's special embassy to China and Japan, and was entrusted by Lord Elgin to bring home the Japanese Treaty of 1858. Returning to China as Secretary to Lord Elgin's Embassy, he was, in 1860, captured by the Chinese during the hostilities carried on in that year between the two countries, and, together with Mr Parkes, the English Consul, suffered the most barbarous indignities. He brought home the Convention of Peking and the ratified Treaty of Tient-sin, and for his services was made Companion of the Bath. Upon his return to England, he was appointed Secretary to Sir George Grey at the Home Office. His administration of Insular affairs was marked by untiring energy and ability. In 1865, after a protracted correspondence, he obtained the consent of the Imperial Treasury to a readjustment of the fiscal duties levied upon articles imported into the Isle of Man—such as, spirits, wines, tobaccos, teas, sugars, &c., in order to obtain a surplus revenue to expend upon the erection of public harbour works of which the Island stood so much in need. It was arranged that, after deducting the cost of the civil government of the Island, together with a sum of £10,000 to be paid annually into the Exchequer, as interest upon the purchase money laid out in acquiring the rights of the Athol family in the Island, the surplus should be at the disposal of the Tynwald Court to be expended upon public works, such expenditure to be, nevertheless, subject to the sanction of the Treasury. Mr Loch, however, made increased taxation conditional upon a change being effected in the mode of election of the House of Keys, as he deemed it to be unconstitutional that a self-elected body should levy extra taxes upon a population which did not elect the persons who taxed them. This reform was effected in 1866, and the first popular election took place in 1867. Schemes for harbour works in Douglas were subsequently submitted to the Tynwald Court by Mr (afterwards Sir) John Coode, and the present Queen Victoria Landing Pier at Douglas, which enables

tourists to land at Douglas at all states of the tide, as well as the Battery Pier Breakwater in Douglas Bay, are the fruits, more or less, of the personal exertions of Governor Loch. Peel and Castletown have also had their harbours improved, and at Ramsey a landing pier of considerable dimensions has been constructed, which materially improves the approaches to that port as a watering-place. The labours of Lieut.-Governor Loch were also directed into the channel of law reform—legislation in force in England, Scotland, and the larger Colonies being his generally accepted guide. In matters of Education, Bankruptcy, and the Criminal Code, the law of the Island has been, in some respects, assimilated with that of England. Under the Education Act in the Island School Boards are compulsory, and attendance at school everywhere strictly enforced. Mr Loch was also directly connected with the formation of Victoria Street and Promenade along the shore of Douglas Bay, the financial scheme of ways and means under which it was constructed being the product of his mind. The Insular Railways owe much to his influence and interest, as well as the extension of telegraphic communication to the various towns of the Island. In sanitary and social matters Mr Loch also strove arduously and successfully to improve the state of the law in the Island; and his latest efforts were directed to securing a daily mail, one of the greatest requirements of which the Island stood in need. Mr Loch was knighted and appointed Governor of Victoria, New South Wales. Having served several years in that capacity, he was appointed Governor of the Cape, and High-Commissioner of South Africa. Mr. Spencer Walpole, under whose wise administration, the progress and prosperity of the Island have been still farther advanced, was selected as his successor here.

SOUVENIRS OF MANXLAND.

VISITORS wishing to take away with them a Souvenir of their Visit to the Isle of Man should inspect
the Stock of Presents at

“THE TIMES” STATIONERY & FANCY GOODS
DEPARTMENTS,

ATHOL STREET AND VICTORIA STREET, DOUGLAS.

PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.

To the geologist, the Manx rocks present a wide and interesting field of research. Although the geological series is represented only in a broken and fragmentary condition, the older and the later formations alone being found in the Island, yet these exist so fully developed and under such a variety of interesting conditions, that they are peculiarly valuable for the information which they furnish respecting the physical history of the earth, especially in the Cambrian and Carboniferous ages, and for the valuable materials which they supply for the purposes of commerce. In fact, in spite of the fragmentary and disconnected condition of its strata, the Isle of Man may, in many respects, be considered as a typical district for the Cambrian and Carboniferous periods.

Before proceeding to describe the special features of the Manx strata, it may be well to remind the reader that the rocks which compose the crust or superficial part of the earth are arranged by geological writers into the following groups:—The *Post-Tertiary*, comprising all the superficial deposits later than the “boulder clay”; the *Tertiary*, including the “*Drift*” beds and all the deposits between the *Drift* and the *Chalk*; the *Chalk* or *Cretaceous*, comprehending the *Chalk* and *Greensand* groups; the *Oolitic*, containing the Wealden strata and the *Oolite* and *Lias* beds; the *Triassic*, comprising the upper portion of the *New Red Sandstone*; the *Permian*, embracing the lower portion of the *New Red Sandstone*; the *Carboniferous*, including the upper and lower *Coal Measures* and the *Mountain Limestone*; the *Devonian* or *Old Red Sandstone*, containing a series of red and grey sandstones and conglomerate; the *Upper Silurian*, containing the upper portion (the Ludlow, the Wenlock, and the Oneida limestones and conglomerates) of the Silurian system; the *Lower Silurian* or *Siluro-Cambrian*, comprising the lower portion (the Caradoc, the Bala, and the Llandeilo series) of the Silurian system; the *Cambrian*, including the Lingula flags, the Potsdam sandstones, and the Longmynd flags and slates; the *Laurentian*, embracing the upper and lower gneiss and the *Eozoon* limestones—formerly known as the “*Metamorphic System*.” Of these there are known to be represented in the Manx rocks—the Cambrian, very fully; the Devonian, slightly; and the *Carboniferous*, the lower portion slightly and the middle portion very fully. There then occurs a great gap, succeeded by the *Drift* and other recent deposits, very extensively and interestingly represented.

Underlying the stratified rocks of the Isle of Man, and breaking through them in all parts, in veins and in mountain masses, are the granite and other igneous rocks, which, from their position and their effect upon the adjacent strata, as well as from their commercial value, are of considerable importance. The granite is found at the surface in at least two localities: in the north, about halfway between Laxey and Ramsey, along the upper course of the river Dhoon; and in the centre of the Island, on the eastern flank of South Barrule. In the northern granitic district, the rock is a small-grained syenite, so exceedingly hard as to be almost unworkable. In the central granitic region, near Foxdale, the rock is much softer in its texture, and has, in consequence, been largely quarried for many years. In addition to these great outbursts of plutonic rock, there is scarcely any part of the Island which does not exhibit numerous unmistakable traces of volcanic action in the shape of porphyritic and green-

stone dykes, basaltic and ash beds, &c. But while the evidences of volcanic disturbance are common in all parts of the Island, they are especially numerous and important in the south, in the neighbourhood of the limestone deposits. Throughout the whole of this district the various rocks are cut in all directions by innumerable "dykes," all, apparently, more or less directly connected with the Stack of Scarlett as the centre of disturbance. These dykes have affected the adjacent strata in the most extraordinary manner, crumpling them up in the strangest fashion, and metamorphosing both slates and limestones. The Stack of Scarlett, the apparent centre of this vast network of volcanic cracks, is a huge rock, forty feet high, situated at the extremity of the western horn of Castletown Bay, and is completely insulated at high tide. It is composed of imperfectly crystalized basalt, and is evidently the upheaved crater of a submarine volcano, active (as we shall see later) during the middle carboniferous period. In addition to the interest excited by its history and physical surroundings, its position is so picturesque, and the view from its summit is so extensive and beautiful, that every visitor to the Island, whether geologist or mere holiday tourist, ought to pay it a visit. West of this basaltic pile are certain other rocks, also of volcanic origin, remarkably interesting, and of great value to the geologist, which we shall describe more fully later on. The adjacent strata are everywhere greatly altered by contact with the granite or other volcanic rock, and lead and other metals are found in great abundance near the line of contact. The celebrated Foxdale and Great Laxey mines are situated near the great granitic outbursts: the Great Laxey Mines near the northern outburst, and the Foxdale Mines near the southern.

Resting upon the granite is the oldest stratified deposit in the Isle of Man, a series of slaty rocks, of immense thickness and extent, occupying more than two-thirds of the entire area of the Island. Of their thickness no exact estimate can be given in the absence of an accurate survey; but some idea of the vastness of this deposit may be gathered from the fact that sections across the Island, from different points on the eastern coast, exhibit an uninterrupted series of these slate rocks, at an average angle of about 60° , for distances varying from ten to twelve miles. Hence, it is impossible to estimate their thickness at less than from 20,000 to 25,000ft. To conceive adequately of the enormous period of time represented by such a vast thickness of rock, consisting, as these beds usually do, of a fine muddy silt, is almost, if not altogether, impossible. Many millions of years must have been occupied in their deposition. During the greater part of this enormous period of time, that part of the earth which is now the Isle of Man apparently formed part of a vast muddy stretch of beach, across whose broad flat surface the rippling waves of a shallow sea ebbed and flowed, leaving their imperishable records behind in the beautiful watermarks which we now find so plentifully marking these rocks. Of the continent belonging to this wide-spreading ocean we have little absolute knowledge, as the corresponding rocks in the neighbouring countries throw scarcely any light upon the subject. But we may safely infer some very interesting facts respecting it. That there was land exposed to the action of the Cambrian ocean not far distant we know; and in the conglomerate beds of this series of rocks we have probably the relics of the shingle beaches which occasionally fringed, as in our modern seas, its rougher coasts. That this land, too, was continental and not insular, is probable from the vast extent of these deposits, both superficial and vertical; and that its elevation was generally very low we may also conclude, if we accept the extraordinary shallowness of the Manx-Cambrian seas as evidence, which we may very fairly do. Beyond this, we may even occasionally light upon indications of the direction and form of its coast-line in

the form and direction of the beautiful ripplemarks which so often cover these rocks; but, respecting the physical characteristics of this continent, its direction and extent, the Manx-Cambrian rocks are silent, and from them we can learn nothing. Neither from them do we learn anything of the character of its fauna or of its flora, if it had any; and even of its marine life we have, throughout the whole of this vast series of rocks, only the faintest possible traces. A few unnamed fucoids, a few doubtful appearances supposed to be worm-tracks, and some strange and (as yet) mysterious markings found only in the upper beds of the series, which resemble very strongly in their form and arrangement the footprints of some unknown reptilian, but which, from considerations which a geologist will readily appreciate, we may suppose to be the burrows of some great Cambrian crustacean, are all that have yet been found; and this, not because the material of which these rocks are composed is unsuited to preserve the remains of any creature found in it; for they generally consist of an extremely fine muddy silt, and are remarkably well adapted to retain in a perfect condition any remains buried in them. We are, therefore, forced to conclude that during the greater part of the period occupied by the deposition of these rocks, the Cambrian seas in this part of their area were absolutely devoid of life from some local cause, such as the prevalence of cold currents, or the exhalation of poisonous vapours from the submarine volcanoes, active beneath their waters, and of which we have traces in the Island; and that during the deposition of the upper beds, in which alone (so far) fossils have been found, life was exceedingly rare and of the simplest forms. This conclusion is very interesting and important, and is, we believe, thoroughly warranted by the facts known.

In mineral composition and appearance these rocks present a wide variety, and include every form of slaty rock, from a hard splintery stone, breaking up into massive angular fragments, to a fine-grained slate, with the cleavage so well developed that they split up into slates equal, or nearly so, to the best Welsh roofing slates. The first-named variety forms the staple building stone of the Island, except in a part of the south, where limestone takes its place; and it not only makes a cheap and durable building material, but it is capable in skilful hands of being worked almost as easily as ordinary freestone, and (as may be seen at the Lunatic Asylum, near Douglas) presents a pretty and even ornamental appearance. The slaty variety is quarried extensively in different parts of the Island, especially at South Barrule, Glen Helen, and Sulby Glen, and produces fairly good material for roofing slates; large slabs for chimney-pieces, table-tops, &c.; and, under proper management, is capable of becoming a source of considerable wealth to the Island. These rocks are also exceedingly rich in certain metals, and contain valuable veins of lead (containing a large per-centage of silver, averaging as much as 40 ounces to the ton), copper, zinc, and iron. These have been worked for many years with great success at Foxdale and Laxey, and with a less profitable result in several other parts of the Island. Several attempts have been made, with a certain amount of success, to work the veins of hematite iron which are found at Maughold Head, near Ramsey. To the theoretical geologist, the appearances presented by these slate rocks are of great interest and value. In addition to those already noticed, their dip and strike present several features of great interest, and afford indications of the successive vertical changes which have taken place during the formation of the Island. We have not space to describe these in detail, but we name the following as an example. The dip of the rocks north of a line crossing the centre of Douglas Bay is exactly opposed to their dip south of that land; and this opposition of dip is persistent throughout the Island to

its two extremities. This and other similar facts, we need hardly say, are of the greatest importance to every attempt to solve the question of the origin of the Island and its earliest condition.

After the deposition of these clay slates, great changes appear to have taken place in the physical condition of the area comprehending the Isle of Man. During the greater part of the period occupied in its formation, this area had been slowly sinking beneath the surrounding ocean, a movement which, with temporary oscillations, seems to have gone on with great regularity and quietness. But now this downward motion was permanently arrested, and, amid violent volcanic outbursts, which broke through the half-consolidated beds, crumpling them up in a most extraordinary manner and throwing them upon their edges on each side of the axis of the disturbing force, it began to emerge from the waters of the sea. The imperfectly hardened rocks, being thus broken up and disturbed, and being by their continued upheaval exposed to the direct action of the sea, were extensively denuded, and at length upon their upturned edges there were formed the next existing beds of the insular series—a thick bed of dark red conglomerate formed along the southern shore of the partially upheaved Island, with a corresponding deposit of soft red sandstone along its north-western side. The deposits, as they exist at present, are of very limited extent, the conglomerates being confined to the Langness peninsula, where they consist of a mass of water-worn quartz pebbles of all sizes, enclosed in a matrix of stiff red clay, with a few outlying patches at the mouth of the Santonburn, and probably along part of the middle course of the Silverburn, between Grenaby and Ballasalla. They are the remains of the shingle beaches which then extended along the southern shores of the newly upheaved land, and mark, as far as they exist, the line of the land at that period. At the same time, along the western side of the Island, probably in a quieter basin, there was formed an extensive deposit of red sand, which has ultimately hardened into the "Peel sandstone." Both these deposits belong to the *Old Red Sandstone* formation, and are the only representatives of that group found in the Island. The thickness of these deposits is in no way very great. The conglomerates in the southern basis, in their greatest development, are only about fifty feet thick, while the Peel sandstones attain a thickness of about 300 feet. But though their thickness is, compared with the underlying slates, so insignificant, they form, nevertheless, a very interesting and important series of rocks, extending along the coast on both sides of the Island for a distance of several miles. They are, probably, only a small portion of the original formation, the remaining portions having been denuded in the subsequent submersions of the land. They lie unconformably upon the disturbed schists below, and in all the places where they are exposed they pass with great regularity into the overlying carboniferous limestone. According to Mr Cumming, the Peel sandstones contain "their own characteristic fossils: as, for instance, *Favosites polymorpha*;" and the southern conglomerate beds, along the course of the Silverburn, contain "the characteristic fossils of the lowest limestone series, particularly *Orthis Sharpei*."

During the deposition of these conglomerates and sandstones, the next succeeding member of the Manx series, the Carboniferous limestones, was being formed a few miles further out to sea. The Island at this period existed as a long, narrow, low-lying ridge, the summits and upper slopes only of the central mountain chain being exposed above the level of the sea. The actual elevation of this ridge it is not possible exactly to determine; but we have good reason to believe that it must have been very inconsiderable, and also that it included only a very small part of the area of the present Island. For example,

in the south part of the Island both the limestone and the *Old Red* conglomerates (one a marine formation, and the other a littoral accumulation of shingle) extend far up into the interior of the country, being found, as we have already said, in the very centre of the southern half of the Island. If we consider further that a great part of the carboniferous limestone has been denuded since its formation, and also that, being a deep-water formation, the actual coast-line must have been some distance from it; and that even this point, so far up the mountain side, was then deep water, we shall see how small a part of the present Island then existed, and how slight must have been its elevation. Along the shores of this islet, or rather series of islets, the conglomerates and sandstones were formed as sandy shore or shingly beach. At the same time, a little way out to sea, there was steadily growing and consolidating a broad rocky barrier of coral formation, which extended along both sides of the Island for a considerable distance. The appearance of the Island at this period of its history, must have been very similar to that of one of the innumerable coral islands of the South Pacific—a low rocky islet, with its semi-tropical vegetation of gigantic reeds and huge tree-ferns (both of which have been found fossil in the top beds of the limestone rocks); with its encircling reef, and the quiet lake-like lagoon shut in between the reef and the islet, these coral rocks resting upon the upturned edges of the submerged slates and along their inner edge, as after a time they began to encroach upon the space between them and the Island, having the same direction and slope as the adjacent conglomerate or sand, and upon which they would as readily grow as upon the slates, enclosed a shallow lagoon of considerable extent, from which, as they grew in height and solidity, they gradually shut out the cold currents of the outer ocean, which had hitherto checked the production of marine life. Thus protected, the waters of this sheltered lagoon soon began to swarm with every variety of existent marine life, exhibiting in this respect a striking contrast to the condition of life in the colder waters of the ocean outside the barrier reef, where life appears to have been comparatively rare and of a very limited range. Accordingly, in the limestone rocks of Ballasalla, Derbyhaven, Castletown, and Port St. Mary in the south, and of Peel in the west, the exposed relics of the barrier reef, organic remains are comparatively rare, and consist mainly of large branching corals and a limited number of species of deep-sea shells; while the later limestones of Poolvash Bay, formed in the interior of the enclosed lagoon, abound with vast numbers of fossil remains of species suited to flourish in the warm shallow waters of such a sea. During the formation of these various limestones, the carboniferous district, and especially that part of it enclosed between the barrier reef and the Island, was the scene of intense and prolonged volcanic action. The focus of the disturbing force appears to have been about the centre of the district, the basaltic rock known as the Stack of Scarlett being, apparently, the main submarine outlet. From this centre the volcanic force operated in all directions, bursting through and half infusing the newly formed beds to the north-east, and filling the openings with the injected lava; while to the south-west, across a large portion of the lagoon, the bed of the sea was again and again violently broken up by repeated volcanic explosions, and fresh rocks were formed out of the broken fragments and the erupted ashes and lava. In fact, so frequent was this process repeated, and so remarkable are the results, that there is scarcely any known district where, in so limited an area, the effects of submarine volcanic force may be better studied than in this neighbourhood. At length, the violence of the outburst passed away, and, after a further period of more gentle eruption, during which the erupted matter quietly settled

down at the bottom of the lagoon, among the carboniferous residuum of the land vegetation which we have reason to conclude flourished abundantly down to the water's edge, the subterranean fires died out, and the lava in the central crater of the Stack hardened into a hard black basalt. The rocks formed during this period belong to the middle member of the Coal Measures, the Mountain or Carboniferous Limestone; and, as they are developed in the Isle of Man, may be divided into two distinct portions, an upper and a lower; with the mixed beds of volcanic ash, carbonaceous mud, and limy matter as a third and latest member. This division of the limestone rocks is warranted by the essential difference in the mineral appearance and composition of the two divisions, the lower, the relics of the barrier reef, being dark coloured and exceedingly hard, and readily convertible into good lime for agricultural purposes; while the upper division is light coloured, extremely friable, and quite worthless as a manure. But it is upon a comparison of their contained fossil remains that this division of the Manx limestones into an upper and lower group is most properly founded. "They have comparatively few species in common, and those which are common are mostly such as have a great vertical range." Of 222 species of Manx carboniferous fossils named and placed by Mr Cumming, only 30 are common to both series of limestones; while of the 76 species found in the lower limestone, 40 are found in it only; and of 153 species found in the upper limestone, 117 belong to it exclusively. These facts are very significant, and fully warrant the separation of the Manx Carboniferous Limestones into two distinct groups, a conclusion quite in accordance with the physical history of their formation as described above—the lower limestones, found along the circumference of the area from Ballasalla to Port St. Mary, being the fragmentary remains of the barrier reef; while upper limestones, found in the interior of the enclosed area at Poolvash Bay, are a small portion of the rock formed within the lagoon between the reef and the islet. If our space had admitted the possibility of an examination into the nature and habits of the different species found fossil in these rocks, we should have found this conclusion still further strengthened.

Once more, before their final extinction, after a prolonged period of comparative rest, the volcanic fires burst out, rending and shattering the newly-formed rocks; immense fissures opened in the sea bottom, extending from Scarlett to Poolvash, out of which poured streams of molten lava, which, mixing with the fragments of the broken limestones, formed ultimately a trap breccia, which is at the present day one of the most interesting rocks in the Island. In this terrible outburst the volcanic force seems to have exhausted itself, and, so far as our present evidence points, it has never since renewed its devastations.

At this point, the monuments of the physical history of the Isle of Man in these far-off times cease: a curtain of mystery closes round us in our researches, and, instead of the clear and unmistakable, though fragmentary, records which we have had up to this point, we are suddenly left, without positive evidence of any kind, to grope our way amid doubt and uncertainty; and for numberless ages—until, in fact, the earth was ready to receive its monarch, man—we know nothing certain of its condition or history. But, though we possess no positive knowledge of the condition of the Island during the middle period of the world's history—the ages of gigantic reptiles, of strange birds, and of huge mammals—we are still able to make a very shrewd guess at what its condition must have been during this unrecorded interval. From the rocks last described, the limestones of the Carboniferous period down to the deposits of the Drift period, the Manx geological record is a complete blank, the intermediate strata being

unknown in the Isle of Man. And yet, strange and paradoxical as it may seem, this very absence of the strata intermediate between the limestones and the Drift beds which immediately overlie them, points to certain conclusions which, rightly viewed, throw a faint and uncertain, but highly interesting, light upon the condition of the Island and the surrounding districts during this unhistorical period. For instance, either these intermediate rocks, or some of them, were formed on the Island, or in connection with it, and have since been removed by the action of the sea; or the Island must have existed as dry land throughout this interval. No third supposition is possible. With respect to the first alternative, it seems scarcely possible that, if the missing rocks, or even a part of them, had been formed within the Insular area, they could have been so completely denuded by the action of the sea that not the smallest fragment of any of them can now be found; and hence it seems much more probable that the Island existed throughout this unchronicled period as dry land. But, if so, it must follow further that it must have been at a much higher level above the sea than during the Carboniferous period; otherwise, some of the intermediate rocks now missing would have been formed upon its low-lying lands, and their remains at least would now be visible. Therefore, we conclude that, at the point where the Paleozoic rocks come to so abrupt a termination, the Island, with its surrounding area, was elevated to *at least* its present elevation—most probably much higher—either by the volcanic outbursts which occurred at the close of the Manx Carboniferous period, or else by those later outbursts of porphyry which have formed the secondary elevations of the Island, and which, cropping out at Rock Mount, near St. John's, and at Cronk Urleigh, in Michael, seems to have been closely connected with a great line of fault extending from Perwick Bay, west of Port St. Mary, in a north-easterly direction through Athol Bridge, near Grenaby. Probably both these phenomena were produced by the same upheaving force which elevated the Island at this period. At all events, these facts appear certain: that, after the formation of the Carboniferous limestones on the south and west coasts of the half-submerged country, the Island, with the area immediately surrounding it, was raised to at least its present level—probably, considerably above it—and that it retained this elevation, without any permanent or material change throughout the period of which we have no existing traces, until the close of the Tertiary period.

When the dark curtain of ignorance is at last withdrawn, the Island is again sinking beneath the waters of the sea. The low lands lying along the foot of the mountains are once more submerged, and only the tops of the mountains and their upper slopes remain uncovered. Along the margin of the devouring sea there were being formed immense beds of gravel, or mixed gravel and sand, as is being done at the present day on every exposed coast. These beds of gravel and sand form, in the Island, as in the neighbouring districts of England, the lowest beds of "drift deposits." A vast change has also taken place in the climate and appearance of the country. Instead of the hot, humid atmosphere of the carboniferous islet, with its tropical palms, its tree ferns, and its gigantic reeds, and its reef-protected lagoon swarming with an infinite variety of life, the climate has sunk to a sub-Artic severity—the summits of the low hills are capped with snow, the glaciers are daily descending lower and lower towards the sea, and the swelling uplands between the coast and the hills are covered with thick woods of modern forest trees, in which roam numerous herds of wild animals, many of them strange and long-extinct forms. Lower and lower the land sank beneath the wintry seas, until at last only the tops of the highest mountains remained above the waters as a number of rocky islets of inconsiderable size!

which, with the lessening area, the rigour of the climate deepened, and the snow-line descended lower, until finally the whole land was covered with a mantle of eternal frost and snow, whose glaciers plunged deep into the long winding friths which penetrated the land in all directions, and sent off every season huge masses of ice, which, grounding in the shallows, ploughed deep grooves in the rocks, and gradually melting, dropped upon the sea bottom their burden of rock and mud and clay. Life in the Island, too, both animal and vegetable, gradually dwindled away before the increasing severity of the climate; and at length died out altogether, or became of such small dimensions as will account for the absence at the present day of any special insular forms of life. Even the neighbouring seas, which at this period were encumbered with masses of coast and floating ice, contained only a few species of boreal habits, whose relics are found in the deposits formed during this period.

But again the mighty cycle attained its limit, and once more the land began to emerge out of the depths of the sea. Higher and higher it rose, exhibiting as it appeared above the waters an outline and appearance far different from what it had before its submergence. The life which had then thronged its valleys and hills, and swarmed in its waters had entirely disappeared; the green waving woods, too, which had overshadowed its uplands, and given shelter to numerous herds of strange animals, had disappeared; and the Island now rose out of the sea, a collection of barren rocks, with its western slopes scraped and hollowed by the action of the oceanic currents from the north-west, during its slow submersion and upheaval, and its surface, from the coastline to the tops of its mountains, covered thick with the deposits of gravel and sand and clay, formed upon it during its immersion. The upheaval went on steadily, and the land rose higher and higher, until it attained an elevation far above its present level—until, in fact, the Island was joined to the neighbouring islands, and even to the great European continent beyond. Where the narrow tempestuous seas which now surround the British Isles exist, there were then vast undulating plains, analogous to the great prairies of America or the Steppes of south-eastern Europe, while to the west of Ireland the land stretched far away into the Atlantic. Across these vast plains fresh forms of life, both animal and vegetable, began to migrate into the newly upheaved lands, to form, with the few hardy individuals which had survived the rigour of the drift climate, their new and latest populations; and the country again became covered with waving woods, and thick jungle and green grass. Among these wandered vast herds of reindeer, and the long-fronted ox, and the great Irish elk, while the woods and forests abounded with troops of elephants and rhinoceroses, and the rivers and lakes swarmed with hippopotomuses, and beavers, and other creatures which have long since disappeared from our islands. Last of all came man himself. who, we have sufficient evidence to prove, occupied the British islands, or rather the vast area which now comprises them and their surrounding seas, while they were inhabited by these and numerous other long extinct creatures. The condition of the first human inhabitants of the Island must have been exceedingly low. Exposed to the rigour of a climate much more severe than that which now exists, and open to the attacks of the numerous creatures of vast size and untamed ferocity which then roamed over the country, their life must have been one of constant hardship and danger, and their condition one of extreme barbarism. Although the Island includes within its area considerable tracts of limestone country, there have been found as yet no traces of those ossiferous caves—the earliest dwelling places of man in these latitudes—which have proved so interesting and instructive in England and elsewhere. Hence it is

unnecessary to pursue this part of the subject any further in this sketch of the geology of the Island.

The deposits formed during this period are those superficial beds of gravel and sand and clay, with their embedded boulder rocks, which lie upon the older rocks of the Island, and which, as they reveal to us the nature of the operations which formed them, and the condition of the country at the time of the appearance of its first human inhabitants, while they form the media through which the earth yields to us her most bountiful harvest, must always be deeply interesting to every observer. In common with the corresponding deposits in Lancashire and Cheshire, and generally along the western slopes of the Pennine Mountains, the drift series in the Isle of Man occur in the following typical order, in an ascending series:—First, the lower sand and gravel, becoming more and more sandy in its upper parts; second, the lower sand, enclosing in its upper layers thin seams of clay and nests of boulders; third, the boulder clay, generally without any appearance of stratification, enclosing throughout boulders, often scratched and grooved, of all sizes, of granite, porphyry, quartz, conglomerate, limestone, and clay slate, and containing occasionally nests of fine sand, frequently with fossil shells of the drift series, usually in a very friable condition; fourth, the upper gravel and sand, similar in its character to the corresponding deposit below the clay, but characterised by a different arrangement of its constituent pebble, indicating its deposition under different conditions, and by a wave action or current operating in a different direction; and fifth, the upper sand, found in different parts capping the upper drift gravel. A good example of the upper sand may be found in the neighbourhood of Douglas, along the cliffs behind Castle Mona. These various divisions of the drift deposits, in a general way may be said to represent the different movements of the land during the period just described; the lower gravels and sands represent the period of subsidence, and were the littoral accumulations formed during the gradual sinking of the land. The clay, with its enclosed boulders, corresponds with the period of deepest submersion, when the relics of the land were covered with frost and snow, and the sea was encumbered with ice, and the bergs grounding in the shallows, ploughed up the sea bottom, and scratched and grooved its sunken rocks, and as they slowly melted, dropped upon their muddy bottom their burdens of clay and gravel. And lastly, the upper gravels and sands represent the period of the re-emergence of the land, and correspond in their character and in the mode of their formation with the analogous beds below the clay. These deposits do not, of course, occur in every locality in the complete order here indicated. As might have been expected from the mode of their formation, certain members of the series are found more or less developed in one locality, and certain other members in another, and the full series can only be obtained by collating the different groups as they actually occur in the various localities. Very good sections of different members of the series may be obtained in almost all parts of the Island, but especially in the north, where the drift deposits are developed on the largest scale. One of the best in the entire Island is that at Point Cranstal, near the Point of Ayre, where the cliff exhibits a splendid section of about 200 feet of the upper members of the series, clay, gravel, and sand. Numerous other good examples may be found along the north-west shores of Jurby, Ballaugh, and Michael, and inland in the deep glens where the mountain streams have worn deep gullies through the drift beds. Some sections, also of great interest, may be found in different parts of the south, along the glens opening on to the sea and capping the tops of the cliffs; while the lower drift gravels and sands are often beautifully exposed

in making excavations or cuttings for agricultural, railway, and other purposes. Unusually good opportunities of studying the character of the superficial deposits of the southern part of the Island were afforded during the progress of the railway operations in 1874, several deep cuttings and numerous smaller excavations having been made at points along the line. Among them may be named the cutting between Santon Station and Port Soderic, that at School Hill, Castletown, and the extensive excavations at Ballaqueeney, near Port St. Mary. In making the latter an ancient burial ground was laid bare, and a large number of graves, principally formed of slabs of stone, containing human bones and other relics, and also a number of silver coins of the early part of the tenth century, were discovered. In another part of the same hill, about one hundred yards from the station, the railway track runs through a large deposit of drift shells (the largest deposits we have found anywhere in the Island), most of them in an unusually good state of preservation. These shells are frequently found both in the boulder clay and in the accompanying sands. The peculiar conformation of that part of the low-lying northern extremity of the Island, between the Bride sand hills and the mountains, known as the Curragh, is also very interesting, and would well repay the most careful examination. It is evidently the filled-up basin of an ancient lake, a conclusion warranted by historical facts, as within the last three hundred years its surface was occupied by several large lakes. These have since been drained, or have silted up, and the district is now cultivated with considerable success. In it and its immediate neighbourhood the bones of the great elk are often found, and the first complete specimen obtained of the creature was discovered in a marl pit in this district. They are also occasionally found in the half-boggy low grounds of the valley extending from Douglas to Peel, as well as in some other parts of the Island of similar conformation.

The geology of this northern district, however, more properly belongs to the period of further disturbance which we have now to describe. The land having, as described, thus reached its highest point, the unending cycle once more began, and the land again began to sink. As it sank lower and lower, the sea, which during the preceding period had receded far away to the west, began once more to encroach upon the land, eating away the high lands and flowing over the low plains, until at last, after numerous and long-continued oscillations, it once more insulated the British area, and the Isle of Man, with its neighbouring islands, assumed its present form and elevation. From certain evidence, which we have not space to enter upon at any length, but of which we may name the series of raised beaches which, tier above tier, surround our shores, from a few feet above high water, the shoaling of the water off certain parts of the coast, and the fragments of submerged forest land, which, as at Castletown and Strandhall, are gradually re-appearing above low-water mark, it is probable that the British area descended below its present level, and that it is now, in common with other parts of the neighbouring continent, undergoing a slow process of upheaval. The deposits formed during this latest period of the geological history—a period, be it remembered, though pre-historic, yet within the human and traditional epoch, as is shown, for example, in the name given to the beautiful valley of Port-e-Chee, the Haven of Peace, near Douglas, in all probability at a time when the sea flowed through it—and the modifications effected in the form and appearance of the land, and the character of its climate, are both numerous and important, too numerous to describe in detail. Among the most striking are—the immense amount of denudation which the land suffered during this

d the preceding period, both in its hard sub-rock and in its softer

superficial coverings; the series of fine terraces or old sea beaches which fringe, at successive heights, the shores of the Island from high water mark; and the numerous caverns and passages which pierce the rocks and cliffs at every exposed point on the coast. As examples of the sea-worn caves and arches, we may instance those at the mouth of the Santonburn Glen, on the Langness Peninsula, and the Fairy Hole, a romantic passage through the huge projecting headland behind the Sugar Loaf Rock, near the Chasms. The Langness caves are peculiarly interesting. Situate at the point where the conglomerate appears overlying the clay states, there are the remains of what were formerly immense caverns, formed in the rocks during their upheaval in the post-glacial period, and destroyed more recently by the gradual sinking of the land. The most remarkable among them, in their present condition, are the following:—An arch 26 feet wide, 15 feet high, and 18 feet deep. The floor and lower portion of the sides of this arch are formed of the clay slates, here claret coloured, and greatly disturbed by the intrusion of the neighbouring dykes, while the upper portion of the walls and the roof are formed of the overlying conglomerate, which is of a deep red colour, and composed of pebbles of all sizes. The broken walls of this ancient sea cave may be traced sea-ward for a distance of 70 to 80 feet beyond the part still covered by the roof, and extend for some distance below high water mark, while the enclosed space is encumbered with huge fragments of the fallen roof. About 50 yards further south, passing several others less noteworthy, are the remains of another cavern of even still larger dimensions. The height of the arch at its inner extremity is 25 feet, its width is about 30 feet, while about 25 feet still remain covered by the roof. The lower part of the walls may be traced sea-ward for 150 to 160 feet, a considerable portion of which is below high water mark. These caves present, in a very interesting form, some further evidence in support of the statement made above, that the Island is now undergoing a process of gradual upheaval. Their destruction is of comparatively recent date, as is proved by the condition of the fragments of their fallen roofs, and yet it could not have been effected by the sea at its present level, since it does not come far enough up the land to reach the principal parts of the caves. It is plain, therefore that their destruction was effected when the land was lower than at present, and that it has since been gradually raised to its present level. It is further probable that this process of upheaval is still going on. In support of this, we may point to the uncovering of patches of ancient forest land at different points of the coast after violent storms; and also to the small pieces of land which, at numerous points along the coast, are in process of formation, and are only very slightly elevated above the existing sea level. Good examples of these latest formed lands may be found in the recesses of the most sheltered bays, the triangular piece of ground on which the old town of Douglas is built for instance; but they occur on a much larger scale, and are best studied in the northern extremity of the Island. At Douglas this deposit consists of fine sand, containing recent shells, and occasionally fragments of bones, the identity of which has not yet been established.

We have thus traced, as fully as our space would permit, the physical history of the Isle of Man, from the earliest time of which we have any records; from the time when it first upheaved itself above the primeval ocean, a low broad ridge of granite rock, down to the present day, when, the home of multitudes of creatures of varied form and habits and natures, it rears its head high into the blue heavens; and in so doing we have throughout endeavoured to rescue the story from the repulsive dryness with which such accounts are ordinarily invested, and to give to each epoch in its career the fulness

of detail, and the vivid freshness of the actual landscape. If in so doing, we have interested our readers, or have induced some of them to study the facts and the principles referred to for themselves, our object has been happily gained.

TROUT FISHING IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Whatever pleasure it gives me to add my quota to the useful information, and instruction, contained in the following pages, still it is with much diffidence that I presume to revise, and make such alterations as may seem needful. It must, however, be remembered that thirty years have elapsed since the publication of "Trout Fishing in the Isle of Man," and that the local changes have been great, the facilities for angling largely increased; and the powers of the Legislature successfully exercised (to suppress poaching, and improve the fishing). Therefore, it has become highly necessary to thoroughly revise the book, in order to make the information as accurate as possible to date. Written so long ago, by Mr. S. M. Tod, and dedicated to his brother. Mr. E. M. Tod—one of the ablest writers of the present day on piscatorial subjects, for the *Fishing Gazette*, and other well-known papers)—I have been careful, as strictly as possible, to adhere to the original text, and trust nothing in my humble efforts will mar the work of a past master in the sport all anglers love so well.

SAM. J. HARRIS,

President of the Isle of Man Angling Association.

THE RIVER GLASS.

There is nothing in my humble opinion so refreshing and invigorating both to mind and body as a day's trout fishing amongst the lone glens and mountains of our native country; and to those whose profession or business is of a sedentary nature, and who have in their boyish days been initiated into the various methods of capturing those wary and bright-spotted mountaineers, the sport must be doubly enchanting—as it leads the mind almost unconsciously back to the past, when, rod in hand, with a bagful of worms, we filled our creels, or as likely our pockets—the only bugbear in perspective being a scolding from mamma when we returned to the parental roof "mud to the eyes," sopping wet, and savagely hungry. But when the contents of creel or pocket were emptied and ranged in gradation on one of the large kitchen dishes, with a few sprays of fern to improve if possible the appearance of the bright-spotted treasure of 'wallopers,' we would have echoed the sentiment with Paul Bedford in a well-known comedy, in saying: "Guilty—and I glories in it!" It seems very extraordinary to me that long ere this no enthusiastic Waltonian in the Island (and there are many of them) has attempted to give the benefit of his knowledge and experience of the "gentle art not simple," in the shape of a few practical hints to those of our summer visitors who may be anglers, as well as to the resident fraternity.

In the first instance, we shall take Douglas as our centre, with the many beautiful little streams in its vicinity as radii, although they do not converge to the same point. Douglas River is now mercifully preserved from the poaching raids it was constantly subjected to. Its

long, still, and deep pools in the lovely Nunnery Grounds are all well stocked with "lusty trout," which are strictly preserved. The introduction of some 10,000 Loch Leven and other trout, has done much of late years to improve the breed, they can never be short of food as long as the water remains dammed back as it now is, and the surrounding trees afford their share of the insects the trout delight in. Large numbers of the creeper, and the larvæ of the Mayfly have also been added. The erection of the railway bridge on the Castletown line has done much to deepen and preserve the river. From the bridge named, up to Tromode, the greater portion is privately preserved by the riparian owners; but the Association have some nice water at the Quarter Bridge. From Tromode upwards, a large portion of the water is in the hands of the Association. At what is called the waterfall, or weir, on the road side, which is the first pool, I have often killed six or eight without leaving the spot; but they were generally small, with an occasional one a quarter of a pound. It may not be out of place to remark, in favour of the climate of the Island, that, on one day, I killed nine very fair trout in this pool with "fly." Passing to the ivy-covered bridge, on either side of which there are a few good deep pools, where you may have a good run, provided the village schoolboys are not at large. On crossing the bridge there are two roads before you. Take the right and keep it until you arrive at a small cottage on the top of the hill, on the right of which there is a footpath which takes you through a field; then, passing a clump of trees which grow on an eminence on your left; go down to the river, commence above the mill dam, which you will at once perceive before you, and fish up. There are many capital pools from this as far as Lewin's Mill. The best I know is the one directly opposite the Rifle Range—it always bleeds well if fished carefully—but the pools there, and even as far as Baldwin, should be finished in the same manner with "fly." And now as to "flies." The best cast you can use on this river are Golden Plover Spider, as a point fly, Dotterill Spider as a first "bob" or "drop," with Black Spider for the third. In all small rivers spiders are the most killing "flies," dressed on very fine silk worm gut or horsehair, if you can use it, and average sized round or sneck bend hooks (Limericks are generally too thick in the wire); and, above all things, let the flies be tied lightly. Flies purchased at any tackle-dealers, unless made to order, have generally twice the amount of "feather" requisite. The best anglers I ever knew (and I have met many in Scotland and elsewhere) "dress their own flies." They wear better, generally kill better, and are much more satisfactory and economical.

The first bridge you come to on leaving Tromode is St. George's; about one hundred yards below that, on your right-hand side, there is a small stream which joins the main in conjunction with the mill-dam. It is full of trout—that I can vouch for—and can be fished with success, using worm alone as bait. I have seen a good basketful taken from it after a night's rain. This branch stream is nearly two miles in length, the upper portion being a series of capital pools and runs; but the banks on either side are of a rough and swampy nature, and seem a very likely cast for woodcock or snipe. From St. George's to the next bridge a few good casts may be had. The mill-race on the left contains some capital trout; but they are exceedingly shy, and it is scarcely worth while leaving the river to give them a trial. We now come to the junction of the East and West Baldwin streams, which form the main river about fifty yards below the bridge. The right-hand branch, which is much the smaller of the two, is the East Baldwin River. It is fishable only with worm. The banks are particularly brambly, which is a source of much annoyance in blowy weather, as just when you are about to make a favourite cast the

line is caught round an overhanging branch, and in going forward to disentangle it you frighten every fish in the pool; when the fish are scarce an occurrence of this sort is doubly annoying. Taking the main stream, or left branch, and after half an hour's fishing, we arrive at the village of Baldwin. Fish, if you have time, the stream which passes the house which used to be the village inn on the left. I remember killing four dozen and a half there after two or three hours' fishing with worm. My basket was quite full; and the trout, though black mountain trout, were all of a fair size, a few of them being half a pound weight each. Mr. Gelling, the village blacksmith, will give you all the information concerning the streams, besides making you as comfortable in his little room as circumstances will permit. He is exceedingly chatty; and, like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith:—

“A mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.”

But we must push forward, rod in hand, and, if you will, we will keep the main stream. At Baldwin we should change fly for worm tackle; and as with cautious steps we pursue our way to Injebreck, fishing the while, and reverting to our late friend—

“You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing his village bell,
When the evening sun is low;”

until we gradually lose the sound that indicates the busy hum of men, and find ourselves verging upon the base of the mountains at Injebreck; but during this period we should have made no small addition to the number in our basket, as the pools as far as this are deep and well-stocked. There are two streams, both of them equally good, which join below Injebreck. It will take an hour or so to fish either, so that a party of two having fished the main river in conjunction, should take separate ways, always having an appointed time to meet on the bridge below Injebreck Hotel, allowing time to fish the separate streams. In conclusion, if you wish for success in this or any other mountain stream, keep well out of sight, or use a long rod, and let your tackle be of the finest description. I consider it a good day's fishing commencing at Tromode, from this to Baldwin, with fly, and from thence to Injebreck, with one of the tributaries at its source, with worm, to bag four or five dozen, and this you should do in favourable weather, provided your wrist and eye are in good condition.

THE RIVER DHOO.

The Dhoo, or Black River, which joins the Glas below the Quarter Bridge, contains some of the handsomest and best-fed trout in the Island—in my humble estimation, more nearly approaching in flavour the well-known Loch Leven trout than any other I have ever seen. This, I think, is easily to be accounted for. The river for the most part is deep and sluggish; the bottom being covered with thick green weeds, which of themselves are a certain harbour for mollusca, together with small shellfish, of which trout are exceedingly fond, especially during the winter, when surface and other food of a like description are “out of season.” The banks in a number of places are exceedingly subterraneous, boggy, and dangerous (that's metre); nevertheless they are capital shelter for trout, and quite a puzzle to poachers. This river, I may mention, contained, and does still contain, if I am not misinformed, some fine pearl mussels, but I never had the curiosity to test it. But now you will naturally ask, “How about the fishing?” Commence opposite Braddan Church, which

is about one and a half miles from Douglas, and fish up, with worm. Use one or two small shot to carry your bait well to the bottom, and beware of "snags," or stumps, roots of trees, etc., or you may lose your casting-line at least. The last time I fished here I got foul of a "snag" as I thought; but, in my endeavours to free the line gradually, fished up a splendid gut cast, several yards of good hair line, and a "stunning" top-piece, all fast to it. What the man could be thinking of to lose all this, I can only parallel by Long Tom Coffin's description of his whale: "The crittur must have been in a flurry." We shall now go on to the Union Mills, which are about a mile from Kirk Braddan. If there is a breeze on the mill-dam, you may change worm for fly ("spiders"), either golden plover or dotterel. On again entering the main river from the dam there are abundant good pools, and some I am certain not less than six or eight feet in depth. Fish up carefully until you arrive at a small stone bridge, on the left of which is the farm-house of Ballaquinney: from this to the bridge above is preserved by the owner, Mr. Holt, Vice-President of the Association. It is a most excellent piece of water, and not hard to fish. Joining the main stream at a stone bridge is a capital mountain burn. It must be fished with worm for the first half-mile, when it opens out into a beautiful lakelet, overshadowed by the oaks of Glen Darragh. By judiciously deepening this charming pool, and clearing the bottom from mud, Mr Holt has succeeded in getting a fine stock of fish; above the place mentioned, the fishing is very hard, but the trout are, as a rule, hungry. Returning to the main stream, there is excellent fishing up to the village of Crosby. It is in the Association's hands. On the right-hand side here, there is a small stream which passes through the village: you may wander up and dip in here and there with some success. But before closing the subject, let me assure you that I have killed many a good dish of "fizzers"—I don't mean those thundering big cigars that are sold to the summer visitors, but trout, and such trout—ye Epicureans—as are worthy of only one relish, namely, "pepper and salt."

PORT SODERICK RIVER.

To the nearest fishable point of Port Soderick River is about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Douglas. The glen is on the old road to Castletown, and the river itself, which passes through it, can be easily fished in three or four hours; but after a heavy night's rain it will take much longer, as you can go over the same ground again with tolerable success. Commence at the bridge over which the road passes, and leaving a small water-mill on the right, fish the upper portion first. There are some pretty good pools here, containing very fair trout. After fishing this part of the river carefully, which will not take you long, pass down again and commence below the bridge. *En passant*, I may mention that this stream is fishable only with worm, as in some places it is thickly wooded, whilst in others almost inaccessible. The scenery, especially during spring, in the glen, is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme, primroses, wood hyacinths, ferns, etc., growing in great profusion on its banks. It will take you fully a couple of hours to fish as far as Port Soderick Bay. On your way down you will pass many capital little waterfalls, where perchance you may kill one or two small sea trout, especially if the river is swollen. During spring I have frequently killed sea trout fry, some quarter of a pound weight. But if you do happen to have poor sport, you will be fully repaid for your disappointment by the scenery. If your taste inclines to botany, you may track back "up the glen" to your starting-point, and fill your vasculum (which many anglers carry as well as a basket) with some very rare

and interesting specimens. If not, when you arrive at the beach, you may pick up some very fine Manx pebbles; and after paying a visit to the cave on the right-hand side of the bay, together with the inn on the left, you may follow the stream back until you come to a small bridge, over which, as a matter of course, there is a road. Take the right-hand side, and follow it (crossing a small brook on the way) till you reach the top of the hill, where, on the right-hand side again, is a farmhouse called Ballashamrock,—well-known to all who are given to picnicking, *i.e.*, dining out. But *prenez garde*, which I should translate, “Beware of Dogs,”—keep the butt of your rod in hand by the small end whenever you approach a farmyard on the Island. This is not the “Isle of Dogs,” as very few seem to be going to them here; but in a farmyard, as far as my experience carries me, they are very apt to come to you, and prevention, you know, is better than “hydrophobia;” therefore, *animus vester ego*, or rather the calf of your leg. I know this, that several times, on my approach to places of the above description here, I have almost wished that my calves would at once and without further notice go to grass, and leave me to weather the gale out under bare poles; although, between you and me, if they did so I pity the pasture, as from their appearance they must be ravenous (?). Have Manx farmers’ dogs got an affinity for the *Calf of Man*? Then, if they have, by all means send them there, or tax them well. The proprietor, Mr Carey, I am certain, for his tenant’s sake as well as his own, would prefer the latter. But to return to Ballashamrock, if you have forgotten your sandwiches, and thereby feel peckishly inclined, you can have the *summum bonum* of your wishes at the aforesaid farmhouse, in the shape of ham and new-laid eggs, oatcakes, tea with capital cream, in fact *omnium gatherum farmyardibus*; and may your motto be, “Rest, and be thankful.” Do not forget the hostess! She will treat you well; but settle your *quid pro quo*; shoulder your basket, which I expect contains about two and a half dozen nice trout, and *walk* back to Douglas. And when the shades of evening have closed round all, you will be very glad, I know, “to draw around your wearied limbs the curtains of repose;” and if you have not indulged too freely in our late hostess’s rich dairy produce, I feel confident in guaranteeing you that which many would wish to purchase at any price—“a good night’s rest.” I have tried the experiment repeatedly, and rarely have been disappointed.

Almost the whole of this stream is now preserved by the riparian owner, whose beautiful family seat of Crogga can be seen when approaching Port Soderick Station.—Ed.

KIRK SANTON RIVER.

The whole appearance and character of this river differs widely from any other to which I have alluded. I shall endeavour to describe its appearance as I go on. The generality of anglers who fish this river more frequently commence at Ballaglonney Bridge, close to the station; and it depends entirely on the state of the river as to whether you start operations on the upper or lower waters. If the river is in good condition, begin about the bridge and fish up, with either fly or worm. You have a couple of miles at least of good water before you, and as it commences to narrow and fork off in different little branches, you will be compelled to use worm alone; and with this at this particular part you should do tolerable execution. I may as well mention that, on the road which crosses the stream before you reach the Mines, there is a small inn close at hand on your right, where you may obtain refreshment. From Ballaglonney Bridge there are several capital runs, and in going down you will pass some good-sized waterfalls, which at particular seasons of the year

are pretty certain to contain an averaged-sized sea trout. I know several gentlemen here who have killed them at this spot; in fact, I myself got one in the largest of the waterfalls over a pound in weight, and a bright and plucky fish it was; but they have been got here several pounds' weight.

We now arrive at what is called the White Bridge, and if you have had sufficient sport, you may take the road on your left, which you must keep to the left, as it forks at the top of the hill, and go straight back to the station. If you have time—say two or three hours—go on fishing below the White Bridge. There is plenty of capital fly water from this to the sea, and during autumn a great chance for sea trout, especially if they would keep those abominable nets out of the river. I have seen them stretched across it here repeatedly; and, *à propos* of that, I may mention the following circumstance: the last time that I fished from the bridge to the sea—*previously higher up I had had good sport*—the fish from some unaccountable reason ceased rising. I changed my flies, and tried on all sorts of dodges; but to no purpose. I had not gone on much further, however, before I met a man coming slowly up the banks, who afterwards turned out to be a farmer in the neighbourhood. I got into conversation with him, and told him my woes. The information he gave me convinced me at once that my tackle was not at fault in the least:—*He had netted the place on the previous week with great success, and evidently looked upon my rod and line with the same derision that a sportsman looks upon a popgun.* Oh! did I not feel my enthusiasm gradually taking its departure, and after a few disconsolate casts, I reeled up my line, bid my farmer friend a most mechanical and unceremonious good-bye, and walked back again, awfully disgusted. [The netting alluded to by Mr Tod is now almost a thing of the past. The bad old times of which he writes were before River Inspectors or Angling Associations were known.] Between the bridge and the sea on the left, and close to the river, is a farmhouse, where several times I have improved my sandwiches with some excellent milk, and just a *wee drop of the cratur in addition*. It is wonderful how liable we anglers are to wet feet; therefore, we are seldom without the remedy.

There are much deeper pools from opposite the aforesaid farmhouse than any on Douglas River, which contain some good trout, and afford during the spawning season shelter for salmon and sea-trout of much larger size than any which ascend that river. These, *I am confident in stating*, are poached in every possible way, and with *far* more success than on the Douglas River. The last half-mile or so before opening on the sea is very troublesome fishing-ground—large boulders covered with white lichen lie in various places in the stream, whilst on either side of you the rocks rise perpendicularly to a considerable height; therefore an amount of scrambling and break-neck work must be looked for. I should advise those who can to try artificial minnow in some of the pools here. I have tried it on the Douglas River with success, killing eight above Tromode the first time I tried it—the largest being eight ounces, and none below a quarter of a pound. The Phantom Minnow is the best. Why should it not succeed here?

In conclusion, I have fished almost the whole 'of this river several times, but not more than the half of it on the same day, and have occasionally succeeded in getting some really good baskets, but my average take has been about two dozen and a half.

RIVER SILVER-BURN.

Ay! well-named, Silver-burn. This, in the estimation of many, is one of the most enchanting streams on the Island, and the associa-

tions in connection with it, concerning the old Abbey, surrounded as it is on every side with varied landscapes of great rustic beauty, and other things of interest to the antiquarian, render it doubly so—but for information on this point *vide* 'Guide-book.' And now to the text. I shall take you to it by the nearest route, and after showing you the best way to fish it, leave you to form your own opinion of the stream. The village of Ballasalla from Douglas is eight miles distance. The trains to Castletown all stop. There is a little inn, where you will probably go in to light your pipe and prepare your tackle for the day's fishing. On leaving the inn, turn to your left: any person will show you the way to Rushen Abbey, which is close at hand, and past which the river flows. When you arrive at the bridge on the main road you will have the Abbey to your right, with a beautiful avenue of trees overhanging the river; whilst on your left it passes through green fields overhung with huge willows, underneath which are stretches of deep and smooth-running water. But let us halt at the bridge, and deliberate before we proceed farther. On the left of the bridge, and from that as far as Castletown, you have about a mile and a half of good "fly" water, with lots of good pools, and easy walking almost all the way. Let us go down: first put on your fly cast, fish the pool below the bridge, then cross the stepping stones below it to the left bank, and continue until you come to a fall a few hundred yards below. Then cross the stream to the right bank, which is easy walking, and fish to and from Castletown; but if you prefer worm fishing, on leaving Ballasalla, turn to your left and go straight on. You will shortly have three roads before you—take the one on your extreme right, and, before you pass through the upper portion of the village, turn to your left at a right angle to the road. Crossing the mill-race, *which contains some good fish in many a cunning little nook and corner*, cross over the old stone bridge, which, of course, will take you to the left bank of the river. There is a capital pool immediately above the bridge—in fact a sort of waterfall from the dam above. It generally contains some good trout; but go on, keeping to the left, until you come to the junction of the two streams which form the main. The right-hand branch comes from St. Mark's; the lower portion of it contains some good rocky pools, though of small size, whilst the upper part has the appearance of an ordinary mountain burn. This branch under ordinary circumstances will afford you good sport for one rod—say three dozen or so—but it must be fished with worm alone.

But to return to the junction. As is generally the case where two streams meet, the formation of a good pool is the result. Fish it,—*that's advice gratis*,—but let us take the left branch or main branch, and proceed. From this, as far as Torrance's Ochre Works, is bothersome fishing, brambles, whins, etc., overhanging some of the best water; cross the stream at the ochre works the best way you can, and keep the right bank, fishing the while. You now come to another waterfall, similar in character to the one last mentioned, only somewhat larger; fish it carefully, and I have no doubt you will be repaid for your trouble. Immediately above this there is a dam, which takes off part of the stream to the works. Always fish the mill-races; they generally contain good fish; and the little wooden plank bridges which are frequently thrown across them are pretty certain shelter for a heavy fish. Above this the river runs smoothly and gently through a belt of trees which overshadow it on either side, and, aided by a good rippling breeze, you may fish this stretch with fly; and when the river is coloured spend some considerable time here with a worm. We now come to a stone bridge, above which there is a mill; cross the bridge to your left, *and look out for dogs*.

Keep the left bank now, *but fish the mill-race first of all*. You have some excellent pools and runs here until you arrive at a cluster of cottages on your left. You will have to cross the stream several times at this portion, which on either side is covered with brushwood of all sorts; but tear through until you come to another bridge, over which the high-road from Peel to Castletown passes (you can get back to Ballasalla from this by crossing the road to your left, and keeping to your left when you arrive at the four cross-roads, which are about one and a half miles from this); on crossing the bridge, and on the left of the stream, there is a private road leading down to a woollen manufactory. There are a few good pools from this to the factory, but they are rather difficult of access. The proprietor of the above place will, I am sure, furnish you with every information regarding the upper water; but, in case you do not meet him, I should go on. There is another of those what I should call mill-dam waterfalls here; cross the stepping-stones immediately below it to the right bank, and go on. You will, *after some bad walking*, shortly come to lots of splendid water, which continues for about half a mile or more, above which the river forks off into two branches. The left, or main branch, rises from the Round Table, on the left shoulder of South Barrule; while the right goes up in the direction of Foxdale. At this junction, *above which you will perceive a few cottages surrounded by trees on the LEFT BRANCH*, and if you feel disinclined to proceed further, strike up through the fields to your right at a right angle to the stream. You will then hit upon the high-road, where there is a sort of village; turn down to your right, and proceed to the bridge last mentioned; keep straight on till you come to the four cross-roads near Kirk Malew; then turn to the left, and you will shortly arrive at Ballasalla. But before doing this, I should advise you to fish the branch streams at the head of the river, and by doing so you will be certain to improve the appearance of your basket. Taking this stream with its branches, I consider it is the best on this side of Douglas by a long way. This is not my own opinion merely, but the opinion of many gentlemen here who are better acquainted with it than I am.

GLEN RUSHEN AND DALBY RIVER.

I am now going to take you to the 'Far West' of the Isle of Man, "amongst moors and mosses many," and where you will meet some of the most primitive people on the Island. You might almost imagine yourself for the time as having been guided to the spot by one of the most powerful of Manx fairies, in order to give you in some measure an idea of "ye manners and ye customs of the ancient Manx;" but that is not *my* object. And now for a day's really genuine burn-fishing in the full acceptance of the word, the sort of day which to me recalls some of my boyhood's pleasantest memories. Prepare your tackle on the previous evening, which should consist of several spare gut casts of ordinary thickness, a small quantity of split shot, several average-sized round-bend bait-hooks, and also a good stock of well-scoured worms in a large flannel bag, full of fresh moss slightly damped. Take a companion with you if possible; order a car the previous evening to call for you at six or seven o'clock in the morning; and by all means take a driver, and, if you can, one who knows that side of the Island. It is thirteen miles to Glenmeay village—where you get off to commence your day's fishing. But first of all send your car on two miles farther, and tell the driver to put up at the farm-house Borraine, which is situated on the bank of the stream, and close to a small plantation. There are three roads before you on the top of the hill at the village: the right-hand road takes you past the newly erected village inn to Glenmeay Waterfall, which is well worth a

visit, the character and scenery round putting one something in mind of the river Esk and Hawthorden, near Roslin, concerning which Sigourney says,—

“Down, down, precipituous and rude,
The rocks abruptly go;
While through their deep and narrow gorge
Foams on the Esk below.
Yet though it plunges strong and bold,
Its murmers meet the ear
Like fretful childhood's weak complaints,
Half-smother'd in its fear.”

Now, the river here has very just cause of complaint. All those splendid waterfalls contain no trout; in fact, the stream from the sea, as far as the mines, which includes more than a mile of water, is rendered perfectly barren, on account of the poisonous nature of the lead-water which is allowed to pass into it from the mines. It is perhaps not unworthy of remark that, whenever a lead mine is opened on the banks of a stream, fishing on that stream (as long as the mine continues to be productive) is entirely at an end. Can nothing be done to prevent the wholesale destruction of one of the finest of fresh-water fish, viz., the trout, which on several rivers here has become totally extinct solely from this cause? But to return to the village: let us take the road to the left—which, by the way, is not a very good one—and go on until we come to the slate quarries; and when we get above the lead into clear water (we have been on the left of the river ever since leaving the village), put your rod together, bait your hook, and proceed. If variety in the shape and size of pools be charming, you will have it here. You will pass one or two large dams or sheets of water on your way up, over which you might have a cast with fly. You now come to a farm-house on the left of the stream. Farther still above this there is a small stone bridge, over which the mountain road passes: below this there is a very good pool, from which I once killed two fair trout. Above the bridge the river breaks off into two forks, both of which contain plenty of black mountain trout, the right being the main, besides being your guide to the Dalby stream. Follow it to its source, then turn and look behind you, and you will have a glimpse of very fair vale and mountain scenery. But turn again; keep straight from the source, as if you were still doing up the stream, and when you get to the top of the hill incline to your right; cross over a mountain road here, and go on for about three-quarters of a mile until you sight a glen, with very steep grassy banks, below you to the right. From the source of this, as far as the farm-house on the right, I have killed some of the best trout of the day, and more nobly marked fish I never killed on the Island. On we go, brushing through little belts of woods, wading through most beautifully grown ferns, until we come to the next farm-house, which is also on the right of the river, and close to a small stone bridge, with a plantation immediately below it. This is the farm-house where you should find your car put up. If you go into the kitchen, take notice of the old-fashioned fire place—you can sit round it and look up the chimney. Shall we step in here for some oat-cake and a glass of milk? No; leave that till afterwards, and let us go on as far as the sea, between which and this you should kill at least two dozen. It is very difficult fishing, especially through those belts of trehs, where, if you are addicted to striking hard, you are certain to come to grief by having your line fast in the branches overhead, with probably a trout attached, who will of course wriggle and wabble about in the branches till he makes matters worse, after which performance he generally drops off back into the stream again,

and you lose your cast, the fish, and last, though not least, your temper. In a place like this give them time to get the hook well into their mouths, and a very slight motion of the wrist will make all fast; then reel up and lift carefully and steadily. There are several considerable waterfalls close to the sea: be careful in approaching them—they are full of fish, I once killed two very good ones in the very last pool on the sea-shore.

Now, I shall tell you a ghost or buggane story in connection with this locality which was related to me by a man who was born in the neighbourhood; a story that, of course, is founded on facts—which, we are given to understand, are very stubborn things. In the first place, let me inform the uninitiated in these matters that a buggane, as far as I can make out, is an immense fairy or sprite, whose nocturnal rambles are subjects of great dread to numbers of the peasantry, and whose immense height, together with the total want of a head, makes him, to say the least, an ugly customer. It appears that several years ago there lived an individual of very intemperate habits in the village of Glenmeay. Trudging home from the inn, after his evening's debauch, he frequently met a buggane, and after such encounters you may be certain he would have something very wonderful to relate next day to his companions. At last he became notorious for his yarns in this respect. But now for the grand climax. Some man residing in Dalby, whose good lady was on the eve of her confinement, had to go one night to Glenmeay in a hurry for a midwife. He found her, and they both started to go back together to Dalby; but as she did not walk sufficiently fast to his liking, he, being a powerfully built fellow, made the following proposal, namely, that he should carry her the rest of the way—but how? That was quickly settled. The fair dame was quickly mounted on his shoulders, with a leg over each—in fact, on his neck *à la fourchette*; and away they went until something tumbling about in a whin-bush arrested their attention, which evidently amused the good woman on the howdah; however they passed on. Now, for the sequel. Next day the hero of our anecdote told one of his best buggane stories—how as he was going home on the previous evening he saw an immense buggane, about seven feet high; that he had to creep into a whin-bush to let it pass; and that, as it did so, it cackled, snuffled, and haw-hawed in an unearthly manner. The wonderful story soon reached the ears of the compound bugganes, who at once gave a very different description of the case. The parties in question knew the man, who they saw was intoxicated, tumbling about in the whin-bush, and the unearthly sounds which he heard were the hearty laughter of the good woman from her perch at his apparent fright and utter helplessness. I am further assured that since that he has never boasted of having seen another buggane.

In conclusion, and especially during a long day's fishing, let me urge upon you the necessity of carrying plenty of sandwiches and a flask (N.B. trespassers are not often prosecuted who carry the latter), and have a pair of dry shoes and stockings stowed away in the car, so that you can drive home in comfort after your day's sport.

Kirk Santon river can be easily reached from Douglas by the numerous trains daily running, which are a great boon, as it affords a long and hard day's fishing.

PEEL AND GLEN HELEN RIVERS.

Peel River, about four years since, used to be as good a river for a day's fly-fishing as any within the same distance from Douglas, and many a nice basket of fish I have taken therefrom. But alas! since that, the lead demon has taken possession of the whole valley. Less than twenty years ago this river, at the fall of the year, used to be

full of sea trout. I am personally acquainted with a party of gentlemen here who about that time went there together for the purpose of fishing it, and my informant assures me that in less than half an hour he killed five sea trout, averaging from two to five pounds each, with worm, and all out of one pool.

Now, this shows at once that the number of fish in the river at that time must have been very considerable; but, on the other hand, we must bear in mind that it is only on the occasion of great and successive floods that such quantities appear in small rivers like this, and only during the fall of the year.

Even now I am given to understand that a few stragglers, *i.e.*, sea trout, make their way through the lead water as far as Glen Helen; but the river must be flooded, and the poisonous character thereof considerably reduced by the additional body of water, to induce them to pass up. But let us leave Peel River; cease, in the mean time, "Marius like," mourning over its ruin, and pass up to the clear and pellucid waters of Glen Helen, where we can get some good fishing. But before going any further I must tell you where it is, and how to reach it. Any of the numerous trains to Peel will convey you to St. John's Station (the junction for the Northern line). Here you have your choice as to where you would like to strike the main river. It is most easily reached by taking the road to the right, and following it straight on, leaving Tynwald Hill on the right, after walking some three-quarters of a mile, you come upon the stream. Fishing, especially with fly, is excellent up to the Wool Mills. Here you come to that part of the river you would have reached by taking the other route, which is as follows:—When getting to Tynwald Hill, following the main road, through the village, and, after walking about half a mile, you arrive at Ballacraigne Inn, take the road to the left, which passes the gable end of the inn, and walk straight on for about half a mile, until you come to a stone bridge. On your left, and looking down the river, are the wool mills; whilst on your right, and looking up, is a very pretty wooded glen, with some cottages to the left. From this bridge, in going down, and as far as Peel River, more especially if the river is in order, will be found sufficient for one day's fishing. The upper portion, again, as far as Glen Helen Hotel and pleasure grounds should be fished by your companion, if you have one with you. Or it can be reached by well-appointed busses which run during the summer months between the Hotel and Station. I have killed a nice dish of trout several times from the bridge as far as Peel River with fly. There are several mill-races on the way which might afford considerable sport to the worm fisher when the river is coloured. The last race empties itself into a capital pool, where I have frequently during the spring killed some good-sized yellow-fins, and from this as far as Peel River have generally had the best sport. The banks are covered with whins and brush-wood; so that in fishing with fly a certain amount of care will be found requisite. The nearest bridge to Peel River is the one over which the main road to Douglas passes. Take the road to your left, looking down the river, if you wish to return to St. John's or "Ballacraigne Inn:" if not, and if you have time, fish back to your starting-point—the road from which to the right takes you to Ballacraigne. The upper water from the bridge is excellent, provided there has been rain overnight. There are some long reaches of good fly water here, and at and above the mill on the left some good pools for either fly or worm. The scenery, beautifully wooded as it is on this upper reach, is too well known to every tourist to require description from me. Rhenass Waterfall, which is about a mile higher up, is well worth seeing. Excellent accommodation, and permission to fish, can be obtained at the hotel

In conclusion, this river should afford you at least half a basketful under ordinary circumstances. Recently a resident angler here killed in one day on the upper reach nine dozen trout, but the river was in the very best condition at the time.

SPOOYT VANE AND LITTLE LONDON RIVERS.

There are two ways of reaching these charming little rivers. The shorter, if more prosaic one, is to take the train to Kirk Michael Station; upon approaching which the line crosses two streams. The first, and best, is the Spooyt Vane—the one nearest is the Kirk Michael. Walking about a mile along the Kirk Michael and Peel main road, the stream is reached. The lower portion is in the hands of a Company, who have laid out extensive pleasure grounds. About half a mile further on "Spoot Vane" is reached; to the lower portion of which the same remarks apply. The longer, but much pleasanter way, is to make up a party of two or three, as you have some distance to go ere you reach the ground, where you will at once have before you two of the best streams in the Island, and, if the water be at all coloured, more than a day's fishing in either. There are several ways of fishing the above places. For a party of two, I should recommend the following route: Start as early in the morning as you please; if at day break so much the better. Make a good breakfast—It will enable you to pull through the first part of the day until lunch time—and take plenty of 'grog' with you of all sorts: as to tackle, etc., take both fly and worm. Drive to Injebreck (seven miles from Douglas), where there is a capital hotel. You will now have about a mile and a half of a walk by the old road from this to the top of the hill, which is so steep that a loaded car seldom or ever attempts the ascent. On your way up you will pass through one or two mountain gates, and when you reach the top of the hill, keep on to the left until you come to the junction of another road on the left; take this road, it leads to Kirk Michael, whilst at its commencement you have the Little London River in the glen below you to the left. Let one or two of the number get off here and fish Little London and its numerous branches. Your other companion will then proceed to Kirk Michael, where he will have the horse put up at the inn, to feed and rest until the afternoon, when he should have orders to leave, and go on to the Hotel at Glen Helen, there to put up again and wait until ultimately the whole party arrive there with, I expect, heavy creels and light hearts.

There are one or two branches at the head of Little London—before you come to the farm-house, with its old conservatory—which are well worthy of the attention of the worm-fisher. After having fished them you arrive at a farm-house called Little London: below this, a little farther on, there is another branch stream, still to the left; and a capital one it is. Pass on again, and beyond this you may put on a fly cast and fish as far as the farm of Rhenass, in the neighbourhood of which you will find excellent fly pools. There is another considerable branch here to the left, which passes and joins the main river close to the farm, and which you should fish with worm. Passing on from this junction, there is some really capital fly water—deep rocky pools of considerable length; but the footing in some places is bad. Before you come to Rhenass Fall, which you cannot mistake, cross the river to the left and enter the plantation. You will meet with a footpath here which will take you down to the foot of the fall, on the left of which there is another tributary of some importance. It will occupy fully a couple hours to fish it; after which, and when you come to Rhenass Fall, put up your tackle, as the river below is preserved,

and walk on, keeping the right bank of the main river until you come to the Hotel, on the right of which is the main road; where you will be very glad to rest awhile, and where your car and companions are probably waiting for you. But let us go back to the Spooyt Vane, which the other party have fished, and of which I have not as yet given you a description. Leaving the inn at Kirk Michael, turn to the left, and walk on for a short distance until you have two roads before you: take the one to your right. You will shortly drop down into Glen Wyllan, through which a tolerable stream passes; but the fishing is much damaged here on account of some mineral and other water which is allowed to run into it. There is a small branch at its source, which contains some good trout: but you may pass this glen, and keep straight on for about half a mile, keeping the road to your right until you arrive at a stone bridge close to the sea, underneath which runs the Spooyt Vane stream. On the right of the road and above the sea-beach, close to a little mill, are some pools worthy of notice. The size of the stream, which is only fishable with worm, will, I dare say, somewhat disappoint you; but nevertheless it contains plenty of trout. You will have three or four miles of water before you. After leaving the bridge there are good pools for about half a mile up, until you come to the waterfall, or Spooyt Vane ("White Spout"), from which the river derives its name. The fall in my estimation, is by far the highest in the Island, but it seems to me to be far the highest in the Island. After heavy rains I am certain it would well deserve attention. It is somewhat of the shape, though in miniature, of the famous Grey Mare's Tail (waterfall), near Moffat, in the south of Scotland. Above this there is plenty of regular burn fishing-places, where you have to poise your line well in letting it into the pool between twigs and rushes; but there are good trout in almost all those nooks. It is very troublesome fishing here, more particularly if there is much wind: to do so you will have to *shot* your line, in order to steady it in entering the pools. I remember, *à propos* of that, fishing a mountain stream in Scotland during a very high wind, when I had to place a regular junk of lead above the worm, in order to steady the line. To my astonishment, the fish seemed more attracted by the lead than by the intended lure, rising at it in the most determined manner. I profited by the hint, and put on immediately above the lead a large-sized black hackle, which did more execution that day than its lively contemporary; but, however, that is merely an experiment, or rather a *dodge* under extraordinary circumstances. But to return to our subject: when you are getting near the source you will perceive a large wheel; and workings above you. Walk across the fields to your left, and strike up for some farm-houses and a kirk, which are on the wayside; having gained which, proceed (to the right) straight on, until, after about two miles' walking, you arrive at the inn near Glen Helen. About ten years since, this stream was fished by a resident angler and his three sons: their take amounted to thirty-three dozen, all of them being good fish. There are few of the worm-fishing fraternity here who do not give this stream a good character.

BALLAUGH STREAM.

The village of Ballaugh, now easily reached by rail, through which this stream passes, is in a very central position for anglers who are bent on a week or a fortnight's fishing in the North of the Island, as the rivers Sulby, Little London, Spooyt Vane, with a few minor streams in the locality, are all within easy walking distance. Those who are in the habit of staying for a few days' trout fishing, generally put up at an Inn;

but there are comfortable lodgings to be found in the neighbourhood for those who intend to stay for some time. The river here is entirely a worm stream, and suffers much by summer droughts, which I am told have great effect upon it; nevertheless, during rain, you may still have fair sport. If I intended visiting the Island on a fishing ramble, I should certainly make Ballaugh my head-quarters. The scenery in the neighbourhood is most beautiful. When you happen to be in the vicinity do not forget to pay a visit to Bishop's Court and the little dell close by, which is thickly wooded by large trees, which are covered with ivy to their very tops. The little stream passing through it should contain trout. A few different species of the fern attain an immense size here, and add much to the beauty of this secluded little spot.

SULBY GLEN AND RIVER.

This, without exception, is the most important and beautiful river on the Island. It passes through more than ten miles of country on its way to the sea; so from that you may easily form an idea of the time it would take you to give it a fair trial. If you really wish to fish Sulby River, you may as well make up your mind to stay for a week at Ramsey. The best flies for the lower portion of this river are red and black hackle, and a fly with a peacock herl wing, and dotterel spider—at least those are the flies that are most in favour with the anglers in the neighbourhood. The river from Ramsey, and until you get three miles further on, is a series of long, deep, and sluggish runs, with but little broken water; in fact, it is almost canal-like in its character, mud banks on either side, with willows, marsh, grass, etc., overhanging the water, which must, in some places be at least six or eight feet in depth, and which, at the same time, requires either a breeze or a coloured state of the river to make your success certain. Leaving the town, you pass over a stone bridge above the harbour, and go on the left until you shortly come to the junction of two roads; take the left, and presently, on your right, you will pass a windmill. Shortly after this you will get clear of the town, and on your right the country is flat—almost a dead level, intersected in every direction by fences surrounding small fields. But let us go on until we come to a lane on our left, which leads down to the river, at the foot of which there is a cottage: pass up the river to the plank bridge, and cross it to the left bank of the river; there are several excellent pools immediately above this, deep long runs, which continue until you come to the next plank; cross it, but be careful in doing so, as it is merely a single plank laid across from bank to bank, and very wobbly into the bargain, and a cold bath in a deep pool like this is not a very comfortable introduction to a day's fishing. About the same description of water continues as far as the next plank, which you cross again to the left bank. You now come to a few nice deep runs; a little further on you will pass a large pool or a basin, at the head of which there is a good run for fly. In this pool Mr Chas. Midwood, of Ramsey, who, by the way, was one of the most successful anglers on this side of the Island, tells me he was fortunate enough to hook and land a pure river trout which weighed four pounds and three-quarters. This is the heaviest trout I have ever heard of having been taken in any stream on the Island: it was killed with worm. He also informs me that he has frequently killed trout in this river about a pound and a half in weight. Passing this pool, and fishing as you proceed, you now arrive at another bridge or gangway: cross it. You pass a house close to this on your right: there are plenty of pools here, but the trees which overhang the river render the casting of a fly somewhat difficult. Cross the next bridge to the opposite bank:

you have now a cluster of houses to your left. The river here runs rather shallow, but shortly you will pass a mill-race which enters it (the water of which is taken from it above). I should advise you to fish this race, as it must contain some capital trout, besides which it is of considerable length, and in dry weather takes almost all the water from the river. You will in the next place come to the weir or dam in connection with it, the pool above which is excellent; on a clear still day I have seen more trout in it than in any pool in the Island; and a gentleman in the neighbourhood tells me that he has known a basketful to have been taken repeatedly from it alone, with worm, after heavy rains. From what I myself have seen, I can easily credit this statement. We have now Sulby Bridge before us. Standing on the bridge and looking up the river, the road to the left takes us to Ginger Hall Inn, about three minutes' walk, and to Ramsey about four and a half miles; whilst the road to the right, passing through Sulby village, leads, as you are aware, to Ballaugh, Kirk Michael, Peel, etc. On the left of the bridge, and in the foreground of the landscape, you cannot help noticing a somewhat peculiarly-shaped hill, called Primrose Hill: it is almost exactly similar in shape to a well-known hill near Edinburgh, called Arthur's Seat, which gives one the idea of some immense animal lying down with its head erect. Above Sulby Bridge there is another mill-race, which passes by the bridge on the right of the river, and which also contains good trout. Above the weir, and on the right of the river, is the farm of Ballabrooie; above that again a woollen manufactory, and still farther on a starch manufactory. The water in this neighbourhood is really good. On leaving the works you cross a little stream which enters the river to the right; but which is not of much consequence. Keep the right bank for about two miles up, during which time you should have some excellent fly-fishing. You now come to a small stream which enters the river to the left, called Brockary: it contains plenty of good trout, but must be fished with worm. Keeping the main, you may fish with either worm or fly, until you arrive at the farm on the hill-side to your right, called Airey-Kelly: there is another stream to the left here, of considerable length, but fishable only with worm. The river and its branches at Airey-Kelly are visited frequently by some of the keenest of our worm-fishing fraternity, and can be reached from Douglas in the same manner as that described for Spooyt Vane and Little London, with this exception, that when you arrive at the top of the Injebreck Hill you take the valley below you to your right for Airey-Kelly, the left for Little London, etc. The character of the stream below Airey-Kelly is bold and rugged in the extreme, the banks on either side being covered in the greatest profusion with ferns of different kinds. You will meet with several waterfalls in the vicinity, of extreme beauty and great depth. The water in these places seems of a greenish blue, like bottle glass; and if you are careful in approaching them, you will have the pleasure of seeing some splendid trout playing on the surface. But remember this, if they catch a glimpse of you, even for an instant, the most tempting fly or worm will not induce them to move; so that when you hit upon one of these large pools I should advise you to *circumvent* it; that is to say, get below it, keeping well out of sight, and throw a long line up towards the fall. If you can manage this judiciously, you will be fully paid for your trouble and caution. When the river is low and clear, with a bright sun overhead, it is only by extreme care, and by using all manner of artifices, that you can catch this finny weasel napping in places in the above description. I have never had an artificial minnow with me here, but feel confident that a practised hand might use it to great advantage, and rob the largest

pools of some of those bright spotted chieftains who have reigned for some years their sole monarchs of the pools. I have heard of a good basket having been taken here with live blue-bottle flies, so that the trout in this stream must be fond of what we try to avoid in the artificial fly—"a regular buzzer."

KENNA AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Kenna River was, until lately, one of the best trout streams on this side of the Island; but the main stream has been almost entirely destroyed by the lead-water from the mines of North Laxey, which for some time has had free access to its waters: its tributaries, however, are deserving of notice. These streams are situated about half-way between Laxey and Ramsey. On our way from the former we pass a little glen called the Dhoon, into which runs a small stream (near the sea) named the Nulligs: the latter, I believe, contains some fair trout; but I should not get out to try it, save for experiment. I have heard of five or six dozen being taken from it with worm; but from its extent I should hardly give it credit for containing that amount *in toto*. The next stream we come to, after passing this and taking the old road to the right, is the first of the tributaries of the Kenna, or main stream. You get off at the bridge, where there is a cluster of cottages, which the natives call *Le Ya Ya*—that is the sound of the word, at least. It is generally understood that one has a licence in the spelling of proper names; but when they are in the Manx language a special licence should be granted. From the bridge and village the stream is not of very much consequence, although the pools as far as the wooden bridge are tolerably good. From below the bridge the stream assumes a new feature. Keep the right bank. You have now a succession of pools before you, and good ones too; but as you get farther on, the footing begins to get desperately bad; the banks are boggy, steep, and slippery; whilst the pools beneath you are so good that it would almost seem as if they were placed there for the purpose of inducing you to break your neck in trying to reach them for the sake of fish which you feel confident are Brobdiagnian in their proportions. After having fished for about half a mile, you come to a wood which continues on either bank of the stream, till its junction with the main. The pools, a series of capital deep waterfalls, which pass through it, are all that could be desired by the most fastidious bait fisher. The old Latin proverb concerning the descent to the infernal regions is a truism, and the descent to those pools is just as easy, provided you make up your mind to go in for a dive, which you could not well complete without coming into violent contact with trees, brambles, etc., on your way, and finishing the experiment by fracturing some part of your anatomical structure on the rocks which are prepared to receive you in the pool beneath. It is all very jolly to make fun of this sort of fishing. A friend of mine in commencing his day's fishing got the following advice from the man who farms the land above this portion of the river, which was at once interrogatory and advisable:—"Have you ever fished this river before, sir?" "No!" said he, "are there good fish in it?" "Yes!" replied the farmer, "capital fish! but you should insure your life before you proceed further." But, joking aside, this is the most uncometable little river in the Island; but it is to be fished, and contains good fish too, and in quantity. I have known several here who have taken pains to fish it, and have been rewarded with great success, but they have used caution in doing so. We now, after having fished upwards of two miles of water, arrive at the junction of the above branch with the main stream—KENNA. The less I say concerning the fishing here the

better ; but during spring there are a few "yellow fins" to be caught near the sea. There is one large rocky pool which at that season contains a good number of them. The valley on either side of you here is richly wooded. But let us pass on to the next branch, which is about a mile above. In the first instance we arrive at the village of Ballaglass, which is so well and justly noted for its beauty, that on this subject I shall not enter into details, although at the same time I should recommend you to go a short way up the main stream and have a look at the waterfalls, which are well worth seeing. You need scarcely trouble yourself to fish the main stream, as the former sport is almost entirely done away with by the North Laxey Mines, which at present are, to the angler, disgustingly prolific. The pool below Ballaglass Bridge is called by the natives here Spooyt Vane, but I am quite at a loss to find a reason for calling it so, as the name and place are by no means analogous. Not far above the bridge and mill you will hit upon another branch of the river, which joins it to the right as you go up ; there are some excellent pools at the lower portion, and higher up (above the next mill) it assumes the character of ditch, full of pools and runs. After you have followed its course for about a mile, you will at once notice a road to the right of the river which passes over a stone bridge not far from its source, but continue fishing above this ; and when you come to a dead stand for want of water and fish, retrace your steps to the bridge before mentioned, and turn to the road to your right, which, after a few minutes walking, will bring you to the Inn, where I expect your car will be put up. From the stream last-mentioned, especially after a night's rain, you should have an excellent dish of trout. Both the before-mentioned tributaries of the Kenna River, especially if you happen to get them in order, must yield you excellent sport, but they must be fished with worm alone. Let us, before we proceed further, put up our tackle, tie up our rods, throw off our heavy creels, and pass into the little parlour of the Inn, and while our car is getting ready we shall feel very thankful to "mine host" for a draught of *Manx bitter beer*. There are some wonderful works of art in this little parlour : paintings on glass representing ships in full sail scudding over the most extraordinary representation of a sea. The ship which I used to purchase in my boyish days as *warranted to swim*, having been placed on a parcel of broken bottle glass, lathered with soap-suds in lieu of foam, to represent the raging sea, might have served as an excellent model from which to paint the above extremely pre-Raphaelite productions.

LAXEY GLEN.

EMBRACING GLEN ROY, SNAEFELL, AND CREIG NEISH GLENS.

Laxey Glen is distant eight miles from Douglas. The ten o'clock coach which leaves Douglas for Ramsey will leave you at Laxey shortly after eleven ; but I should advise you to be on the ground, by walking or otherwise, long ere that. There are several branch streams here, in conjunction with the main, which contain (more or less) a certain quantity of trout : but there are only two of the main branches which I have confidence in recommending.

Glen Roy River, of the two, is by far the best stream. It contains a good body of water, and has more pools and tributaries than Snaefell stream, and the scenery is much more beautiful. To fish Glen Roy you must not commence operations until you get above the weir which takes off the water to drive the large mill at the foot of the glen. You will pass a rifle butt on your way to the weir, and now that you have reached it, commence at once with a fly. There is some very fair fly water from this for about

a mile higher up, when the stream begins to alter its character. The scenery and appearance of the river at this particular spot remind me forcibly of Glen Helen, below Rhenass Waterfall. When you come to the first tributary which enters the river to your left, you may at once change your tackle, and resort to your worm-bag; but keep the main river, and cross to the right bank. You will now have some splendid deep and rocky waterfalls, with good runs for upwards of a mile, in fact until you get to the next tributary. Trees overhang the water in every direction, and taking the place altogether, you will find it rather difficult fishing. Flocks of people during the summer come down to Laxey solely for the purpose of seeing the Great Water-wheel. I should strongly recommend them during their stay to visit this particular part of Glen Roy, which, as far as my humble judgment carries me, is by far the most beautiful spot in any of the glens which surround the neighbourhood of Laxey: it is only about half-an-hour's walk from the village. But to return to my subject. In fishing this and the upper portion of the stream, you must make up your mind to cross the river frequently; that is to say, if you wish to fish it properly. Wet feet seldom do much harm as long as you keep moving, and a dry pair of shoes and stockings put on when you get back to your hotel will make matters still more secure.

The next branch we come to enters the stream from the left, and one of some importance; but let us keep to the main. We meet again with more wood on the banks of the stream, and good pools besides, though of course not so large as those to which I have just alluded. You will shortly pass a wooden trough, or sluice, to your right, above which again there is some good water. Still farther on a small wooden bridge passes over the stream: above this you have fully a mile of regular mountain-burn fishing. If the river is in order, you should get a black yellow-bellied fellow out of almost every other pool.

And now having fished upwards of four miles of water, cross over to the right, and, keeping to the right, pass over the shoulder of the mountain for Snaefell Glen and stream. You will pass a little glen, on your way across, which you must not mistake for Snaefell: the latter is about a mile and a half from Glen Roy. I do not think much of the stream which runs through Snaefell Glen, for although you have plenty of water before you, in most places it runs thin and straggling, and here and there it occasionally makes a few very futile attempts at getting up a pool; nevertheless, after rain you should have fair sport here, though the trout are generally small. The glen itself is very pretty, yet even in this respect not all to be compared with Glen Roy.

Creig Neish Glen is the next in importance. It is situated immediately above the Great Wheel, and is a couple of miles in length. There are some capital pools in it; but the footing is bad, and the trout rather scarce; those you do get, however, are generally good. The *Osmunda regalis* grows in great luxuriance; in fact, in most of the glens about Laxey it is exceedingly plentiful. You will find it, as well as other ferns, growing to an enormous size here, especially in shelved situations. I may conclude by strongly advising you to go to Laxey for a day's fishing—to Glen Roy in particular, as you have several miles of as good water, for the size of the stream, as you can meet with on the Island. It contains good trout and plenty of them; but try, if possible, to be there during or after rain. It would be preposterous to advise you to go to small rivers of this description during a dry season, as when the river is low every trout in the pool, unless you approach with great caution, must see you, and a general alarm is the result, which makes your best attempts useless. I know

several men who can, even under such circumstances, manage to kill a fair basket of trout; but they, of course, have a thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish, and use the very finest description of tackle in accomplishing their object; in fact, they are consummate anglers, in every sense of the word.

Another and very pleasant way of reaching Laxey, from either Douglas or Ramsey, is by the Mona Steamship Company's *Manx Fairy* or *Fairy Queen*. These steamers run twice a day during the summer months between Douglas and Ramsey, calling at Laxey and the Dhoon; passage about half-an-hour to Laxey, from Ramsey, about the same.

BIBALOE, OR WHITE BRIDGE RIVER.

This stream, situated close to Kirk Onchan, is about two miles from Douglas. The best and most expeditious way of finding it, is to walk to the village of Onchan; take the road on your right, which passes the church, then turn to your left and go on until you find yourself at Groudle Bay. From the church, as far as this, you will have the glen below you on your left as a guide all the way. The glen through which the stream passes should be much more celebrated for the beauty of its scenery than for the sport it affords the angler. It is, I think, the prettiest and most romantic little glen within easy walking distance of Douglas, especially when the gorse which covers the banks on both sides is in full bloom. And talking of gorse reminds me of sticks. I have cut and dressed some very handsome gorse sticks from the covers in this glen; indeed, Bibaloe Glen is well-known to the stickologists on this side of the Island. But, as usual, I am wandering from my subject. You will probably commence fishing opposite a small flour-mill close to the bay. Fish up, with worm, and be prepared for rough walking. About half a mile or so above this the river divides into separate branches—the left being the main. The right-hand contains some grand pools, and even better trout, but for a very short distance. After that it becomes inaccessible, and it requires a plucky fellow to fish the lower portion. The banks (save the mark!) are almost perpendicular, with the *Osmunda regalis* on either side in great luxuriance. I once brought home from this spot a specimen of the common bracken, measuring seven feet four inches in height. But let us keep to the main. Shortly after leaving the junction, we find ourselves amongst a chain of rocky pools and waterfalls. If you are fond of scenery, even though not a trout-fisher, pay this little spot a visit by all means: you will not regret it. As far as this I have frequently killed a dozen or so of averaged-sized trout.

We now enter a plantation through which the river passes, and where there are good pools. On getting into the fields again the river assumes a different character, running in shallow streams, with a few pools intervening here and there, until you come to the White Bridge. Cross the road to the upper side of the bridge, and fish up till you arrive at the Wellington Mills, which are about a quarter of a mile higher up. Take the right bank of the stream, and go on until you arrive at the Douglas Waterworks Reservoir. Above this again there is good water. About a mile above the beforementioned village the river falls off right and left, both branches being small mountain streams. Taking this river or burn altogether, it is very troublesome fishing, but, by sheer dint of perseverance and hard work, I have sometimes been able to kill two and three dozen trout in a day—some of very fair size. The Douglas Water Works reservoir referred to has now been displaced and rendered useless by the formation of a very extensive one some miles further up the stream. This contains some magnificent fish; and well

managed, would prove a fruitful source of revenue, if so judiciously stocked and treated as Lake Vyrnwy has since it became the chief source of the water supply of Liverpool. The late directors cared nothing for fishing; but as the whole of the Water Works Company's property has now become the property of the Town Commissioners, for a sum of £144,000, it is trusted a more enlightened policy may be pursued.

And now, kind reader, adieu for the present. But let me add, in conclusion, that I feel a certain amount of satisfaction in being your pioneer, as well as the author of the first Guide to the various trout streams in this beautiful Island. I may still further assure you that more than one-half of the visitors who come here to *do* the Island know literally nothing of its scenery in comparison with the humblest angler who trudges on foot at early morn to each sequestered glen. The lark sings gaily above his head; the murmur of the brook is to him a sweet unison of sounds; as he baits his hook, or loops on his fly cast, at the first pool he comes to, even the graceful fern from the opposite bank seems to acknowledge his presence, as with outstretched fronds it bows a dumb welcome to him through the medium of the morning breeze; and when on the point of leaving the spot, after wetting his line, he may do worse than acknowledge the greeting of his dumb friend, whom he will be happy to see still flourishing in the same spot, still bowing the same dumb welcome with which it first greeted him, when he revisits the glen at some future period, in pursuit of the most innocent and health-giving of all recreations, a day's trout fishing.

S.M.T.

By an Act of Tynwald, recently passed, anglers must obtain licences, which can be procured at the Postoffices of Douglas, Peel, and Castletown, and at Mr Kelly's, Market-place, Ramsey:—Licences for the whole season for salmon, &c., twenty shillings; licence for a whole season for trout alone, seven shillings and sixpence; licence for one week, two and sixpence.

SEA FISHING.

In the original edition of Mr Tod's work there was no mention made of sea fishing, but after its publication he contributed a most valuable paper to Brown's Guide, which proved him an adept both afloat and ashore. From it in the following paper I quote largely, in fact, the greater bulk of it is entirely his own. It must have struck the numerous readers of such papers as "The Field," "Fishing Gazette," "Land and Water," &c., how growing in public favour sea fishing is becoming. Nor are the reasons far to seek. The enormous increase in the number of the anglers of Great Britain, the formation of so many societies for the protection of fishable waters, the facilities given by the numerous railway companies for the cheap conveyance of the gigantic army of anglers to their happy fishing pools and streams, compel those lovers of angling who wish to combine in their holidays some chance of enjoying their favourite sport to seek it where they will not be crowded out, and where their means (alas, often too moderate) will go as far as possible. To all such, and many more who do not know its charms, sea fishing offers many and ample opportunities of enjoying sport in no way inferior to that which can be obtained in fresh water. Bait will be found the bugbear here as elsewhere. Unfortunately, the best all-round bait, mussels, can only

be obtained from Ramsey, and then only at spring tides. Some are imported by our local fishmongers, but they do not keep them as a rule. Then, next in order, come sand eels, lug worm, rag or white worm, soft crab, and herrings. But it never does to be without artificial bait, of which Messrs C. and B. Brooks and Messrs Hearder, of Plymouth, Mr. Brown, of Aberdeen, and Messrs. Braddell, of Belfast, make a great variety. A stock of spinners, indiarubber sand eels, and sea flies are indispensable. There is too much sameness about sea tackle (however good and strong) bought in London or inland towns, which often leads to disappointment, customers being assured that the tackle supplied is the correct gear, by men who have perhaps never seen the sea, much less taken toll from its untold wealth. The local names, not only in the Isle of Man, but also throughout Great Britain, both as to fish and bait, are so different and confusing, that the amateur does not know what bait to ask for, nor the local name of the fish he wishes to catch. As this, however, is a guide to the Isle of Man, it will be only necessary to translate the names mentioned in the following paper. Thus, "Calig" are Pollack, "Blocken," Coal Fish; "Carp," Sea Bream; "Bollen," Wrasse; whilst amongst the baits "Gibbons" are Sand Eels, and "Rag Worm," sometimes called white worm or jullag. With these few remarks we can get to the fishing, and assume a boat has been engaged at Douglas with the requisite tackle, for the purpose of having a day's fishing for whatever sort of fish happens to be on the coast or in season. It is what I might almost call a popular superstition, that salt-water fish may be taken with any sort of tackle which the fisherman—as far as his fancy may carry him—chooses to adopt. In fact, a hook at the end of a signal halyard, with any sort of bait attached, would by many be considered tackle by no means too coarse for the generality of sea-fish. Even the very professional fishermen themselves are no exception to the rule, to judge from the various descriptions of tackle which they are in the habit of using at all times of the year. A greater mistake cannot be made. I grant that the fish in salt water are more easily gulled (a bad pun) than their brethren in the rivers; but, in my humble opinion, twice the amount could be captured by the use of finer tackle. Gut, it is true, is expensive, and sea-tangle plentiful; so that a certain amount of risk is to be looked for by those who use it, inasmuch as they incur the chance of losing a considerable amount of tackle in the aforesaid weed, partially through carelessness, but much more through ignorance of the ground and the nature of the fishing in which the tyro is engaged.

In the first place, let us enter upon the subject of fishing in the month of July. The fish which are to be caught during this month are various—namely, mackerel, gurnet, codling, calig, bollen, etc. But, to ensure success, I should certainly recommend to take with him one of those lads who are always to be found on the quay, and whose existence during winter is almost totally dependant upon his tact as a fisherman. He has the great advantage of knowing the ground upon which the different kinds of fish are likely to be obtained, besides having the benefit of deriving knowledge from the older hands in winter. The cost of a boat is one shilling per hour; the fisherman or fisher-lad who accompanies you, if you take one, will charge you threepence for that time, and when you count up the dozens of codling, calig, whiting, or other fish, which strew the boat at the end of the day, you will own that he has not overcharged you. In fact, a guide to these unseen forests of tangle and plains of sand is to the novice indispensable; for, strange as it may appear to the uninitiated, these men can tell not merely the nature of the ground which they anchor on, but the exact species of fish they expect to find there.

Mackerel fishing is the finest sport which it is possible to have on salt water. They are a bold, biting, and plucky fish on the hook, and are in considerable abundance on our shores in the season. Ten or twelve dozen for one boat is by no means an uncommon occurrence. I have known a take of over thirty dozen, but, as a matter of course, that is very unusual. At the time of the year when the fish are beginning to appear thickly on the ground, every boat that can carry the merest rag of sail is enlisted in the service. Others, again, do considerable execution through the medium of a smaller boat, with a pair of sculls, but the lead they use to sink their line is less than half that required in sailing. There are about one hundred boats, varying in length from ten to thirty feet, kept for hire and fishing purposes, on Douglas Bay, and I doubt if you could find amongst their number two boats painted alike. At sunset, on a calm summer's evening, and when the boats are scattered over the bay, the effect produced by the diversity of colour is especially striking. The sun, beating direct upon their painted sides, brings out the different colours in great intensity, and adds much to the natural beauty of this splendid bay.

But, to return to the subject proper, viz., fishing, sailing-boats are let out at the rate of 1s. 6d. per hour. The man who goes with you, and you must have one, at least if you wish to avoid accident, and who at the same time will shew you how to manage your lines—trusts himself entirely to your generosity as to the amount of *douceur* he receives for his services. A mackerel line is composed of thick, well-twisted cord, fifty yards in length, at one end of which is fastened a junk of lead, weighing $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; about six inches above this lead a piece of whalebone is attached, whipped tightly to the lines at one end with waxed thread, whilst at the other end a strong brass swivel is fastened, to which the snood, as they call it here, or casting line, is attached. It generally consists of about from six to eight yards of very fine cord or silk line, to which again there is a gut cast about a yard in length, with a single or double hook fastened on which to secure the bait, which is merely a thin strip cut from the belly of a mackerel. The hook is passed through one end of the strip, which will, on account of its exceeding toughness, last a considerable time. As to the mode of using the tackle, it is so simple as to require little or no description, the line being merely passed over the side of the boat and paid out as it moves on. When a mackerel strikes, there is no mistaking its vigorous tugs for those of smaller fry. Take in the line quietly and steadily, until you come to within a yard of your fish; do not allow him to break water or dart about when close to the boat, but lift him, with a gentle swing, clear over the gunwale. Look to your tackle, and proceed as before. The size of hook used here is a No. 4 Limerick; a size larger is advisable. When fish are plentiful, you will do more execution with a short snood, about four yards long. and, when scarce, as a matter of course, *vice versa*.

Next to mackerel the Calig, as it is called here (and coal fish), affords the most sport, and, therefore, they must have the next place. Calig ought to be got on this coast weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 30 lbs.; and though they may be killed during the day, the best time to commence operations is about dusk, say from 7 till 9 p.m., or as the day breaks, when you should be on the ground, and, if the evening be tolerably good, with a light breeze and a half tide, doing considerable execution. The mode of fishing for them which is commonly practised here, is trolling. You rig up two or more lines made of whipcord, with about 35 yards in each; they should be stretched and wetted well in order to prevent them kinking: but to ensure perfect safety in this respect, I always have at least two brass swivels on a line, as in hauling in fish

hand-over-hand they are almost certain to spin round, which, as a matter of course, either twists the gut or the line, and it is no easy matter at dusk to disentangle about 30 yards of line that has got thoroughly kinked; besides the loss of time is of great importance. The cast I use is made up of about twelve yards of the strongest gut, with two flies tied on No. 2 hooks; the body is composed chiefly of silver tinsel, with one feather from underneath the wing of the white gull, and about three inches long. With this fly, in about an hour and a half, I have with two lines frequently killed on an average 18lbs. weight, from 5lbs. or 6lbs. downwards; others, instead of fly, use sand eel, which is much more killing; others, again, white worm dug from the sand. In fact, I could mention baits innumerable—slips of tin, pieces of white kid glove, white rag, etc.; but as far as I am concerned I prefer fly, or Brooke's "Little Pet," as being much cleaner, less troublesome, and answering the purpose quite sufficiently. Provided you are on proper ground, and the fish are taking, a small boat, twelve or fourteen feet long, is just as handy a one as you can get for the purpose, with a pair of light sculls; and when you get to the ground, which is generally about fifty yards from the rocks in deep water, and above a bed of sea tangle, keep the boat moving gently, in fact, just sufficient to keep the flies in motion, and from coming in contact with the bottom, and you will be almost certain to kill fish. You should always carry a clip or gaff for large fish, as it is not at all safe to attempt to lift a fish even 3-lbs. weight over the gunwale by means of the line.

The month of August is one of the best seasons of the year for deep sea fishing in Douglas Bay, as at that particular time the herring fleet is stationed here. It numbers upwards of two hundred boats, and the refuse of fish, etc., which is passed overboard in cleaning the nets whilst at anchor in the bay, after a night's fishing, and which is carried by various currents to deep water, induces the fish to come nearer shore, where they will have food in abundance. The hand-line now comes into great requisition. It is composed of a stoutish twisted cord, with a lead sinker at one end of about 1-lb. in weight, above which there are two chopsticks, which are pieces of whalebone about one foot each in length, and which are whipped to the main line (at one end) by means of waxed thread; whilst to the other a short twisted hair snood, with a smallish hook, is attached. Some lines are rigged up with an additional chopstick, but two will be found quite sufficient for the purpose, and much more handy. The mode of fishing is exceedingly simple, and the sport good. Anchor your boat in the neighbourhood of others whom you will be sure to find in the bay, busily enjoying the fun; bait your hooks with pieces of herring, herring melt, or the infallible sand worm; pass it overboard, and when you feel the lead touching the bottom, take in about a yard of the line, so as to keep the lead at a reasonable distance from the ground; sit still, light your pipe, chat away, and wait for the expected tug. It will be your own fault if you do not bring ashore some nice strings of codling, blocken, and calig. The above is the simplest kind of sea fishing, and the least labour is attached to it. Conger eels are also found in abundance on our shores. I have seen some specimens certainly six feet in length. Conger fishing is grand sport, but very dirty work, and, being such, to meet with anything like success, should be pursued after sundown. And if you wish to have any comfort while pursuing the sport, put on the oldest toggery you have got, and provide yourself with a pair of glazed leggings, reaching to the hip. The slimy nature of the fish, which is certain to come to close quarters with you, renders this provision necessary. In the next place, you should have a good stiff boat of at least 20 feet keel, with a man to take you to the ground, and who will

help you to manage an ugly customer. The expense is trifling and necessary, and you will not regret it, especially if you are fond of a little exciting sport, which it really is. Forty fathoms of strong line is the usual length for conger fishing, with a lead 1½lb. attached as a sinker; one strong chopstick, with a snood composed of three-ply fine whipcord, with a No. 8 sea hook, either with or without chain and swivel, will complete the tackle. You might use a couple of hooks, but the chance of getting on a pair of those sea monsters in such proximity to each other renders your chance of getting either very doubtful, as they will probably twist themselves into the complicated of knots, and end their *pas de deux* by either bending the hooks straight or breaking the hold from their mouths, and leaving you to consider that one hook is better than two. Bait with the freshest of fresh herring, or still better mackerel, for be it remembered that the conger is one of the greatest epicures of the sea. You fish for him in precisely the same manner as for codling. Be provided with a good strong clip or gaff, and when you have him in the boat try to keep him quiet, until you get him unhooked, by a smart blow across the vent with the stretcher or some other equally handy billet of wood; and if you can only manage to pass your knife through the back of his neck you will make him peaceable enough. I have actually known several fishermen who have been obliged to allow large fish to pass out of the boat again, being quite unable to manage them.

I will now briefly conclude my notes by alluding to carp-fishing. These splendid fish are to be found in the neighbourhood of Port St. Mary, Port Erin, and Peel, during the months of June, July, and August; they visit our coasts in large and densely-packed shoals, are bold and voracious when on the feed, but bite finely. Commence operations about six in the evening, and the longer you stay out, if the fish are on the ground and taking, the more success you will have of course. Twenty yards of ordinary sea line, with 5-0 or 6-0 hook, tied on with gimp, is the ordinary tackle for them. Be provided with some long pieces of lead of about 1oz. weight each, so that as the current increases or diminishes you can counterbalance its effect upon your line. Bait with pieces of herring, limpet, or mackerel, keep your bait about a yard from the bottom, and be careful when you bring your fish to the surface to lift him clean over the gunwale without a jerk. Carp average from 1lb. to 3lbs. in weight, and as many as 20 to 25 dozen have been taken by one boat during the night; but I should strongly advise no inexperienced person to indulge in carp-fishing unless he is accompanied by some one who is acquainted with the ground he is on and the nature of the fish. Let me assure you that there are very few who understand this branch of sea fishing. Joe Cowell, Market-street, Peel, a most successful fisherman, can give every information to those who wish for an evening's sport with carp.

A word more before parting, fellow-sportsmen; and pray take it as it is meant—for your own benefit. *Do not be stingy with the fishermen who accompany you.* Bear this in mind, and a full creel, a good appetite, and a light heart will be your reward. How many can purchase even the two latter with gold untold?

“We love the angler's quiet lot,
His meditative art,
The fancies in his hour of thought
That blossom from his heart.
All other things we'll cast behind,
Let busy toil alone,
And, flinging care unto the wind,
Will angle, angle on.”

STODDART.

S. M. T.

CONSTITUTION.

The Isle of Man is an ancient Kingdom; a distinct territory from England, and is not governed by English law, nor does any general Act of Parliament extend to it unless the Island be specially named or described therein. The Government of the Island is in some sense autonomous, and comes, perhaps, within a liberal definition of Home Rule. From the early part of the 10th century, it has had the Legislature which now exists, though in details its various parts have undergone modification at sundry times. This Legislature consists of three estates:—(1) The Sovereign; (2) The Governor and Council; and (3) The House of Keys. The latter body corresponds to the House of Commons, whilst the Council serves, to some extent, in the place of the House of Lords. The Manx Chambers have joint as well as separate functions, and, whilst exercising their joint functions, the composite body thus formed receives the name of the Tynwald Court. Even here, however, the separate character of the bodies is preserved as much as possible, for each body has its separate head or Speaker, and votes separately, a clear majority in each Chamber being required to carry a resolution. On all money matters coming before the Court, the Governor has the right of veto. All legislation has to pass through both Houses and receive the Royal Assent before being promulgated on Tynwald Hill. Each Act of the Legislature must receive the votes of thirteen members of the Keys in its support, or, in other words, a clear majority of the whole Lower House, before it can be passed. The Council is composed of the great Officers of the State in Manxland. It consists of the two Deemsters and the Clerk of the Rolls, the Lord Bishop, the Archdeacon and the Vicar-General, the Attorney-General and the Receiver-General. This body, up to recent times, deliberated with closed doors—neither the public nor the Press being admitted to its debates. Within recent times, however, this rule has been altered, and now, whilst reserving power upon occasion to exclude both the public and the Press, the sittings of the Council are open to all who care to attend. The Legislative powers of the Council seem co-extensive with those of the Keys, and, in addition to these powers, the Council forms a species of advisory body to the Governor—a kind of Cabinet. Proposed legislative measures can be introduced into the Council as well as into the Keys, and measures coming from the Keys can, by the Council, be accepted, altered, or rejected. In case of difficulties arising between these two bodies, committees are appointed for conference on the points in dispute. Sometimes conferences of the whole numbers of the two Chambers take place. Usually these conferences are held in private, but on a recent occasion (the Bellite crisis) the Governor suggested that the conference should be held publicly, and this suggestion was adopted.

In very early times the Members of the House of Keys were, it is said, elected by the people. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that for centuries the mode of election pursued was the very opposite of popular election. The House of Keys, indeed, received the name of "the self elected" from the mode in use of keeping up the roll of its members. The *modus operandi* was as follows:—When a vacancy occurred the remaining members met and nominated two individuals whom they thought suitable for the position, generally some prominent landowners, and afterwards the names of the individuals so chosen were submitted to the Governor, who selected one of the two to fill the vacancy. The position thus conferred was for life or until resignation, though the House had power of expulsion should occasion arise. This mode of election continued

down to the year 1866, in which year a complete revolution took place by the passing of the House of Keys Election Act, 1866. By that Act the Island was divided into ten electoral divisions, or constituencies, and a popular franchise created. The House was to have continuance for seven years, unless otherwise dissolved by the Governor, who has power of dissolution at discretion. Since 1866 there have been four dissolutions, but in each case the dissolution only slightly anticipated the statutory period of seven years. Representation was by the Act of 1866 distributed amongst the constituencies as follows: Douglas furnished three members, Ramsey, Peel, and Castletown one member each, and the six sheadings, exclusive of the towns, furnished three members each. This distribution of power becoming inequitable, through the increase of population and wealth in Douglas of late years, was altered by the Redistribution Act, 1891: by which Act Douglas now elects five members. The original number of members in the House being still preserved, the increased representation so acquired by Douglas, was acquired at the expense of the Sheadings of Michael and Garff, which now elect only two members each, as against three under the old system.

By the House of Keys' Election Act, 1866, a property qualification was made necessary to election to a seat in the House of Keys. This qualification was, 1st, the ownership of real estate of the annual value of £100; or, 2nd, the ownership of real estate to the annual value of £50, coupled with the ownership of personal property actually producing £100 per annum. To these was afterwards added, by the Act of 1881, a third alternative qualification, viz., the possession of personal property actually producing a yearly income of £150. A newly-elected member must, before taking his seat, hand to the Speaker of the House a statement showing his qualification, and a declaration by himself that he is duly qualified to be elected a member of the House according to the true intent and meaning of the House of Keys Election Acts. Should a member lose this qualification during his period of office, he is not to continue to sit and vote, but a new writ shall issue to elect another member in his stead. An undischarged bankrupt cannot be elected, but payment of his debts in full restores him to competency. The bankruptcy of a member of the House renders him incapable of sitting or voting for a year unless the adjudication of bankruptcy be annulled, or the creditors paid within that period. If this be not done by the end of twelve months the seat becomes vacant, and an election follows. Lunacy, ceasing to reside on the Island, or absence from the Island for twelve calendar months without cause satisfactory to the House, renders the seat of the member concerned vacant, and a writ to elect another member in his room must be issued. A person in holy orders, beneficed or licensed within the Island, is not eligible for a seat, and acceptance of an office of profit under Government by any member of the House of Keys renders his seat vacant, though he shall be eligible for re-election. Election petitions are tried before a Select Committee of the House of Keys, consisting of eleven members, to be reduced by challenge to five, whose determination is final.

The qualifications for voters in the election of members of the House of Keys are:--

1. Ownership of real estate within the district of not less than £4 annual value. In this franchise spinsters and widows are included; or
2. Occupation of real estate of annual value of £4. This franchise is confined to males; or
3. Occupation as a lodger in the district as sub-tenant for twelve months in the same lodgings, of a clear yearly value if let unfurnished of £10 and upwards. This franchise also is confined to males.

Registration is necessary to exercise power to vote; and with respect to tenant voters, registration cannot take place unless the tenant has occupied for twelve months next before the 12th of May in the year registration is claimed. In these elections the voting is by ballot.

The Church of England is established by law in the Isle of Man as in England. The Island is in itself a Diocese, under the well-known name of Sodor and Man. Formerly this diocese formed part of the Province of Canterbury, but in the year 1542 it was, by Act of Parliament, dis severed from Canterbury, and annexed to the Province of York. The diocese is represented in the Convocation of the Province by the Bishop, the Archdeacon, and one Proctor, who is elected by the clergy. Most, if not all, of the livings in the Manx Church are in the gift of the Crown. Tithes are commuted for money payments regulated by the provisions of the Tithe Commutation Act, 1839. Church rates, commonly called "Church cess," for the maintenance of the fabrics of the parish churches, throughout the Island, are compulsory.

Nonconformists are numerous throughout the Island; Methodism, Wesleyan and Primitive, prevailing in the agricultural districts. No fewer than seven distinct types of Dissenter have places of worship in Douglas. Almost all the petty restrictions under which Nonconformists formerly lived have been removed. Marriages are now legal in Dissenting places of worship without the presence of the Registrar of Marriages, which was until lately compulsory. Under the Burials Act, 1880, the burial service according to the rites of the Church of England may, after thirty-six hours' notice to the incumbent, be dispensed with, and the burial may take place either without any religious service, or with such Christian and orderly service at the grave as the person having charge of the funeral may think fit. This gives a Dissenter power to use the service approved of by the denomination to which he belongs.

Local government is carried on under the Local Government Act of 1886, upon lines much similar to those of the English Acts. Each of the four towns of the Island constitutes a district under the Act, and is governed by a body called the Town Commissioners. Full powers are given to deal with all matters relating to the drainage, lighting, cleaning, and governing the district. Insanitary dwellings, offensive trades, nuisances, and hospitals for infectious diseases are dealt with in this Act, which also contains provisions for the regulation of bake-houses, milk-houses, and markets. The regulation of buildings and streets, the provision of aid for extinguishing fire, and the control of the hackney cabs within the towns are also provided for by numerous provisions. In addition to these matters, the Commissioners have power to make by-laws upon a host of other subjects of importance in a well-governed town, the approval of the Tynwald Court to such by-laws being, however, a condition precedent to their coming into operation.

The qualification for a seat on the Town Commission is residence within the district for which he is elected, and occupation of premises of £12 annual value for a town district, and £8 for a village district. The term for which a Commissioner is elected is three years; but, as only one-third of the whole body retires each year, it takes three years to effect a complete change in the corporation. Every ratepayer, male as well as female, is entitled to vote in the election of Town Commissioners, but voting is open, the ballot not having been adopted in these municipal elections.

Down to the year 1888 the Isle of Man was in the unique position of being without a Poor Rate. There were, of course, charitable agencies of various kinds in operation throughout the Island, but they were of

a voluntary nature; nothing was "compulsory" so far as the poor were concerned. In the year 1888, however, an act was passed through the Legislature called the Poor Relief Act. Under this act a Poor Asylum is provided, such Asylum is, along with the Lunatic Asylum, to be managed by a Board called the Asylums Board, consisting of a Committee of the Tynwald Court to be elected triennially. Under the Act the towns and parishes of the Island were made into districts; and if the Governor shall be of opinion that adequate provision is not made for the support of the poor in any district, he may institute a public inquiry into the matter, the result of which may be laid before the Tynwald Court, and, if thought necessary, a Poor Relief Committee may be appointed for the district by the Tynwald Court. Such committee shall number at least five, and after the first be elected for one year by the ratepayers of the district, the whole *modus operandi* of the election being, however, subject to alteration by the Tynwald Court.

A yearly rate called the District Poor Rate is, if necessary, to be levied on real estate in the district, and is to be payable by the owner or occupier, but if paid by the occupier he may deduct one half thereof from his rent. Residence for three consecutive years gives a settlement, and the power of deciding as to the place of settlement of any poor person is vested in the Asylums Board, who may order the removal from the Island of any poor person whose place of settlement shall not be in this Island. The father, grandfather, mother, grandmother, children, and grandchildren of any poor person are deemed liable to maintain the pauper, and the District Committee may recover the amount expended for such maintenance as a debt from any of such relations.

Public elementary education is in the hands of an Education Board, who superintend the operations of School Committees throughout the towns and parishes of the Island. The Education Board is elected by the Tynwald Court out of the members of that body. The School Committees are elected by the ratepayers of the several towns and parishes. The Bible must be read in the schools daily, accompanied by such comment as may be suited to the capacity of the scholars. Provision must be made for instruction in religious subjects. The Education Act, however, contains a conscience clause, providing for the withdrawal during such reading of a child whose parents object to such instruction.

JUDICATURE.

Prior to 1883 the Judicature of the Isle of Man was modelled somewhat on the old system prevailing in England, but in that year the Isle of Man Judicature Act, 1883, was passed, and a complete revolution effected in the constitution and practice of the Courts. By the Act of 1883, adhering still to the English models, the Jurisdictions then exercised by the Court of Chancery, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of the Staff of Government, the Court of Common Law and by the Deemster's Court, and the Admiralty Court, were united and consolidated into one Court of Judicature, under the name of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice of the Isle of Man. Of this Court the Governor, for the time being, was made President, and the Deemsters and Clerk of the Rolls were made Judges.

The Court thus created was divided into three divisions called respectively the Common Law Division, the Chancery Division, and the Staff of Government Division, the two former Divisions to exercise original jurisdiction, and the latter to exercise appellate jurisdiction. By this Act law and equity were to be administered equally in every division of the Court—equitable estates and rights, and equit-

able claims and defences were to be recognized and to have effect given them in all divisions of the Court. Under that provision the fusion of law and equity was carried out almost to the same extent as had been done in England. A great many other changes were effected in the constitution of the Courts and in the principles upon which the Common Law Division was for the future to administer justice. Equally drastic were the changes effected by the Rules of Court made by the Judges under the powers of the Act of 1883. Instead of the old clumsy and intricate system of Common Law pleading, all proceedings in the Chancery and Common Law Divisions were to be commenced by a proceeding to be called an "action." This action was to consist of a concise statement of the claim made and of the relief or remedy required. Numerous other important changes were made, the result of which has been to remove many of the ancient grounds of reproach against Manx Courts and Manx Law. The Common Law Division sits weekly and Chancery Division fortnightly, whilst the Staff of Government Division sits as the exigencies of business demand. The Chancery Division has jurisdiction throughout the Island, while for the purposes of the Common Law Division the Island is divided into two Districts, to each of which one Deemster is assigned as Judge. The Deemsters have, however, concurrent jurisdiction throughout the Island, and, being judges of the High Court also, can sit in either Division of the Court. In the Northern Division of the Island the Courts are held at Ramsey, Peel, and Kirk Michael, in a certain rotation. In the Southern Division at Douglas and Castletown alternately. The legal year is broken by four vacations, the principal one being the Long Vacation, which begins on the 24th July, and lasts until the 1st October.

The Staff of Government Division is the Court of Appeal from the other branches of the High Court. In this Court the Governor is President, and every judgment of the Court must be assented to by him. Three judges at least must sit, the Governor being one, and no judge shall sit on the hearing of an appeal from a judgment made by him unless three other judges also sit. From the judgments of the Staff of Government an appeal lies to her Majesty in Council, in other words to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which sits at Downing Street, London.

The business coming before the Chancery Division corresponds roughly to the business before the English Chancery Division; whilst that before the Common Law Division corresponds to the work done by the Queen's Bench Division in England. The jurisdiction of this division is also further subdivided into two branches, one of which is known as the Summary Jurisdiction. It is in the summary branch of this division that the bulk of the legal work of the country is done. It has jurisdiction in actions for the recovery of money to an unlimited amount. In matters relating to the possession of land, the disturbance of easements, when the acts complained of are of recent date, the aid of the Summary Jurisdiction is for the most part invoked. Whilst if the questions involved raise doubtful and intricate issues, or if the plaintiff be attacking persons who have been in possession for a length of time, the case much be launched in the record branch of this division. It also has jurisdiction in disputes between masters and servants, including apprentices, and the judge can order the arrest of a servant or apprentice who wrongfully quits his service, and his incarceration in jail until he proves willing to resume duty.

The Common Law Division also exercises jurisdiction in Probate and Admiralty cases. Probate of wills and administration of the estate of persons dying intestate are granted in open Court, the next-of-kin being cited to appear, and, in cases of disputed competency and volition, the parties can have the matter heard and decided by a

jury, as in England. All executors and administrators have to provide two sureties for their due administration of the estates committed to their care. In this connection it may be noticed that no probate duties are leviable in the Isle of Man, nor is legacy duty payable in respect of persons dying domiciled in the Isle of Man, no matter where their personal estates may be invested. The Admiralty Jurisdiction of the Court includes all causes connected with shipping arising either in the harbours of the Island or within three leagues of the coasts.

In criminal matters, all classes of minor offences are dealt with by justices of the peace, and by the High-Bailiffs of the various towns. The justices are appointed to the Commission of the Peace by the Crown, on the nomination of the Governor. When a prisoner is committed for trial, notice must be given by the gaoler to the Attorney-General, who prosecutes on behalf of the Crown. Gaol Deliveries are held twice each year, in May and November, and, if need be, oftener. By the Criminal Code, 1872, certain offences of a serious character must be tried at the General Gaol Delivery, whilst with the less heinous offences the Attorney-General has a discretion either to bring the prisoner to trial at that Court, or before a Deemster and a jury of six men out of the sheading of the Island in which the offence was committed. Criminal trials are conducted in much the same manner in the Isle of Man as in England. In favour of the prisoners, the right of peremptory challenge is almost as large as it is in England. In case of a death sentence being passed, the consent of Her Majesty, conveyed through one of the principal Secretaries of State, must be signified to the Governor before the execution can be carried out.

SKETCH OF MANX LAW.

The tenure of land in the Isle of Man, is that species of copyhold tenure which is known in England as customary freehold, and its incidents are fixed and regulated by the terms of an Act of Tynwald, passed in the year 1703, and a subsequent explanatory Act passed in the year 1704. The first of these Acts is known by the name of the Act of Settlement, for the reason that it was passed to settle certain long-standing disputes between the Lords of Man and their tenants, in connection with tenure. The result of these Acts seems to be that the tenant, in other words the owner, has, so far as the surface of his land is concerned, all the rights of a freeholder, whilst the Crown, in whom the rights of the ancient Lords of Man have been vested since 1777, is entitled to all mines and minerals, and quarries of flag, slate, and stone, found below the surface. With respect to clay and marl throughout the Island, decisions of the Courts have been obtained, showing that these substances belong to the owner of the surface, and not to the Crown. With respect to stone, the Act of Settlement provides that the owner of an estate containing a quarry of stone, may use the same for the improvement of his land. The minerals, consisting almost wholly of lead and copper, are worked under lease from the Crown, the lessees paying a royalty upon the produce of the mines. Originally, the only evidence for the transfer of an estate in the Isle of Man was an entry in the Lord's Books. This, however, in time became obsolete, and by degrees conveyances, modelled on English forms, came into general use. Entries on the Lord's Books, are, however, kept up for the purposes of the Crown, and the collection of the rents reserved to the Lord by the Act of Settlement. Real estate law resembles, in many points, the real property law of England, though it has peculiarities of its own which deserve notice.

Chief amongst these is the fact that no law or custom of entail exists in the Isle of Man. Family settlements, similar to those commonly used in England for entailing estates, are, therefore, unknown in Manxland. In the descent of land, the custom of primogeniture, which in England prevails only amongst males, prevails in the Isle of Man amongst females, the eldest daughter inheriting an intestate's real estate, to the total exclusion of her younger sister. The right of a Manx married woman to a share in her husband's real estate in the Isle of Man, differs widely from the right of an English married woman in her husband's real estate. No act of her husband can affect a Manx woman's dower. She must be a party to all conveyances intended to deal with the land. Upon her husband's death, she will be entitled, in some instances, to one-half of all his real estate; whilst in other cases she will only be entitled to a life estate in one-half of such property. The law affecting married women and their property remains in a very backward condition, notwithstanding the hustings promises of certain legislators. The old Saxon idea of the unity of husband and wife has almost complete sway, and unless protected by marriage settlement all personal property belonging to the wife at the marriage vests absolutely in the husband, and is liable for his debts. Should the wife possess any real estate it will be absolutely under the control of the husband during the marriage, and may be sold for his debts. It must be borne in mind, however, that, while Manx law treats the property of married women in this manner, it is decidedly more favourable to women with respect to the personal property of their husbands than is the law of England. On the decease of the husband intestate she becomes entitled to one-half of all his personal estate, irrespective of the number of children, as against one-third allowed by English law if children survive; and of these rights she cannot be deprived save by her own consent, or by the bankruptcy of her husband.

Investments by way of mortgage of real estate in the Isle of Man are governed by law, in many respects peculiar and interesting, which, in conjunction with laws compelling the public and immediate registration of all deeds affecting real estate, give a security to the investor almost unknown in England.

In divorce matters Manxland is much behind the age. A divorce in the fullest sense of the term, *i.e.*, a *vinculo matrimonii*, can only be obtained by the roundabout process of an Act of Tynwald, of which two instances only have occurred within recent years. A divorce *a mensa et thoro*, or, to be strictly correct, a judicial separation, may, however, be granted by the judge of the Chancery Division. In cases where such a separation has been granted, the Court has full power to make orders as to the custody of the children of the marriage, also as to their maintenance and education; and, where the case arises out of the misconduct of a wife possessed of property of her own, to order such settlement of the property for the benefit of the innocent party and the children of the marriage as the Court may deem fit and proper. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is said to be lawful between domiciled Manx people—that is to say, it stands, according to Manx law, in the exact position in which such a marriage stood in England prior to the year 1835. Such a marriage was said to be in law, voidable—that is, it could be set aside by a proceeding commenced during the lifetime of both parties; but if not so set aside, it had all the effects of a valid marriage. Children born of such a marriage not so set aside are legitimate, and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of lawful children. The legitimization of children born out of wedlock by the subsequent marriage of their parents, which is a prominent feature of Scotch law, obtains to some extent in the Isle of Man. An ancient statute enacts, "that if a man get a

maid or young woman with child before marriage, and within a year or two after doth marry her, if she was never slandered or defamed with any other before, that child begotten before marriage shall have its father's corb and farm."—or, in other words, have all the rights and privileges of a legitimate child.

Imprisonment for debt, long since abolished in England, still holds its ground in Manx jurisprudence. Indeed, Manx debtors are liable not only to imprisonment for not, after judgment obtained, satisfying such judgment, but are liable, under certain circumstances, to be arrested before the plaintiff has established his claim, and forced to lie in gaol until the trial of the case, or to find sureties for due appearance at the trial. Thus if a creditor has information that his debtor intends to leave the Island without paying the debt, he may make an affidavit of the amount of the debt and of the intended departure of the debtor, and on this he can procure an order from the Clerk of the Rolls, judge of the Chancery Division, for the arrest of the defendant's person and goods until security be given for his due appearance when called upon to satisfy the debt. This proceeding, which often strikes Englishmen as being decidedly archaic, is justified in the best opinions in Manx legal circles by the peculiar position of the Isle of Man, both geographically and legally, with respect to the neighbouring islands.

Banking in the Isle of Man is entirely in the hands of limited liability companies, but, by the Companies' Act, 1865, in the case of banks not more than one-third of the capital can be called up, the shareholders remaining liable to the balance for the security of creditors in case of a liquidation. Banks are also bound to publish, semi-annually, lists of their shareholders. All banking companies now operating in the Island are banks of issue. They issue bank notes under licences from the Lieutenant-Governor and Council. Notes are thus issued down to twenty shillings; indeed these form the staple of the Insular currency. Manx Bank notes are, under the Act of 1836, payable, at the option of the banker, in gold or silver coin of Great Britain, Bank of England notes, or direct bills of exchange on London at 21 days. These notes are secured by mortgages of real estate in the Isle of Man, passed to Government trustees at the granting of the licence under which they are issued.

With respect to joint stock, or what are popularly called limited companies, Manx law is very much the same as English law, the English Companies' Act of 1862 having been adopted almost verbatim by the Manx Legislature in 1864. Similarly, with respect to bankruptcy the English Act of 1869 was adopted almost entirely in the Isle of Man in 1872.

The prerogative writ of Habeas Corpus runs out of the English Division Queen's Bench to the Isle of Man. Only two instances, however, have occurred in recent times of the writ being applied for, the last being in the case of Mr. James Brown, founder of *The Isle of Man Times*, during the course of his struggle with the House of Keys for the liberty of the Manx press (1864).

The Criminal Code now in operation in the Isle of Man is very similar to the law of England. In one important point, however, in this connection Manxmen are in advance of Englishmen. In England a prisoner is not competent to give on oath before the court his version of the matter with which he stands charged—in other words, he cannot be called as a witness on his own behalf. In the Isle of Man the rule was formerly the same, but by a Criminal Code Amendment Act, 1886, any person charged with any offence is competent, though not compellable, to give evidence on his own behalf at his trial. By the latter Act, any person who has, or attempts to have, unlawful and carnal knowledge of a girl above thirteen and under sixteen years,

is guilty of a misdemeanour, and is liable to imprisonment for any term not exceeding two years—reasonable cause for a belief that the girl was above the age of sixteen years shall be a sufficient defence, and the prosecution must be commenced within three months after the commission of the offence.

THE THREE LEGS.

It is an old joke that the Legs of Man are the Arms of Man. They are thus emblazoned: "Gules, three legs armed, all proper, conjoined in fesse at the upper part of the thighs, flexed in triangle, garnished and spurred, or." For the benefit of those unacquainted with heraldic terms we may describe them thus:—On a red ground, three legs armed, all actual colour, united in the centre of the shield at the upper part of the thighs, bent in triangle, ornamented and spurred, gold. Motto, "*Quocunque jeceris stabit.*" Whichever way you throw it, it will stand.

The old arms of Man are said to have been a ship with sails furled, and the motto, *Rex Mannicæ et Insularum*, King of Man and the Isles. This, however, was before Man was separated from the other islands, and not the Arms of the Isle of Man itself.

The Arms of the Bishopric as now emblazoned are, "Upon three ascents the Virgin Mary (some say S. Bridget) standing with arms extended between two pillars, on the dexter whereof is a church, in base the ancient Arms of Man." *i. e.* the Three Legs. Of these, Mr Oswald in his "Armorial Bearings of the Isle of Man," Manks Society, Vol. V, says he has been given to understand at the Office of the Lion King at Arms that, immediately after the Scottish annexation of the Isles, and when Man became separated territorially from the Bishopric, the Bishops of Soder and Man assumed only an orle for their armorial bearing [*i. e.* a border, or fillet, round the shield, but at some distance from the edges] "and not the present bearing of our Bishopric." It would appear, therefore, that the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, not having previously assumed any distinct or separate emblem or motto as its armorial bearing, declined to assume the same that the Bishop of the Isles had, namely "St. Columba in a boat at sea, pointing to a blazing star."

As to the national emblem, Mr William Anderson, Marchmont herald of the Lion Office, affirms that the only authenticated arms must be the Three Legs; others, if insisted upon, must be hypothetical, or at least not recognized by extant records, and adds, "the ship in rough sails, *i. e.*, furled, must have been the armorial bearings of the Kings of Man and the Western Isles during the time the Norwegians were paramount in our seas." There was a seal of Godred in the office of the Duchy of Lancaster, perfect in Camden's time, having his effigy on horseback on the reverse; a ship in ruff sails, with the motto *Rex Mannicæ et Insularum* on the obverse. Dr. Oliver discovered two other seals among the Cott. MSS. in the British Museum, pendant to two charter of Harold, 1245 and 1246, having a similar design on the obverse. Worsæ, in "Danes and Northmen," "delineates the ancient arms of Norway to have been a ship." Many Scottish families quarter the ship, and some of them the Three Legs. The MacLeods of Cadboll, and the MacLeods of Lewis, not only quarter the three legs, but use the same motto, *Quocunque jeceris stabit*, and they derive their descent from the Norse sovereigns of Man and the Isles. The MacLeod of MacLeod, and the MacDonalds, the earliest chiefs of Islay, and original Lords of the Isles, never quartered the Three Legs.

This favours the view that each bearing had a separate existence before the sovereignties of Man and the Isles became united, the ship having been introduced by the Norsemen from Norway and the Hebrides, and the legs, at a very early date, through colonists from the latitude of the Mediterranean. The ship fell into disuse when the Island was ceded by Magnus IV, King of Norway, to Alexander III of Scotland, namely, after the battle of Largs, 1265, and the arms which former Kings of Man had borne, were then adopted.

It is a remarkable fact that only one good monument of any age is to be found on the Island itself on which the three legs occurs, namely, the beautiful Pillar Cross at Maughold church gates, which probably is as late as the 15th century. The *Tree Cassyn* is on the shield facing east, and its position reversed: there is no motto.

Sir James Gell, Attorney-General, has in his possession a representation of the three legs on panes of coloured glass, which were long in the possession of Claudius Crigan Bishop of Sodor and Man, to whom the Bishop of Drontheim sent them from Norway. They are said to be a relic of the window of the Cathedral in Peel Castle. The letters PIL [E] occur on one fragment. They are evidently of different dates, the oldest and most artistic being, apparently, of the time of Henry VII.

On the south-eastern angle of the front of Castle Mona, built early in this century, the *Tree Cassyn* alone in the shield, is blazoned with supporters—two mermaids—surmounted by a naval crown.

The late rector of Ballaugh, Rev. W. Kermodé, had a MS. with the following distich, which had been inscribed below the Manks arms in the old House of Keys, Castletown:—

“Three Legs armed –
Armed in self-defence;
Centrally united,
Security from thence.”

The same device, Three Legs, or *Tree Cassyn*, has always been stamped on the coin, and is still used for the Government and official seals of the Island.

There can be no doubt that the Scottish and the English sovereigns bore the Three Legs as arms of dominion for Man; but the origin of their assumption of the bearing is obscure. The motto *Quocunque jeceris stabit*, first appeared in 1300, about the time the Scots are said to have introduced the Three Legs. Possibly the Scots only introduced the motto.

Dr. Newton, in his account of the Armorial Bearings of Man [Manx Note Book, vol. II] expresses the opinion that “to Alexander III of Scotland is due the introduction of the *Tree Cassyn* as the distinguishing arms of Man.” In order to account for the Scottish King’s acquaintance with this bearing—which from early days was that of Sicily—he points out that Alexander’s mother had married, for her second husband, the son of the crusading King of Jerusalem. Besides this, Edmund, youngest son of Henry III of England, and brother to Alexander’s Queen, Margaret, had by the Pope been offered the crown of Sicily; considerable preparations were made by Henry to invade Italy, and he even conferred upon his son beforehand the title of “King of Sicily.” For several years, in the course of which Alexander and his Queen paid a visit to it, the English Court continued occupied with this business, but it was finally allowed to drop and be forgotten. A few years later occurred the invasion of Scotland by Haco, King of Norway, his defeat at the battle of Largs, the destruction of his fleet in a tempest, and his death, soon after which event the Isle of Man was ceded to Alexander, i.e., in 1266. “What,” Dr. Newton asks, “more likely than that the King, when he struck the

Norwegian flag, should replace it by one bearing the picturesque and striking device of Sicily, an island having so many points of resemblance with that of Man, over which his wife's sister had ruled as Queen, and her brother had been appointed as King?"

However introduced into the Island, this heraldic sign, as well shown by Dr Newton, was originally a religious emblem of the most sacred character derived from and always associated with the worship of the sun, being, like the Fylfot, a modification of the solar wheel—the idea of the Sun God as the swift runner, but the spokes reduced from four to three. From the circle, simplest of Sun-symbols, was developed the four-spoked wheel, "whence by taking away part of the rim was produced the Suastika of the Hindoos, the Fylfot of the Northern nations, perhaps the most characteristic and universally diffused of all the mystic emblems of Sun worship. The traditional origin of the Manks emblem is that a little man, Manninagh Mac Lheir, rolled it as a *wheel* before him from out of the Tynwald Hill. We find a relic of Sun worship in the Isle of Man in the fires that are lighted on the hills on Midsummer eve, Laa Boaldyn; and formerly, a cart wheel tarred over and bound with straw was taken to the top of a hill, set on fire and trundled down to the valley beneath. But the wheel was but the visible token of his fiery chariot drawn by four white horses, and so the horse was accounted specially sacred to the Sun as the swiftest of animals. The idea of the Sun as a revolving wheel, and as a swift runner, was accomplished by the "triskele" of the Greeks, the "triquetrum" of the Romans, the "Tree Cassyn" of the Manks. The most primitive forms of the "triskele" with curved arms only is found on some signets of Assyria and Babylonia, where it takes the place of the "Mihr," or winged Sun. It reappears on the Danish bracteates of the eighth to the twelfth century showing that the Northern artists followed a very early tradition. But Greek art, which humanised everything, soon transformed the rude symbol. On some coins, probably as early as B. C. 500, a "triskele" appears formed by three naked human legs and in the attitude of running, winged at the heels, with a "phallus" in the border between each. Both wing and phallus are Sun-emblems. Later, the Sicilians represented legs naked and sometimes armed with greaves, like the Greek warriors of the time.

In the earliest Manks examples the legs are encased in the chain armour without the spurs. The spurs were suggested by the winged heels of Mercury. Walsh, in his *Essay on Ancient Coins*, remarks on a gem bearing the image of Mercury, "He has all the symbols of Mercury about him—his wings, cap, and buskins, and his caduceus; but what distinguishes him most is his three legs."

But it may be asked why *three*? Among the most noted symbols of the Sun were the Horse, the Lion, and the Cock. The horse for swiftness, the Lion for strength, and the cock that announced the day's approach being specially sacred to the Sun. On the oldest gems and coins we frequently meet with this rotating Sun-emblem, each element replaced by the winged lion, winged horse, or the cock, and *always as a triad*. Three being the smallest number representing the indefinite plural, and, therefore, the simplest expression of the innumerable attributes and manifestations of the Godhead.

Thus much have we been able to gather from the Memoirs of Mr Oswald and of Dr Newton, who alone seem to have gone into the question of the origin of the Manks Arms. Some nonsense has been written about the legs spurning at Ireland, kicking at Scotland, and bowing to England, and their allusion to the position of the Island with respect to the surrounding kingdom and so on, but we need not occupy time and space in considering such.

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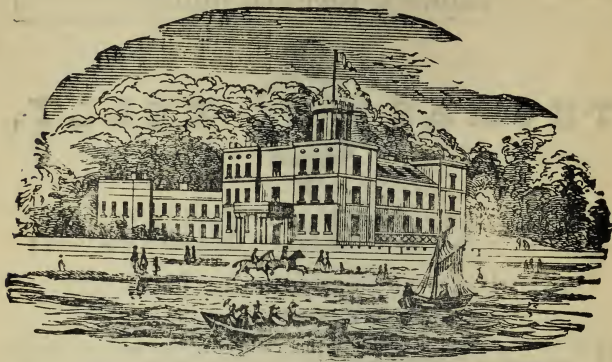
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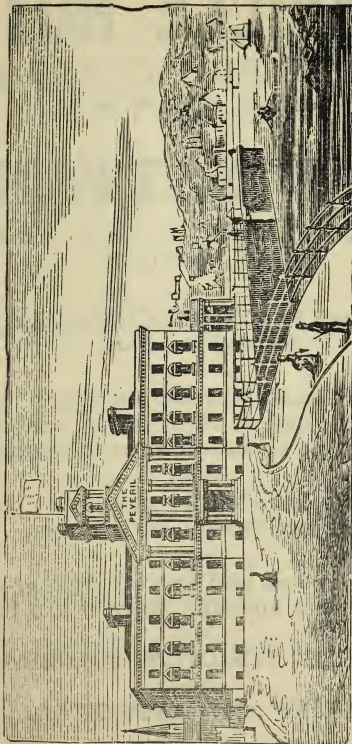


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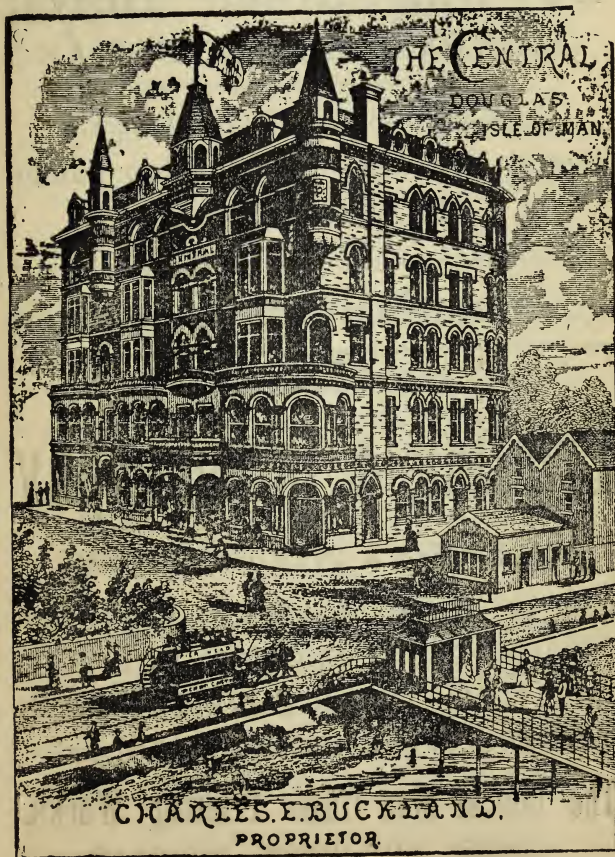
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THE CENTRAL HOTEL,

CENTRAL PROMENADE, DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.
FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

Wines, Spirits, Ales, and Cigars of the Finest Qualities

'This First-class Hotel is situated near the Iron Pier, and commands one of the most beautiful Marine and Landscape Views in Douglas.'



Trains pass the door every few minutes, and the dining grounds are close to the Hotel.—Special Arrangements for Families.

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**Bowling Green Hotel,
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(Three Minutes' Walk from Iron Pier).

LARGE BOWLING GREEN.

**Grand New American Bowling Saloon
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EVERYTHING SOLD HERE IS OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

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WAITERS' CHEQUE BOOKS; WINE
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If you wish to spend a Pleasant Day,

GO TO

Port Soderick

AND SEE ITS

BEAUTIFUL GLEN AND CAVES.

Great Attractions at Port Soderick.

SPLENDID PAVILION FOR

Concerts and Dancing,

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Music Provided by the Celebrated

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BOATS LET OUT ON HIRE FOR FISHING, &c.

A Boatman kept to take Parties to see the Caves.

Fare—One Penny each.

Choice Ales, Stout, Wines and Spirits at the Hotel.

TEA AND COFFEE AT ANY HOUR. CONFECTIONERY.

Dinners, Teas and Luncheons at the Hotel.

Yachts and Steamers leave Douglas for Port Soderick hourly.

Special Train Service about every hour. Cheap Fares.

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BEAUTIFULLY situated on the Shore, and commanding a lovely view of Peel Castle and the Bay, this HOTEL has EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE. It contains spacious DINING, DRAWING, SMOKING, BILLIARD, & PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS, and upwards of Twenty-five BEDROOMS.

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Excellent Bathing. Good Stabling.

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Ales, Wines, & Spirits of the Finest Qualities.

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Bathing Tents on the Shore, with all Requisites.

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(One Minute's Walk from the Railway Station.)

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Visitors to this Hotel will find all the best Accommodation that an Hotel can afford.

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FIRST-CLASS BILLIARD ROOM.

Stable and Yard Accommodation for 40 Horses and Vehicles.

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Dinners, Teas, Luncheons, &c.,
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 The "Resting Place" on the Long Drive to Ramsey.

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PRICES:

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Manufacturers of **AERATED** and **MINERAL WATERS** of every description. Universally appreciated for their purity and excellence.

Sole Makers of the Celebrated A1 HOREHOUND BEER
SPARKLING! REFRESHING!! NON-INTOXICATING!!

Special Agents for the **MONTSERRAT Co's. LIME JUICE**
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For Prices, apply at the Brewery, or to
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PALE & MILD ALES.

PRICES:

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PALE ALE...	50s	25s	13s 6d	XK PALE ALE	32s	16s	8s
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From most Hotelkeepers; or from the following Grocers
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MESSRS. CLARK & WHITE, Broadway, Douglas
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MESSRS G. & J. TORRANCE, North-quay, Douglas
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MR. J. KISSACK, Prospect-hill, Douglas
MR. T. KELLY, Iron Pier, Douglas
MR. T. KEWLEY, 11, King-street, Douglas
MR. R. HARRISON, Castle-street, Peel
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Also Wholesale and for Exportation from MESSRS. BLOOD, WOLFE,
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OKELL'S ALES.



TRADE MARK.

**WILLIAM OKELL & SON,
Falcon Brewery,
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These Celebrated ALES are supplied in 9, 18, 36, and 54 Gallon Casks.

For Prices, &c., apply at

THE BREWERY Victoria-road, Douglas.

THE INDIA PALE ALE CAN BE HAD IN BOTTLE FROM
THE TRADE

Established Half a Century.

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WINE, SPIRIT,
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28 CASTLE STREET, & MASONIC BUILDINGS.

LOCH PARADE.

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SOLE AGENT FOR

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TEACHERS Highland Cream.

ANDREW USHER & CO.'S Old Vatted Glenlivet.

Importer of Martell's and Hennessy's Brandies.

CLARKE'S**PEVERIL BOARDING HOUSE,**

58, LOCH PROMENADE,
DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN,
D. CLARKE, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE has been recently erected, and is the largest and most commodious Boarding House in Douglas, and has all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel.

UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OF THE BAY.

TERMS : 6s. and 6s. 6d. per day.

PARKINSON'S**ROTHESAY BOARDING-HOUSE,**

15 & 16, LOCH PROMENADE,
Douglas, Isle of Man.

TERMS, 5s 6d & 6s 6d PER DAY.

From the GLASGOW EVENING NEWS Aug. 31, 1885.

"THE Isle of Man is, I know, a favourite resort of many Glasgow people, and I can hardly do them a better service, if they want good comfortable quarters, and want them moderate too, than recommend in the heartiest possible manner Mr PARKINSON'S Rothesay House, Loch Promenade."

Hampson's Silver Grill Restaurant,

"ISLE OF MAN TIMES" BUILDINGS,

14, VICTORIA STREET, DOUGLAS.

MRS E. HAMPSON, PASTRY COOK AND CONFECTIONER,

BEGS Respectfully to Inform the Inhabitants of, and the Visitors to, Douglas and neighbourhood that she has OPENED the above PREMISES for the SALE of Superior Confectionery, Chocolate, Ices, Creams, Jellies, Blanc Mange, &c.; also, Chops and Steaks from the Silver Grill; and as a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT and PRIVATE HOTEL; and in doing so confidently relies upon general support, having been assured she is in a great measure supplying a long felt want in the Island.

MRS. HAMPSON takes this opportunity of bringing before the Notice of Patrons and others the very choice Assortment of PASTRY and CONFECTIONERY which she is now offering, and which will be found of the very best quality. ALL BIRTHDAY, CHRISTENING, WEDDING, and other ORDERS will have the Best Attention, and Ladies may rely upon all such being Executed at a very Short Notice, as everything is made and Baked upon the Premises by Competent Assistants, under MRS. HAMPSON'S Personal Supervision, from the very best ingredients.

To Ladies and Gentlemen Dining in Douglas, she would call Special Attention to her Superior CUISINE, served in PRIVATE ROOMS, if desired, at any Hour on Short Notice. A PRIVATE ROOM FOR LADIES, with every comfort and convenience; also a Lavatory for Gentlemen. INSPECTION OF THE PREMISES IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

Special 2s Dinners every day from 12 noon to 3 p.m. Chops and Steaks from the Silver Grill; also, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and Refreshments at any hour.

Almond and Bury Simnels, Rich Wedding Cake, Christening Cake, Birthday Cake, Balmoral Cake, Citron and Maderia Cake, Sultana Cake, Naples Cake, Shrewsbury Cake, Jellies, Blanc Mange, Ice and Ice Puddings, German and Paris Tarts, Game Pies, Veal and Ham Pies, Raised Pies, Potted Meat, &c. Currant and Seed Bread of the best quality. Schools, Pic-Nics, and Private Parties supplied on the shortest notice. Tarts, Custards, and Tea Cakes. Huntley & Palmer's and other Biscuits. Cadbury's and French Chocolate. An extra choice assortment of British Wines and Aerated Waters of all kinds.

“GRAND VIEW”

CAFE AND RESTAURANT, PEVERIL BUILDINGS, PROMENADE, DOUGLAS.

**One Thousand Meals Served Daily
at Prices to suit every Class.**

**THE GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT FOR A GOOD CHEAP
BREAKFAST.**

**THE GRAND VIEW LUNCHEON BAR—Open all Day with
dainty snacks.**

**THE GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT FOR A REALLY GOOD
1s. DINNER—Hot Joints, Vegetables, and Bread.**

**THE GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT FOR A GOOD TEA—
Fresh made. No Tea Urns used. No Stewed Tea sold.
Special Tea Pot for every Customer.**

**THE GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT — COFFEE AND
CHOCOLATE.**

**THE GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT FOR A NICE SUPPER
—Hot and Cold Meats, Chops, Steaks, Ham & Eggs, Pastry,
Fruit, Ices, Wines, Cigars, and generally Noted for their
Delicious Cooling American Fancy Drinks, specially their
Genuine American Cider now on draught.**

**Schools and Parties,
LARGE OR SMALL, ARRANGED FOR.**

N.B.—Study Economy and Comfort by making direct for the

**GRAND VIEW RESTAURANT,
PEVERIL BUILDINGS,
PROMENADE, DOUGLAS.**

R. D. COWIN, Proprietor.

CHESTER HOUSE

Private Hotel and Boarding Establishment,

1, BROADWAY, DOUGLAS.

Beautifully Situated in the Centre of the Margin of the Bay.

Home Rulers Visiting the Island should patronise the only
Private Hotel in the Island conducted by an Irishman.

TERMS—Full Board, 6s. and 6s. 6d. per Day.

Tea, Bed and Breakfast, from 4s. 6d.

Every Bedroom Overlooks the Bay.

F. PORTER, Proprietor.

ARCHER & EVANS,

FAMILY AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS,

SILK MERCERS, &c.

Carpets and General House-Furnishing Drapery.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY.

VICTORIA STREET, AND 29, DUKE STREET,
DOUGLAS.

THOMAS MURRAY.
Bread, Flour, and Biscuit
ESTABLISHMENT,
18, PROSPECT HILL, DOUGLAS.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Family & Visitors' Orders have Especial Attention.

*Deliveries by own Vans in all parts of Douglas and
Neighbourhood.*

R. D. COWIN,
Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker,
Nos. 2, 35, & 38, PROSPECT HILL
(Opposite the Government Offices, Douglas, Isle of Man).
**COWIN'S CELEBRATED SCONES & SPONGE
CAKES.**

Sole Agent for Montgomerie's Patent Extract of Malt,
Digestive Bread, Biscuits, and Rusks,

Branch Establishments :

Nos. 38 and 2, at the Bottom of Prospect Hill
(Opposite Dumbell's Bank).

**Family and Visitors' Orders have Prompt
Attention.**

Frequent Deliveries by Own Vans several times Daily.

CANNELL

(*LATE KEWLEY*),

CONFECTIONER,

40, DUKE STREET,

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ICES, JELLIES, &c.

A GOOD VARIETY OF

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

CHOCOLATE AND SWEETS.


ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO VISITORS.

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PHOTOGRAPHER,

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BEGS to call attention to the fact that he has one of the **BEST STUDIOS IN THE KINGDOM**; the **BEST INSTRUMENTS and MATERIAL**, and all the **RECENT NOVELTIES and IMPROVEMENTS**; and being the **Oldest Established Photographer in the Isle of Man**, is prepared to take Photographs of **Superior Excellence in all Styles and Finish**. Your Patronage is respectfully solicited.

GEO. A. DEAN has no connection with any other establishment, and does not conduct his business on the Work and Reputation of others.

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Dean's 1s. Views
 OF THE
ISLE OF MAN.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

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BEGS to inform his Friends and the Public that his Commodious Premises are replete with every appliance for the production of **FIRST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK** in all its branches, and trusts by strict personal attention to merit a continuance of the patronage so largely bestowed upon him during the last 30 years.

ALL THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

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28,000 Views of the Finest Scenery and Places of Interest.

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For 15 years with Mr. MARSHALL WANE, of Edinburgh,
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CORNER OF THE LOCH PROMENADE,

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No Visitor should return without a supply of this Esprit; it is the most acceptable souvenir that can be presented to a friend.

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APPOINTMENT

Watch and Clockmaker to the Isle of Man and Manx
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Practical Watchmaking

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We beg to call attention to our LARGE SELECTION of

Gold & Silver Watches,
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SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATIONS, &c.

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Fine Gold and Silver Jewellery.

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Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Repairs executed on the Premises
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*N.B.—This is the only Establishment on the Island where a Working
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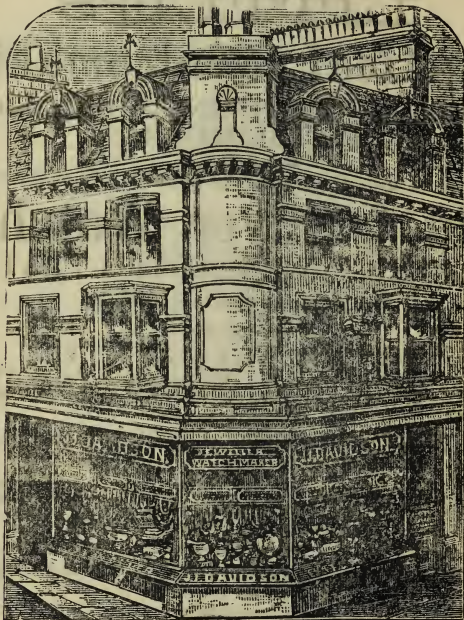
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Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Electro-Plate, &c., &c.,

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Victoria Street (corner of Duke Street), Douglas.

His Stock comprises a most extensive collection of the newest designs
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All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

REPAIRS EXECUTED ON THE PREMISES.

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BEAR IN MIND.

You can buy High-class Gold and Silver Jewellery, Gem Rings, Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Plate, &c., &c., at

At about Half the Usual Prices,

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R. SWINNERTON'S,

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Who is Retiring from Business.

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His immense Stock has to be Cleared at no matter what Sacrifice.

The Premises, second to none in Douglas for Business purposes, for Sale.

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Castle Mona Gardens and Pleasure Grounds.

MANAGER (for the Manx Syndicate, Limited) - Mr. FRED VETTER.

This Magnificent Palace, built at an expense of nearly £20,000, has Seating Accommodation for 4,000, and Dancing Space for 6,000, people. Upwards of eight acres of lovely Woodland and Marine Scenery.

ENGAGEMENT OF

Mr. FRED VETTER,

Of Manchester, and his Celebrated Orchestra.

Grand Instrumental Concerts

Daily, from 11 to 1.

CONDUCTOR Mr. FRED VETTER.

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And Variety Entertainments

Every Evening, from 7-30 to 11 p.m., in the Magnificent Palace.

This Splendid Dancing Floor (18,000 square feet) is laid in English Oak.

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Trams stop at the Entrance Gates every five minutes.

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DERBY CASTLE.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

The Premier Resort of Douglas.

GRAND PAVILION,

The most perfect place of Amusement in Douglas.

Ballad CONCERTS Daily,

From 3 to 5 p.m. First-class Vocalists.

OLIVER GAGGS' PRE-EMINENT ORCHESTRA.

Grand Exhibition of Pictures of Manx Scenery.

DANCING

By the Electric Light, from 7-30 to 11 p.m.

Succession of Startling Novelties Each Evening During the Season.

The Tram Cars now Run to the Gates. Fare, 2d.

Derby Castle, on the New Promenade,
THE ELYSIUM OF MONA'S SWEET ISLE.

The Visitor who fails to see Derby Castle will have made his visit to the Isle of Man in vain.

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Every Evening Mr. GAGGS' New Compositions :—

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RENOWNED ORCHESTRA (personally conducted),
Carefully selected from the Principal

CONCERT ORGANIZATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN

The most Eminent Instrumental Soloists

Are comprised in this Band, and are engaged for the whole Season.

Concerts every Afternoon

From 3 to 5 o'clock.

Dancing every evening

From 7-30 p.m. Accommodation for 5,000 Persons.

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FIFTY THOUSAND CANDLE POWER OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING

In the Pavilion, Hotel, and Grounds.

An easy and safe Novelty is the

TRAM LIFT

Which is constantly working.

Refreshments of the best Quality at Moderate Prices.

Admission:— Before 1 o'clock, 6d.; after 1 o'clock, 1s.

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Belle Vue Gardens, DOUGLAS.

THIS FAVOURITE RESORT IS
NOW OPEN for the SEASON.

THE GROUNDS 20 ACRES IN EXTENT.

Large Pavilion to Accommodate Thousands

Bicycle and Running Track (Quarter-Mile Lap).

Dancing Green.

Large Lake for Boating, Four Acres in Extent.

MONKEYS AND BEARS.

Lawn Tennis, Archery, Football, Cricket, Switch-
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Music and Dancing

Every Afternoon from 3 to 5; and Evening from 7 to 11.

FIREWORK DISPLAYS.

Refreshments of all Kinds.

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Clubs, Schools, and Pic-Nic Parties Catered for on reasonable terms,
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Omnibuses leave the Promenade for Belle Vue Gardens every few
Minutes. Fare, 2d.

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DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

Lessee and Manager Mr. ALFRED HEMMING.

One of the Most Magnificent Theatres in the Kingdom.

PERFECT BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BEST LONDON COMPANIES.

Opera, Comedy, Drama, & Burlesque.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY WEEK.

THE CYCLE DEPOT.

MR. W. J. LEE,

Has much pleasure in announcing that he has Opened the spacious premises (on the Ground Floor) of his brother
Mr. SPENCE LEE, as a

CYCLE DEPOT.

Machines on Sale or Hire.

Sole Agent for the Isle of Man of the Manchester Cycle Manufacturing Company, Limited.

No Visitor to the Island should
miss seeing

MACLEOD'S

GRAND HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF

WAX-WORK

MASONIC HALL, DOUGLAS,

The most Magnificent and Artistic Exhibition ever
seen out of London.

The New Historical Groups, Startling Novelties,
and Gorgeous Costumes are the theme of
Universal Admiration.

READ OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Isle of Man Times says :—"This Exhibition is the grandest sight ever seen out of London."

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ADMISSION, 6d ; Children, Half-price. Open from 10 a.m. till 11 p.m.

DORE'S GREAT PICTURES.

“A THRILLING GAMBLING SCENE,”

Or, the Breaking of the Bank at Baden-Baden
by the Russian Princess.

This remarkable picture is of colossal dimensions, and measures, without frame, 31 feet 3 inches in length, and 14 feet 3 inches in height, and is the first of this world-famed artist's works exhibited in London, where it was VISITED BY UPWARDS OF A MILLION PEOPLE.

The *Daily Telegraph* describes this painting as an “Extraordinary Picture of admirable composition and vigour, and of dramatic expression approaching that of Hogarth in Intensity.”

THE EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN

AT THE

GRAND HALL,

VICTORIA STREET, DOUGLAS,

Admission, Sixpence—10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

The Collection also includes a complete set of
ARTISTS' PROOF ENGRAVINGS OF DORE'S PICTURES.

And his original world-famed pictures

“ANDROMEDA,”

Or, The Princess Chained to a Rock to Appease
the Wrath of Neptune; and

“Paul and Francesa Di Rimini,”

Or The Love that Death could not part.

Visitors should not fail to visit

INJEBRECK

PLEASURE GROUNDS,

VIA SNAEFELL MOUNTAIN AND HOME THROUGH BALDWIN VALLEY.

The Grandest Mountain Drive on the Island !

Or Direct by West Baldwin and Home through East Baldwin Glen.

Magnificent Pavilion for Dancing.

The Largest Pleasure Resort on the Island.

700 Acres of Beautiful Glens, Plantations, Gardens and Forests, splendid Views—unequalled on the Island. The Hotel has been newly fitted up and forms a grand Hotel for Families and Pic-Nic Parties.

Finest Quality of Ales, Wines, Spirits, &c.

SIX DAY LICENCE.

COLD COLLATION ALL DAY ON SUNDAYS.

JAMES DRIVER, Manager.

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PLEASURE GROUNDS

AND

WATERFALLS.

Eighty-eight Acres of

The Most Beautiful Woodland Scenery in the Island.

GLEN HELEN BAND DAILY.

PIC-NIC PARTIES ADMITTED.

GLEN HELEN HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

Dinners, Luncheons, Teas, and Refreshments.

ADMISSION TO THE GROUNDS—SIXPENCE.

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

Special Terms for Schools, Clubs, Pic-Nic Parties, &c.. on application to the Secretary.

Conveyances run every day between St. John's Station
and Glen Helen.

SPLENDID TROUT FISHING IN THE RIVER,

Which is Strictly Preserved.

DAY TICKETS ONE SHILLING EACH.

THE QUEEN OF PLEASURE RESORTS!

LAXEY GLEN GARDENS.

Don't fail to Visit these well-known and popular Pleasure Grounds unsurpassed in romantic beauty by any in the Kingdom.

The Place to spend a Happy Day.

Rustic Seats, Bowers, Walks, Shrubberies,
Lawn Tennis, Croquet, Bowling Saloon,
Quoits, Swings, Hobby Horses, &c.

➔ **B I L L I A R D S .** ➔

Forming an unequalled Resort for Pic-nic Parties, and all classes of Pleasure Seekers, it should be visited by all who prize a healthful and invigorating outing.

Music & Dancing.

A good BRASS BAND plays on the Grounds during the Season.

All Refreshments at Reasonable Charges.

Dinners from 1/6. Teas from 9d.

Grand Family and Boarding Hotel in connection with the Grounds
Moderate Tariff.

ALES, WINES, AND SPIRITS

Of the Finest Qualities.

EXCELLENT STABLING. CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

—:o:—
R. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

Dhoon Glens Hotel

AND

PLEASURE GROUNDS,

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE HIGH-ROAD
FROM RAMSEY TO DOUGLAS.

J. D. BALIE, Proprietor.

Universally allowed to be the Most Charming Resort for a
Day's Pleasure in the Island.

Excellent Accommodation of every description at the
HOTEL on the High-road and the RESTAURANT on
the Beach.

**Entrance only by Tickets, obtained at the
Dhoon Glens Hotel, or at the Beach.**

GLEN DARRAGH

THIS GLEN IS

SITUATED OFF THE PEEL ROAD,

AND ABOUT

**Half-way between Douglas
and Glen Helen.**

IT IS WELL WORTHY OF A VISIT, BEING A CHARM-
ING RESORT IN SUMMER.

DOUGLAS

Lawn Tennis Grounds,

ALEXANDER DRIVE.

EXCLUSIVE USE OF EACH COURT,
2/- PER HOUR.

USE OF RACQUETS, 3D. PER HOUR.

Fruit and other light Refreshments

(Non-Alcoholic), can be obtained in the Grounds.

THESE spacious and conveniently situated Lawn Tennis Grounds are now open to the public from 10 a.m. till dusk.

For the convenience of players, commodious Dressing Rooms for Ladies and Gentlemen have been erected.

The Courts, having been constructed on the most approved principles, can be used in any state of the weather, and will be found second to none in the Kingdom.

For the accommodation of spectators, a portion of the ground has been considerably raised, and seats provided. From this elevated ground a beautiful and extensive panoramic view can be obtained of the surrounding country, including the principal mountains in the Isle of Man.

DELIGHTFUL MORNING AND AFTERNOON

SEA TRIPS,

By the New Saloon Steam Yacht,

“MANX FAIRY.”

This Popular Steam Yacht leaves the

VICTORIA PIER TWICE DAILY

(Weather and other circumstances permitting),
at 10-30 a.m., and 3 p.m., for

LAXEY, DHOON GLEN,

AND

RAMSEY,

Returning from Ramsey at 12-30 and 5-15 p.m.; Dhoon Glen at 12-45 and 5-30 p.m.; Laxey at 1-15 and 5-45 p.m. (arriving in Douglas at 1-45 p.m. and 6-45 p.m.)

FARES—Laxey: Single, 1s., Return, 1s. 6d.; Dhoon Glen, Single, 1s. 3d., Return, 1s. 9d.; Ramsey, Single, 1s. 6d., Return, 2s.

SEASON TICKETS, 21s.

Passengers going by the Morning Steamer can return by either the morning or afternoon Steamer. Passengers by this Steamer can return from Laxey by the Paddle Steamer “Minnow,” leaving at 12-15 and 5 p.m.

The “MANX FAIRY” sails every SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock, for Ramsey, calling at Laxey only; returning from Ramsey at 6 o'clock, prompt; and Laxey at 6-30 p.m. prompt. Fares as above.

BEVERAGES, WINES, SPIRITS, & REFRESHMENTS

Of the Finest Qualities Sold on Board at Moderate Charges.

R. A. CAIN, Secretary.

Office: 45, North Quay, Douglas.

ONE OF THE GREATEST ATTRACTIONS IN DOUGLAS IS
WEBB'S PUBLIC LOUNGE AND LOUVRE PROMENADE,
 18 and 20, STRAND STREET.

S.W. having taken advantage of the low state of the Markets, has purchased an IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW SPECIALITIES,
 Which enables him to offer Single Articles, at Wholesale Prices.



Buyers will save at least from 20 to 30 per cent. by
 PURCHASING AT WEBB'S.
 Call, see, and judge for yourselves.

It is truly said that this MONSTRE EMPORIUM is an EXHIBITION of itself, and is acknowledged to be without a rival.

The Greatest Marvel of the Age in Real Jewellery is WEBB'S NEW STERLING SILVER PIN, with Gold Centre, representing the Three Legs, Tower of Refuge, or Laxey Wheel, only 1s. each.

WEBB'S LITTLE WONDER, the SILVER HORSE-SHOE PIN, with Real GOLD THREE LEGS, only 6d. each.

In connection with the LOUVRE will be found WRITING GALLERIES, with Pens, Ink, and Paper, FREE. In the Reading Galleries will be found the London Illustrated, Daily, Local, and other Papers.

WEBB'S GRAND ORCHESTRION WILL PLAY, at intervals during the day, Selections from some of the most Popular Operas, and other favourite Airs.

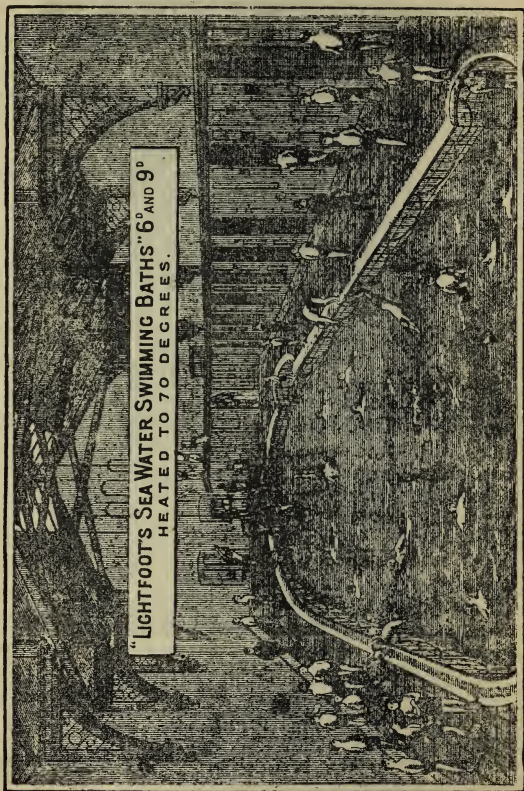
An early inspection is most respectfully solicited, and NON-PURCHASERS are not considered troublesome at

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VICTORIA BATHS,

VICTORIA-ST., DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

Open Daily from 6 a.m. o 9 p.m.; Sundays, 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.



LADIES' SWIMMING BATH, heated to 70 degrees, Pure Sea Water, Admission 6d.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Private Sea Water Baths, 1s each every day.
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's Private sea Water Baths, 1s each every day.
 Sitz Baths (Sea or Fresh Water), 1s each.
 Soda Baths (Sea or Fresh Water), 2s each.
 Iodine Baths, specially prepared for Rheumatics, 4s each.

Book of Tickets for any of above Baths at Great Reductions.

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ESTABLISHED 1850

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Pharmaceutical Chemists,
PROSPECT HILL AND PROSPECT TERRACE,
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Agency for Photographic Chemicals, Dry Plates, Sentitized
Paper, etc. Dark Room for Amateurs.

J. C. RADCLIFFE,
Dispensing and Family Chemist
(By Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society),
38, VICTORIA-ST., DOUGLAS
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Contains a Full Visitors' List.

Published every Wednesday and Saturday Mornings in time
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Purveyors to her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
and Duke of Edinburgh, his Excellency the Lieut.-Governor,
and the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company.



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BRANCH—BROADWAY, NEAR THE IRON PIER, DOUGLAS.

ROOTH & CO.,

Purveyors of Meat, Game and Poultry.

ROYAL WINDSOR SAUSAGES—FRESH DAILY.

CORNER BEEF AND TONGUES, HAMS, BACON AND VENISON,

**Families and Ships Supplied on the Shortest Notice, on
very Reasonable Terms.**

IMPORTANT TO VISITORS.

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

BUY YOUR SAND BOOTS AND SHOES OF THE MAKER.

**Blue and Brown Canvas Shoes, in every size, Ladies', Gent's,
and Children's.**

W. PROCTOR,

BOOT MANUFACTURER

37, CASTLE-STREET, DOUGLAS.

ASK EVERYWHERE

FOR

MOORE'S

CELEBRATED

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DOUGLAS MINERAL WATER WORKS,

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By appointment

TO HIS
EXCELLENCY

Prize Medal,



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W. BURROWS,

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MARINA ROAD, DOUGLAS.

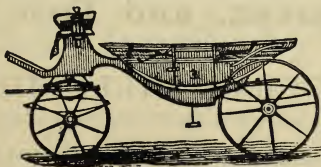
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By Eminent Artists, Embracing Mountain, Glen, and
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on the Shortest Notice,

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CASTLETOWN,

ISLE OF MAN.

THIS HOTEL

Is now under entirely New Management, and the arrangements are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the numerous Families, Commercial Gentlemen, and Visitors in attending it.

The Hotel is close to the Ancient

CASTLE OF RUSHEN,
THE FAMOUS KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE,
Derbyhaven, and Fort Island.

IT CONTAINS

A FIRST-CLASS BILLIARD TABLE,
 and has lately been fitted with every convenience.

Extensive alterations have been made at the Hotel, and increased Bedroom Accommodation provided. A splendid Sea View can now be had from the room windows, and in addition a large Cricket Ground has been laid down at the back.

Special Arrangements made for large parties.

TABLE d'HOTE DAILY FROM ONE O'CLOCK.

LIVERY STABLES.

In order to complete the accommodation afforded by this Hotel for Residents and Visitors, a good Livery Stable Department has been added. In this will be found an excellent assortment of Vehicles, comprising Open and Covered Landaus, Waggonettes, Open Carriages, Pony Phaetons, &c., with good Horses and steady Drivers.

WALTER HOLDEN, Proprietor.

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'THE FALCON'S NEST,'

Built upon the margin of the beautiful Bay.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, so liberally patronised, is complete in every Department. It adjoins the Port Erin Terminus of the Isle of Man Railway Company, and overlooks the picturesque Bay. For Families there is every convenience, and special care is taken to administer in every way to their comforts.

Bathing Vans. Roomy Boats, for Excursions to the Calf Island, and other interesting places in the neighbourhood.

Hot and Cold Fresh and Salt Water Baths.

TABLE D'HOTE DAILY, AT HALF-PAST ONE AND SIX O'CLOCK.

Saddle Horses and Conveyances on Hire.

BILLIARDS, LAWN TENNIS, and CROQUET.

G. L. TRUSTRUM, Proprietor.

BUSBY HOUSE,

BAY VIEW TERRACE,

PORT ERIN.

THE HOUSE commands an uninterrupted Sea view, and is replete with every convenience.

HOT AND COLD WATER BATHS.

APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.

REDUCED TERMS FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

For terms, apply to

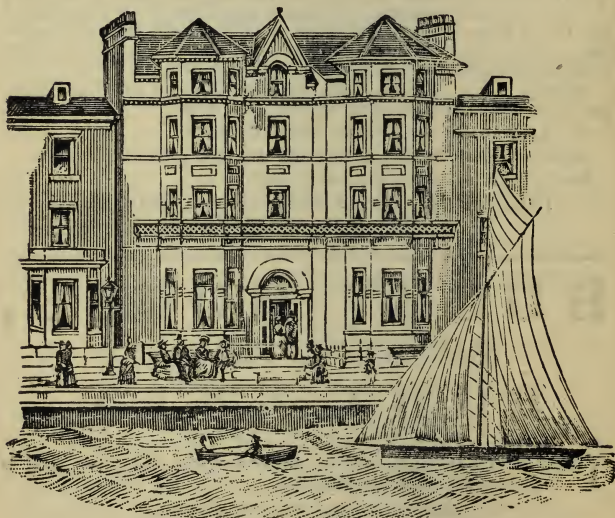
T. W. BARKER.

THE WEDNESDAY'S Issue of "THE ISLE OF MAN TIMES" is the only Mid-weekly Penny Paper published on the Island, and is a most satisfactory Advertising Medium.

ALMA HOUSE,

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Specially erected as a Boarding Establishment, and Centrally situated between the Landing Piers, and commanding an unrivalled Sea View.

Private Sitting Rooms. Tariff on Application.

MRS WILD.

ALBERT HOTEL,

IMMEDIATELY FACING THE SEA,

RAMSEY.

MRS WOOD, Proprietress.

Terms on Application.

MONA VILLE, RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.

One of the most complete Boarding Establishments on the Island.

FACING THE SEA AND COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS.

Close to Pier and Lawn Tennis Courts. Tariff on application.

MRS. PAIN, Proprietress.

E. H. DAWSON,

Livery & Posting Establishment,

75, PARLIAMENT STREET, RAMSEY.

Cars and Carriages of every Description.

None but Steady and Experienced Drivers Employed.

ALLEN & TAUBMAN,

Family Grocers and Wine & Spirit Merchants,

37, PARLIAMENT STREET,

RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.

Bottlers of BASS'S ALES, RAGGETT'S NOURISHING and GUINNESS'S
DUBLIN STOUT.

LAYS'S,

Tailors, Clothiers,
Juvenile Clothiers,

9 & 11, DUKE STREET

DOUGLAS.

ISLE OF MAN.

T H E**MANX NORTHERN
RAILWAY**

**Is the Best, Cheapest, & Easiest
Means of Visiting the North
of the Island.**

There is a splendid Service of Trains between Ramsey and St. John's in connection with the Isle of Man Railway to and from Douglas.

Passengers holding Through Return Tickets are allowed to Break the Journey at any station on the Manx Northern Railway.

JOHN CAMERON,

SECRETARY & MANAGER.

HEAD OFFICE—RAMSEY, ISLE OF MAN.

BRITISH SECTION AT PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Highest Award to

CANTRELL & COCHRANE,

Manufacturers of Mineral Waters

By Special Appointment to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"CLUB SODA," The Beverage of Health,
GINGER ALE, "AROMATIC," The Original Brand.
"SPARKLING" **MONTSERRAT** The Drink for the Gouty and Rheumatic.

Royal Seltzer, Potass, Lithia Waters, Lemonade, &c.

CLUB.	{	"CLUB SODA."
CLUB.		"CLUB SODA."
CLUB.		"CLUB SODA."
CLUB.		"CLUB ALE."
CLUB.		"CLUB ALE."
CLUB.		"CLUB ALE."
CLUB.	{	"CLUB LEMON."
CLUB.		"CLUB LEMON."
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CANTRELL & COCHRANE are the ONLY Manufacturers who
 were awarded a Medal for their products at Paris Exhibition,
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Thirty Gold and Prize Medals Awarded.

London Depot: 7, WOODSTOCK STREET,
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Works: - - BELFAST and DUBLIN.

ESTABLISHED 1868.



RENTON GIBBS' Patent Heating Apparatus.

OVER 1600 FIXED.

"RENTON GIBBS" PATENT BOILER.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS BOILER:—

It has Water Fire Bars. Is the most perfect Tubular Type. The Acme of Simplicity, Safety, Efficiency, Economy, and Durability. Heat is got up quickly. Is easily managed.

List of some of the Places where this Boiler is Fixed:—

The Right Hon. Earl of Strathmore, Stratelam Castle, Darlington;
Sir E. Peel, Bryn-y-pys, Ruabon
Madame Adelina Patti, Craig-y-nos Castle, Swansea;
Messrs Marshall, Sons & Co., Ltd., Gainsborough (12 boilers);
West End Laundry, Fulham, Lon.;
Easter Ross Union Poorhouse, Tain, Scotland;
St. Mary's Convent, Drogheda, Ireland;
Parish Church, Ashbourne, Derbyshire (2 Boilers)
St. Mary's Parish Church, Blackburn, Lancashire;
High School, Middlesborough;

Sugar Refining Mills, Halifax, Nova Scotia (3 Boilers);
North Wales Counties Lunatic Asylum, Denbigh, North Wales, &c., &c.

Mr Gibbs has the Contract for Heating the Bank of Spain, in Madrid, TWENTY-ONE of his PATENT BOILERS, and over TWELVE MILES of PIPING, the Largest Installation ever undertaken by any Heating Engineer.

A FEW OF MANY TESTIMONIES.

Britannia Iron Works, Gainsborough, 16th Sept., 1882.

Dear Sir.—In reply to yours of the 4th inst., Mr Renton Gibbs has heated for us our offices, large mess-room, engine and machine stores, and brick-drying sheds in a most satisfactory manner, and we can, in every way, speak highly of his heating apparatus. We have six* of his "Patent Tubular Boilers" in work, with satisfactory results, and he has now some further work in hand for us.—We are Dear Sir, yours truly,

MARSHALL, SONS, & CO., LIMITED.

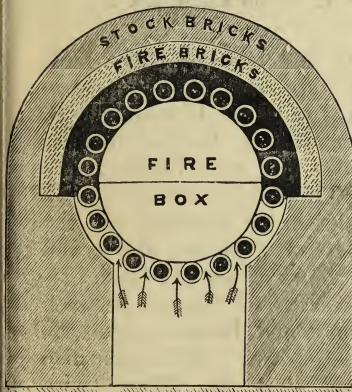
* There are now twelve at work.

Bryn-y-pys, Ruabon, 6th Dec., 1883.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your method of heating houses. The apparatus you fixed for me has worked well, and I shall soon apply to you for more piping, etc.—I am, yours faithfully,

(Sir) EDMUND PEEL.

RENTON GIBBS, LIVERPOOL and BIRMINGHAM.
Telegrams—"Heating, Liverpool," or "Heating, Birmingham."



CLIFF HOTEL, PORT ST. MARY, ISLE OF MAN.

THE CLIFF HOTEL has been recently built with every modern improvement for the convenience of Families and Tourists. It contains 40 Bedrooms, Drawing Rooms, Dining Rooms, Billiard Room, Private Sitting Room, &c., with Tennis Lawn and Bowling Green in the Grounds.

The Hotel is very pleasantly situated on the margin of the beautiful Bay of Port St. Mary, and commands most extensive views of sea and land.

There is a regular service of Trains between Douglas and Port St. Mary, and Busses leave the Hotel twice daily for Castletown. A Steamer also plys between Douglas and Port St. Mary twice each day.

Excellent Boats, with steady boatmen, can be had for Excursions to the Calf Island, the Chasms, Chickens Lighthouse, Fleshwick Bay, and many other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

Dogcarts, Waggonettes, &c., can be had at the Hotel, and Pic-nics for the Calf Island, &c., can be arranged for.

Close to the Hotel is a splendid Bathing Creek. Tariff and particulars on application.

F. CALLOW, PROPRIETOR.

NO FEES UNLESS CASH IS ADVANCED.

PRIVATE ADVANCES
FROM £10 UPWARDS,
ON BORROWER'S OWN SECURITY,
WITHOUT BILL OF SALE.

Over £60,000 now being Lent Annually.

The following are amongst the principal objects for which Money may be usefully borrowed :—

THE PURCHASE OF CHEAP LOTS for Cash.

TO PROVIDE ADDITIONAL CAPITAL in business, and thus avoid the necessity of pressing good customers for payment.

TO PAY DEBTS, and secure the great convenience of having ONLY ONE CREDITOR, whose account may be paid by easy instalments.

For Prospectus and Terms, apply personally or write to

GEORGE PAYNE
ACCOUNTANT,

At any of his offices, as under :—

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5, TOWN WALLS, SHREWSBURY.

29, CROMPTON STREET, DERBY.

1, POLE STREET, PRESTON.

62, CONDUIT STREET, London Road, LEICESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

RUSHEN ABBEY, BALLASALLA, ISLE OF MAN.

—o—
FOUNDED A.D. 1098.

"The last resting place of Kings, Bishops, and Mitred Abbots."

See Guides to Isle of Man.

Five Minutes' Walk from Ballasalla Station; 2 miles from Castletown;
7½ miles from Douglas.

—o—
THE HOTEL adjoins the Ruins of this Ancient Abbey. The Silverburn River, stocked with Trout, flows through the extensive and wooded Grounds, which are enclosed by a protecting wall, ensuring privacy. The prettiest spot on the Island.

THE VALLEY OF THE SILVERBURN is noted for its beauty, its Waterfalls, and a curious old pack-horse Bridge, of great antiquity. The Artist will find here abundant scope for his pencil.

THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY is varied with hill and dale scenery, of singular beauty and great extent, commanding Castletown, Langness, Derbyhaven, and the open Sea. Port St. Mary and Port Erin are within a walk or a short railway trip.

DERBYHAVEN, a pleasant walk of about a mile, is most interesting to the Geologist. Cass-na-Awan (*lit* Rock and Arches), at the northern head, is of the highest interest, historic, scientific, and picturesque. Here almost every species of rock existing in the Island is found. Its fine sandy beach offers the best of Sea Bathing, both safe and luxurious, with excellent Boating and Sea Fishing always at hand.

THE situation of the ABBEY and the HOTEL, in the Valley of the Silverburn, quite sheltered from the north and east winds, with an open aspect towards the south and the Sea, distinctly marks the special fitness of the locality as a HEALTH RESORT, both in WINTER and SUMMER.

THE winter temperature of thirty years record an average of 41°, and the winter rainfall over the same period an average of 23 in. per month. Very few days of the winter or of the whole year are without some sunshine; and the extensive gardens, being walled all round, and further guarded by lofty trees, invalids are able safely to take out-door exercise and have the advantage of invigorating and temperate air. The Sanitary Arrangements have been specially re-constructed on the first scientific principles.

T A R I F F .

Breakfast, from 1/6. Luncheons, from -

Dinners to order, from 2/6. Teas, from 1/6.

Bedrooms, 2/6 to 4/-, according to position.

Private Sitting-room, from 5/-

Weekly Boarding, 7/6 per day, inclusive.

Special Terms for Families.

—o—
A. H. ROBINSON, Proprietress
(Late Tower Hotel, Cathedral Steps, Manchester).

SALT REGAL.

The enormous popularity enjoyed by SALT REGAL at home and abroad is evidenced by the rapidly-increasing Sales and the many thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials.

A High-class Antiseptic Salt, Effervescing, Refreshing, Appetising, develops Ozone, the principle of Life. will cleanse the Mouth, clear the Throat, and Sweeten the Breath. Prevents and relieves Flatulence, Nausea, Giddiness, Heartburn, Acidity, Palpitation, Feverishness, Irritation of the Skin, Weariness, &c.

SALT REGAL imparts NEW LIFE and vigour to the system, and when regularly used is a certain guarantee of health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated. SALT REGAL revives and never depresses. Every traveller or voyager should carry a bottle of SALT REGAL. It relieves the torture of sea sickness.

STRENUOUSLY REFUSE

to have old-fashioned, worn out salines palmed off upon you. Insist upon having SALT REGAL, which imparts new life to the system, develops ozone, the principle of life, and turns to a beautiful rose pink colour when mixed with water. The enormous sale of SALT REGAL testifies to its superiority and excellence over all other remedies for dyspepsia, headache, and kindred complaints.

Certificate of Analysis of Salt Regal

325 Kensington Road, London, S.E., 24th May, 1890.

I hereby certify that I have examined the above-named article, with the following results :—

That it is an effervescing saline compounded from **Absolutely Pure Ingredients**. When it is placed in contact with water the chemical combination which ensues results in the formation of two of the best known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used.

I have not before met with a so well manufactured and ingenious combination, at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purpose for which it is recommended.

JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E., F.I.C., F.C.S.

Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst"; Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

SALT REGAL may be obtained of all Chemists, and at the Stores; but if any difficulty send 2/9 addressed to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, and a bottle will be forwarded in course of post.

Great Western Railway.



VISITORS to the ISLE OF MAN

by taking the G.W. Route to and from Liverpool avoid the expense and inconvenience of crossing the town, as the Ferry Boats from and to Liverpool (in connection with the G.W. Trains) arrive at and depart from the same landing stage as the Isle of Man Steamers.

Improved Service to BRISTOL, BATH, EXETER,
PLYMOUTH, and the
WEST OF ENGLAND, via

SEVERN TUNNEL.

ALSO, TO

NEWPORT and CARDIFF, and other Stations in
SOUTH WALES,

KIDDERMINSTER, WORCESTER,
BIRMINGHAM, LEAMINGTON, OXFORD,
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Every Information respecting the Train Service may be obtained of Mr DAVIES, G.W.R., 11, James' Street, Liverpool; or Mr J. MORRIS, Divisional Superintendent, Great Western Railway, Chester.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.
Paddington, July, 1890.

BROWN'S POPULAR GUIDE.

ARDROSSAN SHIPPING COMPANY,

In connection with the North British and other Railways.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS

BETWEEN DOUGLAS AND

**DUBLIN, WHITEHAVEN, SILLOTH, AND
CARLISLE.**

SEASON 1890.

Tickets at Reduced Fares will be issued at Douglas, Dublin, Whitehaven, Silloth and Carlisle, by the Company's Steamers sailing to and from DUBLIN and SILLOTH, twice weekly.

Calling each way at DOUGLAS and WHITEHAVEN for Passengers, weather and other circumstances permitting.

For Information as to Sailings, Fares, Rates, &c., apply to

W. E. YOUNG, Agent,

Athol-street, Douglas, Isle of Man.

THE BEST AND FAVOURITE ROUTE TO AND FROM THE
ISLE OF MAN
Is Via **BARROW-IN-FURNESS.**

SEASON ARRANGEMENTS.



THE BARROW STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Fleet
and new Paddle Steamers,

MANX QUEEN, MANXMAN, HERALD, or other
Swift Paddle Steamer, leaves

BARROW (Ramsden Dock), at 1-45 p.m.,

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